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VOL. 2. NO. 1.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

JANUARY - 1928.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

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Editorial Notes.

SOMETHING ATTEMPTED—SOMETHING DONE.

LOOKING backwards through the file of "Harris Magazine," we are impressed by the number of fresh contributors who have come forward during the past few months. It is evident, however, that only the fringe of possibility has been touched, and our readers need have no fear that the "one year old" has entered upon a stereotyped and premature old age.

The success of such an undertaking as this one depends on the amount and quality of the effort put into it. We are especially grateful in this connection to those of our friends at Calne and the Branches who have, month by month, supplied us with the material which has enabled us to produce a Magazine which we trust has proved readable and profitable. The past year has provided those responsible for the production of the Magazine with a generous fund of experience. Amongst the good intentions which we intend carrying into effect is that of recording items of news in the earliest possible issue after their occurrence. We rely upon the help of our Departmental Representatives to accomplish this. All copy should be forwarded to the Editorial Dept. not later than the 26th of the month for inclusion in our next issue. It is also necessary to build up a reserve to prevent that embarassing lack of news and articles during the summer season when the open air is more enticing than the writing table. Help us to remedy these two weak spots, and the result will be a Magazine of increased interest and usefulness.

At this point of our career we wish to express our indebtedness to the guidance in the conduct of this monthly which we have received from our Chief. We feel sure that all our readers will agree that the Magazine has been worth while, if only for the enlightening articles which have appeared month by month under the heading "Between Ourselves."

In conclusion, we extend our thanks to all who have helped us, either by reading, writing, or distributing the "Harris Magazine."

The New Year is upon us! What are we going to do with it?

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Between Ourselves.

IF, as I believe to be the case, sacrifice and service inevitably lead to the betterment of life, and are the factors which make for real success, then I think the promoters of our Children's Carnival may feel entirely satisfied.

I am writing my lines this month immediately at the conclusion of the Carnival, and I shall be putting it very mildly if I merely say that I was delighted with everything that was done, and the tremendous pleasure which was so evidently given to the hundreds of children and all the members of the staff and their relatives and friends.

One frankly says that it is a great thing for us all that such an institution exists. It is a good thing for the children, in that they are brought into touch with the sphere in which their parents earn the necessaries of life. The daily work, after such a function, must surely be sweeter for our men and women in the knowledge that their children have had enjoyment on spots that are dedicated to efficient daily toil.

One was greatly struck by the good humour and grace of so many willing workers, whose thought was not for their own comfort or enjoyment so much as that the children might be served.

The Carnival gave countless opportunities for many of our organisations to take their part in instructing and amusing the great crowds who visited our premises, and the interest shown by all who came, in the various exhibitions, entertainments, and side shows, was, one thinks, a sufficient reward for all the preparations that had been made.

These occasions always fill me with a sense of the responsibility for the conduct of a great and growing business upon which so many depend.

I should like to take this opportunity of saying that the sense of responsibility is always made easier by the knowledge that we can count upon the loyalty and personal interest of all members of our staff in the efficient handling of the affairs of our fine old business.

We had at the Carnival the very young child and the very old servant; we had those who have retired from active work and those who are enjoying the prime of life. So one had the consolation of drawing the moral that, just as the old men must eventually lay down their tools and the young must take their place, so in our business we have constantly to be awake to the new and changing conditions of our times, and be prepared to meet the new calls that come with the break of every dawn.

Probably most of you who read these lines were as tired, physically, as I was on that Saturday night, but if you were all as happy and satisfied, then all our friends who did so much for us may be content.

It is always difficult to convey thanks adequately, and it may be that in mentioning a few ways in which we were helped I may be omitting somebody. My first word, therefore, is a comprehensive one spoken on your behalf to *all* who helped.

Then, as we looked round at the details of the work, we think of the Committee, the splendid Secretaries and Treasurer, those who so wonderfully decorated and transformed the premises and erected the side-shows and platforms, giving of their best both before and after the Carnival,

and especially those who came in on the day following and made it possible for work to proceed in a normal manner on Monday morning.

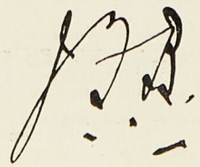
Then there was the splendid band of helpers, under Mr. George Gough, who attended to our bodily requirements.

Again, in other sections, we found Mrs. Pearce and the girls of the Hockey Club and Needlecraft Class with their very fine exhibition of work.

In other sections we found the Committee of the Cricket Club, Pig Club, and Tennis Club with excellent side-shows, and many other workers who made themselves responsible for shows that formed an easy avenue for spending odd coppers. Many of these people gave their services, unrelieved by other help, during the whole Carnival.

In one corner we found the Editor of the Magazine and his wife and helpers with a very fine collection of children's paintings, and there were many others who exhibited at side-shows and contributed to the enjoyment of all.

To the Harris Nigger Minstrel Troupe, who so splendidly entertained the children in the afternoon, and to the Calne Town Band for their services so freely rendered during the afternoon and evening, our special thanks are due; and also to the Harris Orchestra for their dance music in the evening; in fact, to one and all who gave their services unsparingly and ungrudgingly, we are grateful, and to none more than to Mr. Gunning, who, as Chairman of the Committee, proved a fount of inspiration to everybody.



By The Way.

We feel we are meeting the wishes of our readers in conveying to Mr. P. T. Knowles, through the medium of the Magazine, our deepest sympathy in the loss of his brother.

* * *

Apropos of paragraphs included under this heading. We must emphasise that they must be authentic and signed. Anonymous communications will be ignored. Do not use this column for the purpose of paying off personal scores. Good humoured leg pulling is usually enjoyed by the victims, whereas malice leaves behind a sting. Let us keep our sense of humour and not indulge in "scoring off the other fellow."

* * *

It is quoted that "Necessity is the mother of invention," but who was the inventive genius who placed the candle in the glass jam-jar to replace his mis-laid bicycle lamp on his journey home from courting.

* * *

THE DREAM RIDDLE SOLUTION.

With reference to the story appearing in the November issue of the man who died from shock whilst having a particularly vivid dream. This story would not be possible unless the ghost of the dead man told the dream; which, according to some very learned authorities, is not to be discounted in this enlightened era.

A. B. FORTUNE.

* * *

FIND THE ANIMALS.

The animals were as follows:—Ermine, monkey, beaver, zebra and ostrich. Did you succeed in finding them all?

* * *

There are one or two vacancies in the Nigger Minstrel Troupe. Will those who desire to join communicate with Mr. G. H. Hudson, in the Office.

* * *

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

There are, no doubt, a large number of our readers who desire to preserve their copies of the Magazine. We are making arrangements for the binding of Volume I., and would ask all those who would like

their copies bound to communicate with the Editor. The larger the number the cheaper will be the quotation we shall obtain.

* * *

We have received a letter of thanks from Field Marshal Earl Haig for the service rendered by our Magazine in connection with Poppy Day.

* * *

We understand that now the Ambulance is in commission the Hockey team are going to play—Hockey!

* * *

We are also told that the activities of the ladies has resulted in the boys taking up the well-known game of "Hide and Sick."

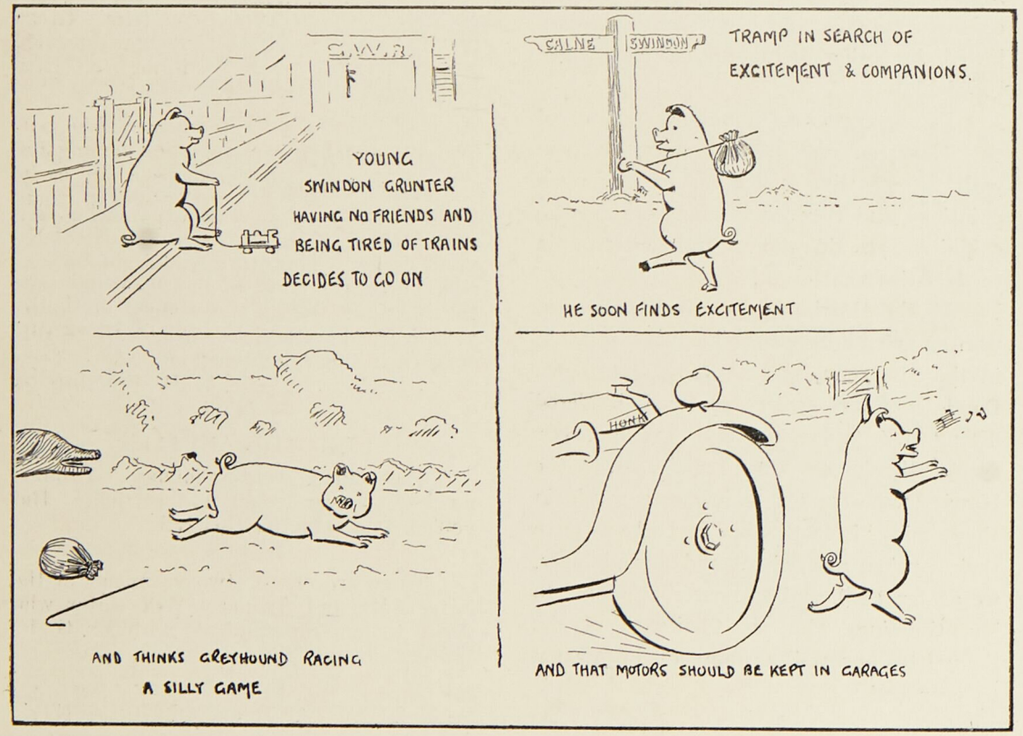
Who was the young man who hurried his toilet one morning in the belief that the time was 7.15 a.m., whereas his time for duty was 7 o'clock? Also, what were his feelings when another glance at the clock revealed the fact that he had mistaken the small hand for the large one, and vice versa, so that instead of 7.15 the time was 2.35. Did his feelings result in a faint blush spreading over the face of the clock?

* * *

We hear of strange doings amongst some of our friends. One young man made the family coffee from a bottle of H.P. sauce.

A member of the fair sex was describing the pains that followed the indulgence in eight pieces of bread and lard!

GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



1.—Young Swindon Grunter lost his parents at an early age, so had to carve his own career.

2.—So, like Dick Whittington of old, he sallies forth—minus the cat—to seek fame and fortune.

3.—He interferes at a Greyhound Race Meeting and realises the folly of trying to stop a dog fight.

4.—Encountering a car travelling at high speed he becomes aware that "Ethyl is here."

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Foot and Mouth Disease.

THIS peculiar affection, to which all cloven-footed animals are susceptible, is again causing great concern to officials and stock owners throughout the country.

The following few facts regarding this disease might interest some of our readers:—

The exact cause of Foot and Mouth Disease is yet unknown, although its contagious nature was observed by an authority in Norway so far back as 1764. A period then followed, during which factors, such as various atmospheric influences, spoiled food, &c., were put forward as important causes. However, towards the end of last century, definite conclusions were formed that the disease developed exclusively as the result of a specific infection, and this view still holds to-day. Many germs of the animal and vegetable kingdoms have been described as casual agents, but confirmation of these results has always been lacking. The present view is that the disease is caused by a virus which cannot be seen by the aid even of the highest powers of a microscope, and is so-called the Ultra-visible Virus.

The words "foot" and "mouth" readily convey to one's mind the parts of the animals showing evidence of the disease Briefly, it might be defined as an acute, feverish, contagious, and very highly infectious malady, in the course of which an eruption of blisters takes place in the mouth and on the outer skin, chiefly between the digits. Variations in the susceptibility are noteworthy among the animals; thus, we find cattle and pigs chiefly affected, sheep in a lesser degree, whilst goats and wild cloven-footed animals rarely so. Human beings have been known to contract the disease, but such cases are extremely rare.

Natural infection may take place directly; that is, healthy animals coming in contact with affected animals; and indirectly, that is, through contact with some medium, such as food, drinking water, straw, byres, pasture, highways, rail trucks, hands and clothes of attendants, &c., which have been contaminated previously with the contents of the blisters on feet or in mouth, or both, of affected animals. Also butchers, stock-dealers, tramps, &c., and animals not susceptible to the disease; for example, rats, poultry, horses, &c., may be responsible for the transmission of the virus.

When the disease is raging the outbreaks following the original one in a district are traceable usually to one or other of the above modes of transmission. It is the original outbreak which is always so obscure and perplexing in its origin. In such outbreaks introduction from other countries no doubt takes place in some form or other. Recently a discovery of supreme importance was made regarding the control of this disease in Scotland. Some imported pork was observed to have been prepared from Foot and Mouth diseased animals, and so the embargo on pork came into operation immediately.

The disease is very widespread throughout Europe and other countries. Great Britain has experienced at irregular intervals repeated invasions of it during the past few years.

Every stock-owner to-day should keep in mind the possibility of infection coming his way, so that he may, through an early notification, aid the authorities in their duties, and at the same time be true to his fellow men.

The symptoms to be observed are salivation or painful lameness, or both. The mouth affection is most frequently observed in cattle, causing a profuse salivation from the corners of the closed mouth, which when opened emits a characteristic smacking sound. An examination of the mouth reveals blisters on the tongue and gums; or if these are ruptured, raw red areas are seen in their place. In pigs the blisters are between the lips and on the end of the snout, the tongue being rarely affected; salivation, as seen in cattle, is not present. The foot affection again comprises blisters, which are situated on the skin just where this meets the horny structure of the foot, both on its exterior and between the digits. This painful condition of the feet causes disinclination to move, and a tendency to draw all four feet under the body.

Very many people have been known to remark how unfortunate it is that the animals cannot be cured, and to discuss such points

as the depletion in stock, the expense to the country in slaughtering the affected animals, the mild character of the disease, &c., and arguing that it is not fatal but capable of being controlled effectively by treatment under isolation. Here it may be said that the animals as a whole lend themselves quite well to treatment, provided strict cleanliness is attended to throughout the buildings, and comfortable housing is arranged. Further, the mortality is low, although it may be very high in young animals, especially the unweaned. It is recorded, however, that this disease is capable of displaying a great deviation from its mild customary character, becoming most malignant; such is experienced in countries where treatment is adopted. Treatment in this country would impose on the stock-owners great hardships, because the animals invariably lose a great deal in condition; and many, such as milch cows, would never regain their usefulness. It would be necessary to house all the stock on an affected farm and to observe strict isolation from all other stock. One has only to visit a few of our farms to realise how unsatisfactory they are regarding housing accommodation and cleanliness, so necessary in the treatment. Most farms are unable to house all their animals. Again, in countries where treatment with isolation is in practice, the expense is enormous. Thus, in a recent year, France is recorded to have spent five millions, and Holland half that sum.

Some people even go so far as to compare the epidemics with those of a human nature. There is a great deal to be said against this view. People should ever keep in mind that slaughter awaits the animals one day. Hospitals, &c., are excellent for human beings; nevertheless, they merely control and do not eradicate the diseases. Further, their cost to the country is enough without introducing a similar expense for animals.

The insular position of Great Britain would be a natural asset in the application of preventative measures, and it is to be hoped that the research work which is constantly progressing in many countries, including our own, will reveal some successful preventative, either to be given to the animals themselves or in the form of one or more discoveries concerning the method or methods whereby the disease gains entrance into this country.

C.H.D.

Harris Welfare Association.

THE most interesting part of the Annual Meeting of the Welfare and Entertainment Society, held on December 9th under the chairmanship of Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, was the new scheme put forward for co-ordinating the various social and sports activities of the Firm It has been long felt that the policy of "ploughing a lonely furrow" did not tend to unite us all as one big family with a common interest—"each for all."

The scheme, as outlined, was listened to with rapt attention, and received the support of Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. Redman and was passed unanimously by the meeting. One feels that our best thanks are due to the small committee who, at the President's desire, spent a great deal of time and energy in formulating the scheme.

Put briefly, the scheme provides for one organisation, called "Harris Welfare Association," for the social and sports activities of the Firm. It will be governed by a General Committee, which will consist of five members from the social side and five from the sports side, together with two members appointed by the Directors. The main object of the Committee will be to assist the various sections in the best possible way, and also will take care of the equipment, grounds, premises, and the like. Whilst each section will control its own finances, it will be their right to approach the General Committee for financial assistance. Also sections will consider it their privilege to pass on to the General Committee any surplus that can be utilised for the benefit of the other sections not so happily placed.

It should be noticed that each section maintains its own individuality, and has perfect freedom of action in as far as their particular activity is concerned. The General Committee will not (neither does it desire to) interfere with the domestic affairs of any activity. It is there in a helpful capacity, and its one aim will be to unite and also to increase the present social and sports activities of the Firm.

It cannot be over-emphasised that the Benevolent Society and the Savings Scheme are not included in the above Association. Mr. Bodinnar very definitely said at the meeting, "I want to make it quite clear that the Benevolent Society, in no shape or form, comes into this. Nobody must get it into their minds that a penny of the Benevolent Society's money is going through the proposed Welfare Association; that Benevolent money is trust money for a specific purpose, and will be administered separately, kept quite distinct from any of the funds that may be used for social and sports activities. The same thing applies to our Savings Scheme. No money there will be mixed up in any shape or form with the new venture. Those are your monies. They will be kept entirely separate for the purposes for which they are contributed."

Mr. R. P. Redman, in proposing Mr. Bodinnar as President of the new Association, made a happy reference to the presence of Mrs. Bodinnar and Miss Bodinnar, which the meeting promptly and enthusiastically endorsed.

The Vice-presidents elected are as follows:—Mr. J. A. Bullock, Mr. W. Frayling, Mr. W. G. Gunning, Mr. M. Holley, Mr. Osman Jones, Mr. P. T. Knowles, Mr. Ernest Marsh, Mr. R. P. Redman, and Mr. S. North Smith. The Auditors elected were Messrs. F. Stevens and R. Dare.

Mr. Bodinnar closed the meeting with a few well-chosen words of praise to the staff of the Magazine, and those associated with them, for the work put in during the past year.

As a Magazine, and individually, we wish the new venture every success, and would add that our pages are open to them to chronicle their various activities. We sincerely hope all will make use of this, as we know how interested we all are in one anothers activities.

* * *

He was being medically examined preparatory to taking out an insurance policy.

"Ever had a serious illness?" asked the doctor.

"No," was the answer.

"Ever had an accident?"

"No."

"Never had a single accident in your life?"

"Never, except last spring, when a bull tossed me over a fence."

"Don't you call that an accident?"

"No fear; he did it on purpose."

Harris Benefit Society.

THE Annual Meeting of the Harris (Calne) Employees' Benefit Society was held on December 9th, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar being in the chair.

The Meeting opened with a report from Mr. W. G. Gunning. The membership of the Society stood at 695, and special reference was made to the fact that there were still several employees who are not fully alive to the benefit of membership. Last year 318 members drew sick pay, and there had been four cases of death benefit. The Hospital and Special Grants numbered 33.

Mr. C. Blackford, in his remarks, paid tribute to Miss Bessie Dean for her work as sick visitor, and to Mr. Griffin for his assistance in the collection of subscriptions.

Mr. Joseph Carpenter then rendered his report as Treasurer of the Society.

Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, in moving the adoption of the reports, expressed his pleasure at the progress made in increasing the membership and the financial position. "Except for the great epidemic," said Mr. Bodinnar, "which made such a hole in your funds, you would have been able to rather more than double your share out." The necessity for the Reserve Fund was apparent during last year, as at one time it was necessary to call upon that Fund for the disbursement of sick pay. It was pointed out that this fund did not in any way make calls upon the members. It was made up by the contribution of the Firm and such portion of the Fine Money as the Committee thought wise to allocate to the fund. At the close of the Meeting that fund would stand at £107 14s. 8d. The Special Fund for needy and special cases had fallen to the low figure of 5s., and Mr. Bodinnar announced that the Firm were making a contribution of £5 to bring the amount up to a figure that, judging by the applause, gave satisfaction to all his listeners.

Mr. Fred Gale seconded the adoption of the Report, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. R. P. Redman voiced the feelings of the meeting in proposing the re-election, of Mr. Bodinnar as President. "I am sure, you will agree with me," said Mr. Redman, "that there is only one person to fill that post, and without Mr. Bodinnar's guiding hand the Society would not be so successful

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as it is." Seconded by Mr. Henry Carpenter, the resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Bodinnar, in accepting, expressed his pleasure, and added that "Mr. Redman's co-operation in all things for the good of us all were a source of great joy."

The Vice-Presidents—Mr. Redman, Mr. Gunning, and Mr. Knowles—were re-elected. Mr. Redman and Mr. Gunning suitably responded.

Mr. Bodinnar voiced the feelings of everybody in expressing the sorrow all felt at the loss of "Mr. Knowles' gallant brother, who received wounds in the War which have now taken him to the Greater Reward."

The Secretary and Treasurer were re-elected, as also were the Committee and Auditors.

The Meeting expressed its appreciation of Mr. Blackford's services in agreeing to an alteration in the Rules, which will permit of a more adequate remuneration for the arduous duties involved in his secretaryship.

* * *

HARRIS NIGGER MINSTREL TROUPE.

A novel Entertainment, provided by the Harris Nigger Minstrel Troupe, was a fitting and popular wind up to the Annual Meeting of the Benevolent and Welfare Society held in the Picture Palace last month.

The desirability of lending variety to their Concerts is evidently kept in mind, as in the place of the customary "Opening Chorus," original numbers were given on imitation jazz instruments. This innovation was acknowledged in no uncertain manner, and will no doubt be repeated on some future occasion.

The soloists were Miss V. Davis, Messrs. H. Stephens, W. Prior, G. Patterson, H. Webb, and A. McLean, and their popularity in no way diminishes.

A "special mention" must be made of the cornet solo by "Herbie," who had the skilful assistance of Mr. C. Blackford.

Miss B. Grainger carried out the duties of accompanist in a faultless manner.

* * *

Artist (interviewing applicant for post as model): You say you've never posed before. So you think you can stand in one position without moving for a long period?

Applicant: I'm sure I can, sir; I've been a bricklayer for twenty years!

Nature's Treasure House.

No. 2.—COAL.

Black I am, but much admired,
Men seek for me till they are tired.
I tire the horse, but comfort man,
Tell me this riddle, if you can.

All of us are familiar with this old nursery riddle, but some of my readers may not have realised that coal is one of the most abundant of nature's treasures, and that it has played an enormous part in the progress of civilisation; it has, in fact, been indispensable to man, at any rate since steam became the chief locomotive agent. Whether, in years to come, it will be replaced with oil fuel is a point that is not likely to be decided in our time. Much depends on the availability of the supply of both these substances. The author hopes to deal with oil in a subsequent number of the Magazine; for the present he wants to tell you a few facts about coal.

Coal is simply fossilised carbon, the charred remains of a by-gone vegetation. It is found in the older geological formations. Coal occurs in every part of the world, even in regions now buried perpetually under thousands of feet of ice and snow—a fact which shows that the desolate polar regions once possessed a tropical climate. Vast masses of it occur buried in China, North America, England, and Germany. The total amount, probably, reaches the enormous figure of 500 billion tons.

Coal is largely composed of the giant club mosses of the past—mosses so huge that their stems were three or more feet in diameter and fifty feet in length! Most of the present day club mosses are only a few inches long. We also find in coal remains of immense ferns, with stems sometimes six feet in diameter and seventy feet in length. Here, in vast swamps, crowded together in a way scarce known upon the earth in the present day, grew and flourished these giant masses of vegetation. The seas in the old days were fuller than at present, for their waters had not sunk into the earth to the same extent as they now have. They flooded the low-lying land and formed shallow swamps extending over hundreds of thousands of square miles. Moreover, their waters were, perhaps, still warmed by the internal heat of the earth. The steaming seas warmed the air, filling it with mist and vapours and making it tropical over every clime. Moreover, the atmosphere was still far richer in carbon dioxide than at present, which provided the vegetation with abundant nourishment. These circumstances made vegetation grow in a way that is beyond our conception. In the swamps tree after tree arose, springing up rapidly, then decaying and dying, and choking up the ground with their seeds and fallen stems. As they decayed they fell one over the other, and thus built up a vast undergrowth of decaying wood and vegetables. On this in turn grew fresh plants, only to decay and fall, until masses of decaying vegetation, perhaps thousands of feet thick, were built up. These masses, sinking in time below the sea, became covered over with sediment and sand thousands of feet thick, and after countless ages of slow change became converted into the coal of to-day.

The coal, therefore, which we now burn in our grates, is merely the fossilised carbon from these ancient gloomy forests which flourished and vanished ages before man trod the earth. Strange, indeed, they must have looked, full of huge ferns and mosses and hanging creepers, clustering together in a tangled mass, with the sun's rays streaming in from above, vainly endeavouring to light up the darkness of the moist, decaying, evil-smelling, ground below.

Such forests, where coal is even now forming, may be seen in some parts of the world. In the valley of the Mississippi may be seen vast masses of vegetation, forests standing in swamps, above a mass of rotting timber, extending to the depth of several hundred feet, just such a state of affairs as once existed in our coal fields when they were being formed.

Now let us relate a wonderful thing: This carbon in the plants was obtained by them from the carbon dioxide in the air by the agency of sunlight. The plants absorbed the gas, the light decomposed it to carbon and oxygen, the oxygen was given up to the air, while the carbon remained stored up in the tissues of the plant, to be finally turned into coal, dug out of the earth by man after long ages, and burnt again in his fires to carbon dioxide. The energy, therefore, which the sun thus once expended is now given back to us again as heat and light in our coal fires.

My reader will now, I am sure, look upon a piece of ordinary coal with increased interest. For it is a very wonderful thing, with a very wonderful history behind it, fraught with mighty effects and most intimately bound up with the life of man and beast. Each piece of coal is old—far older than the hills. It has endured while untold races of men and animals have gone by and faded; it was there when vast reptiles roamed the gloomy swamps and man was not as yet; in comparison to it, man is a thing of yesterday.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

* * *

Wedding Bells.

We have to report yet another of our girls leaving to be married, this being Miss Nora Hawkins, of Bradenstoke. Nora was a very popular girl, and had been with us for about 8½ years, and during that time travelled the enormous mileage of 26,000 miles or thereabouts in all kinds of weather. Her friends, in order to show their regard, had collected a substantial sum whereby a handsome gift (comprising a set of carvers, large and small knives and forks, dessert spoons, and tray) was presented by Mr. Gunning on Friday, December 12th. Mr. Gunning's happy remarks were thoroughly enjoyed by those able to attend. The marriage was solemnised at Dauntsey Parish Church by the Rev. Tozer, the happy bridegroom being Mr. Bresh Pearce, of Dauntsey. We wish the happy couple every happiness.

A.H.H.

* * *

Johnnie was an untidy lad, and although his mother made every effort to encourage him, he never folded his clothes when he went to bed.

One night, after he had retired, his mother came into the bedroom. Johnnie's clothes were scattered all over the floor. One sock was even suspended from the gas bracket.

"I wonder," began the good lady patiently, "who never folded his clothes when he went to bed?"

And from the bed came a small, muffled voice: "Adam!"

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"My Visit to the Christmas Carnival."

THE Children's Carnival at the Factory at Calne on the 7th January was indeed a great affair.

I arrived during the children's tea into what appeared like fairy land. It seemed incredible that such a transformation in so short a time could have taken place from what it had been—working at full swing—an hour or so ago.

My first problem, which remained unsolved, was to discover who were the happiest—those who were helping or those who were eating the tea.

Wandering round this large room, I observed, close to the entrance, a most attractive young lady standing near the doorway immediately underneath a notice, which I certainly thought was a tribute to the Printing Department for its boldness, which read as follows:

WHO WILL ADOPT ME FOR 2d.?

I did not wish to make myself unduly conspicuous, so I walked a little further on and then turned back—I believe apparently quite unconcerned. I read the notice again (as a matter of fact, I read it twice so that there might be no mistake). Yes, it was quite right. I was in a little doubt, however, as how to proceed, but after a hasty review of the situation I decided the best and first thing to be done was to see how much money I had, and then calculate how many tickets I could buy. Well, just at this important moment I was told I must go into the Concert Hall. In the circumstances, I would far rather have done the bit of arithmetic referred to above. However, I went. It was a really good show, but I will not encroach on the province of the Magazine's Dramatic Critic.

After the first part was over in the Concert Hall I went to see the children receive their present from the Mayoress. This was a delightful ceremony, and the same problem arose as at tea, as to whether it was the Mayoress and her helpers (of which one was the Mayor), or the children who were getting the greatest pleasure out of it.

Then I got back to the Concert Hall, and Mr. Gunning appeared in front of the footlights, and said he was afraid the start would be a trifle late as the Concert Party had not arrived; and, I suppose with a view to cheering us while we were waiting, he told us that the House of Commons had been flooded. The impression created by this announcement was one of profound disappointment, and that the event had been most premature and ill-timed. All the same, some of the large audience present were inclined to the view, I was told, that perhaps it was rather unreasonable to expect such a long postponement as would have been necessary for the submerging of the House when Parliament re-assembles next month. In view of what has happened, there will, of course, be no Bye-elections.

The side-shows were admirable; and what a variety! I was somewhat embarassed in the Exhibition of Needlework to have a voting card handed to me with instructions, accompanied by a smile—there were a lot of these about—to complete the card by placing on it the number of the article selected. They were all numbered (a most necessary device for identification purposes). The article I voted for was a beautiful——well, the number was 48. I didn't inquire what was to be the ultimate destination of the exhibits, and I have felt rather uneasy about it since I filled up the card, but if I have won anything I earnestly implore the Committee not to send it to me, but to keep it with my best wishes for next year. This course may seem ungrateful, but it will save me a lot of trouble and personal explanations.

After making 48 not out at the Cricket Pitch (my number in the Needlework Exhibition!) and staking out a claim in the Klondyke area, I saw the Mayor in the distance, still hard at it, with a crowd of people round him holding a prize distribution of his own at the Chinese Laundry.

Then I went home.

THE BACHELOR UNCLE.

LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS.

Fancy Dress (Ladies)—Miss F. Hill, Miss N. Whale, Miss E. Flay. Gentlemen—Mr. W. Hill, Mr. H. Webb, Mr. G. Burchell. Girls (under 8 years)—P. Knight, P. Cousins, K. Webb. Girls (8 to 14 years)—J. Knight, F. Partridge, F. Weston. Girls (14 to 18 years)—Miss Woodward, Miss Sartain, Miss Hitchens. Boys (under 14 years)—J. Nevis, T. Knight, K. Taylor.

Children's Painting Competition.—Class 1—Molly Angell, W. James King, Fred J. Culley. Class 2—Madge Wilkins, Hilda Horsell, Edward Hands.

Needlecraft Competition—Miss Fennell, Miss Simpkins, Mr. Andrews, Miss Hill.

Skittles—Mr. Minnis, Mr. Hitchings, Mr. H. Angell. Ladies' prize—Mrs. Horton.

Lucky Numbers.—Programmes—Mr. H. Clemo. Chocolates—Mrs. G. R. Ashman.

Treasure Island—Miss P. Rubery, Mr. E. Dean.

Naming Doll—Miss M. Thomas.

Weight of Side of Bacon—Mr. J. Bromham, Mr. J. Haddrell, Mr. T. Williams.

* * *

NEW YEAR'S EVE DANCE.

The Annual Dance arranged by the Sports Section of the Harris Welfare Association was held in the Town Hall on New Year's Eve. There was a smaller attendance than usual owing to the terrible snowstorm that had been raging all day.

The ladies of the committee had very tastefully decorated the Hall with streamers, flags, and Chinese lanterns, while the dance music was provided by Mr. Rymer's Dance Orchestra, with Miss Fennell at the piano.

During the interval Mr. Osman Jones said that he had received a message from Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, saying how sorry he was that he, as well as Mrs. and Miss Bodinnar, were unable to be present; he had tried to drive his car in, but the ice and snow on the Chippenham road had prevented him from reaching Calne. He wished everybody present a very pleasant evening and a Happy New Year.

We were all full of regrets at the absence of our Managing Director, and missed his cheery voice and genial smile. Mr. North Smith and Mr. Cross and party from Bristol were also prevented by the weather from attending. However, we were glad to see Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Redman present during the evening.

It was quite pleasing to see that the office of M.C. was not quite as extinct as the "Dodo," Calne being the last hiding place of this pre-war product, but Mr. Drewell carried out these duties in his usual happy manner.

Refreshments were served in the small hall by a willing band of helpers, and the Committee and those who took part are to be congratulated on the success of the evening.

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. J. F. KINGTON.



We have much pleasure this month in giving our readers a peep at one of our "tried and proved" veterans who has served the Company faithfully and well for so many years past. We do not know Mr. J. F. Kington's age, but the fact that he was a representative of the Firm of Charles Harris and Co. proves that he must be getting on. But he, like "Johnny Walker," we are pleased to say, is still going strong. His thorough business method, his cheery good nature and courtesy, assure him of a welcome whenever he calls on his clients.

Mr. Kington writes:—"The extraordinary development which has taken place during my association with the Firm has been a constant source of inspiration to work, and relations with the whole staff have been most cordial." We wish him good luck, and hope he may continue to enhance the name of Harris for years to come.

* * *

A very accomplished pianiste, she entertained the guests while they were waiting for dinner. After a particularly brilliant piece she rose from the music-stool amidst a burst of applause. Her husband turned to a male guest who was seated near him. "And now, would you like a sonata before dinner, Mr. Smith?" Smith's eyes brightened. "Well, I had something else on my way here," he said eagerly, "but I certainly don't mind mixin' them."

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Poultry Notes.

I have been asked by our Editor to write a few notes monthly during the coming year on Poultry Keeping. I am not going to waste any space on preliminaries, but will merely state, en passant, having been in pre-war days the possessor of a flourishing poultry farm, I know a little about the subject. I shall always be pleased to answer any queries, if addressed to the Editor, and perhaps in this way also I may be of assistance to our readers.

1.—First of all comes the momentous question—Does it pay? Of course, if you think of running a Poultry Farm and making a livelihood thereby, one requires a minimum capital of £1,000 and a thorough knowledge of the science (because it is a science) of poultry keeping. I am therefore principally confiding my remarks to those who keep a few poultry as a side line, and wish to make their hobby pay.

In this case, my reply to our first query is emphatically "Yes," if (and a large IF) managed on right lines. I know no way of losing money quicker than poultry keeping, if managed on WRONG LINES. To the man who thinks that by buying a nondescript lot of fowls and giving them a few handfuls of mixed grain as sold by the village grocer, plus all the available house scraps, bread and potatoes, &c., he is poultry keeping, there is nothing but failure staring him in the face.

As I shall tell you later, we must adopt right methods in feeding to make up for the food that the fowl is deprived of in its natural state, which it cannot obtain cooped up in a run.

2.—The amount of space required is all-important when you are calculating the number of birds you intend to keep.

A six-foot length of perch in, say, a 6ft. square house (which can be easily purchased, beautifully made, for 25s. from any poultry appliance maker, and it is far better than a home-made one) will accommodate seven fowls forming your pen. Hens require about eight inches of perch, and cocks one foot, and the perch should be from 1ft. to 1½ft. from the back of the house.

The house should face south, and the minimum amount of run should be 100 square feet per head. A covered shelter for wet weather should be provided. Of course, with Messrs. Harris' bacon boxes you can make a home-made house, but see one first that has been made professionally, take your measurements from this and model accordingly. The great disadvantage in home-made houses is that they are not dovetailed as a rule, and hence are draughty, and draught is the greatest enemy we have to contend with. The hen can flourish in the severest winter, but put her in a draughty building, and you are in for a dose of roup, the terror of poultry keepers, and all its attendant evils.

Above all, never under any circumstances be tempted to purchase a second-hand house. You never know what disease may be lurking there. The germs of roup, technically known as "avian diphtheria," remain dormant for many years; the eggs of "Red Mite," another poultry keeper's terror, also remain, and before the unfortunate novice realises what has happened, disease is upon him.

I have visited the poultry places of people from time to time who have told me that poultry does not pay; and I do not wonder when I have seen the state the poor birds are kept in—dirt all around, rain pouring in the run, draughts galore, filthy water; and yet they expect the wretched birds to lay.

* * *

The Boar's Head.

"The Boar's Head" gave rise to many legendary stories and much poetic allusion. At one time it figured as a usual Christmas dish, and was ushered into the dining-room, accompanied by a curious chant, which is said to be of great antiquity. Some of the words are as follows:—

"The Boar's Head in hand bring I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, good people, be merry."

Herewith a few remarks of our method at Headquarters.

It is hardly necessary here to mention the necessity of selection and curing being perfect, as we naturally expect this from such a high-class business as we represent.

Sometimes these heads are boned, and to make them more palatable (which might suit our Totnes friend), are stuffed with a mixture of ham and tongue; and to further tickle our friend's palate, a little Madeira might be added by special permission. Cook (as the chef says) to a turn; when cold, glaze and decorate to please the eye—hence the inclination to buy.

I would like to tell the following story which came to my notice recently:—Extra labourers had been employed to deal with the greater amount of work in our curing cellars. One of these observed some Christmas heads in process of manufacture, and seeing a few stitches which had been inserted to close a wound caused by the butcher during the operation performed, enquired, in all seriousness, whether the stitches would be taken out when it was healed.

In its modern sense "Boar's Head" refers to that of the male domestic pig, but it is apt to be confused with the wild boar, from the use of which the custom of serving the Boar's Head sprang.

Spearing the wild boar has always been regarded as an exceedingly meritorious sport, being attended with no inconsiderable amount of danger, on account of the simplicity of the weapon used by the hunter.

The head was considered a trophy, and probably served at table on special occasions more as a proof of the host's prowess in the field than on account of its delicacy. The custom of serving a boar's head at Christmastide continues to be observed in many large houses; it is also prepared frequently for banquets, without regard to special season, but the wisdom of our cooks, the scarcity of the wild boar of the woods, and the still less necessity for the display of the host's valour in the chase (which is now taken for granted in polite circles), has led to the slaughter of the tame pig of the sty, and the elaborate boning, stuffing, and dressing of its head. It forms an effective dish, and is exceedingly tasty withal, and cooks love to exercise their talents and decorative skill in converting an otherwise ugly, unintelligent countenance into one so attractive that it seems a pity to cut it. Let the custom continue by all means, but let it not be forgotten that its romance is dead; that the dreaded wild boar is almost a beast of the past, and that the boar's head, as now served, is nothing fiercer than the head of the domestic pig.

A.H.H.

* * *

A chemist says the first alcohol ever distilled was Arabian, which may explain those nights.

The Broad Highway.

THE results of the Christmas trade were again very encouraging, each section of the business showing a marked increase over preceding years. Several experiments were tried this year in the way of specially-decorated seasonable lines, which were eminently successful, and will be repeated in future years.

Supplies of bacon were short, but all English orders were filled in time for the Christmas trade, and most of our Scotch friends had at least part of their order in time for their New Year demand. Owing to further outbreaks of Foot-and-mouth Disease, the considerable break of the Christmas holidays, and the disorganisation of traffic consequent upon the recent very severe weather, we are now faced with a further serious bacon shortage, as it has been impossible to secure sufficient pigs to fill requirements.

In several districts our Van Salesmen have been unable to complete their journeys owing to the heavy falls of snow.

By the way, we are always on the look-out for relief Van Salesmen to work in the factory at Calne and take over vans where and when required with a view to eventually becoming Van Salesmen with a van of their own. When any of our representatives come across suitable men, please do not fail to let us have particulars. There may be others who read this paragraph who can be of assistance.

We have no news from the Road this month, and hope you will see that this is put right for the February issue by taking up your pens forthwith.

We welcome Mr. E. Larkham, who has taken over important duties in the Birmingham area.

Also Mr. Donald MacGillivray, who is representing us in the far Hebrides and Isle of Skye.

* * *

PIGS.

We have been so busy making our good resolutions for 1928 that we have been unable to make any contribution this month. We hope to do better next time, and ask all our supervisors and agents to send along something for inclusion in this section.

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CALNE RUGBY CLUB.

Nov. 26th, v. Walcot Old Boys, played at Bathampton.

Calne were unfortunate in not being able to field their strongest side, and kicked off one short, the full back not having turned up.

Walcot quickly established their superiority—they have been unbeaten this year in Bath Junior Rugby.

Calne played a plucky game against heavy odds and made several dangerous but unproductive attacks. Walcot were victors by 25 points to nil.

Dec. 3rd, v Stothert & Pitts 1st XV., played at Northfields.

Once again Calne were unable to field their best side, which was unfortunate against a team like Stotherts.

Early in the game Calne suffered a severe loss, Stevenson having to leave the field with a broken rib.

Calne's weakness lay on the right wing. The visitors were quick to appreciate this, and tries followed in quick succession, the visitors putting on 31 points to nil.

Stotherts gave Calne a good exhibition of how Rugby should be played, and it was a most sporting and enjoyable game in spite of the score.

Dec. 17th, v. Combe Down.—Cancelled owing to frost.

Dec. 31st, v. Swindon A.—Cancelled owing to snow.

LIST OF FIXTURES.

Jan. 28.—Bathampton, home.
Feb. 11.—Walcot Old Boys, home.
,, 25.—Old Sulians, away.

"SCRUM."

* * *

CALNE AND HARRIS UNITED FOOTBALL CLUB.

After several reverses at home in the Wilts League our old friends from Bradford—Spencer Moultons—paid us a visit on 3-12-27, and, naturally, we were very hopeful of bagging a brace of points, seeing we beat them on their own ground. However, we obtained a duck, losing by six goals to nil. A visit to the Rovers at Chippenham on December 17th resulted in another heavy defeat—8 goals to 3. We were all looking forward to the annual "Derby" at Chippenham on Boxing-day, but heavy snow prevented the match being played. This popular fixture we hope to arrange during Easter week. Snow prevented Purton from visiting us on the 31st December, much to our disappointment. We are, however, very hopeful of better luck during 1928 as a heavy League programme has to be faced.

MEREDITH.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "Harris' Magazine."

A HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND.

DEAR SIRS,

I am much obliged to "Union Jack" for reminding me that the lines I quoted, "What should they know of England who only England know?" although appearing in Henley's Magazine, were written, not by Henley, but by Kipling. The correction is a reminder to those amateurs who would embark on the adventure of journalism to verify their references and not merely trust to memory.

But "Union Jack's" meaning is obscure to me. What purpose is served by making use of the further quotation from the same poem? How does it affect the issue? Not at all, I think.

It remains absolutely true that those who go abroad do obtain a wider insight into our own ways and methods. Consider, in the first place, that the Great War finally broke up the old ideas of England's insularity and isolation. We talk much to-day of a League of Nations. There can be no effective League unless ordinary people, who make and break Governments, have some real ideas of what peoples of other nations think and do. People of other nations are not shy to proclaim when they come this side that they come very often to get first-hand information of English rule and English institutions. And on the same lines, if I went to Italy, I should want to get first-hand information of the new methods of Government that now rule there.

Those of us who go abroad get to know something of the greatness of England—we find that English institutions and English standards are universally respected. Quickly, too, we find a quiet criticism abroad. Take one instance: Before the war Germany was our keenest competitor in trade. Some thought the war would leave Germany down and out; but, in fact, Germany's recovery has been rapid, their unemployment returns show how speedy this recovery is. And again, to-day, commercially, Germany is in the field as a keen competitor. Well, foreign criticism (not, it is true, particularly in Switzerland) is that, whilst English goods show the highest standards of quality and workmanship, yet these goods are offered too often in forms which shut them out of our foreign markets; whereas the German and American manufacturers do adopt their goods and methods of marketing their manufactures to the necessities of the countries they would supply.

Seeing that our own unemployment returns remain well over a million, and that constantly young Englishmen are forced to leave home to find employment abroad, this criticism is, or should be, of some force. Facts like these, coming to us at first hand in our travels, bring out into a clearer light how and why some of our home tribulations come to be, and for that reason we know more about England as a result of our personal experiences.

Yours faithfully,

R. E. HARRIS.

DEAR SIR,

I notice in your notes on the Town Football Club that no-one seems to be able to give an accurate account of the origin of the term "Lilywhites." Every club of repute soon gets tacked on to it the name of the principal trade connected with their town, hence Swindon is generally called "The Railwaymen." On the inception of the Wilts League, about 35 years ago, the Calne team (of which the writer was a member) took the name of "Bacon Boys." Then, as now, no part of the pig was wasted, except the squeak. The inward part of the animal was in much demand in those days, and customers at the Offal Department often asked for their chitterlings to be "Lilywhite." This meant that the dark pieces would have to be thrown out, and would then make a readier sale when cooked.

In the old days, as at present, many supporters of the team worked in the Factories, and it will readily be seen that it was very easy to slide from "Bacon Boys" to "Lilywhites." The Calne team at that period wore dark red and dark blue shirts. These not being white had consequently nothing to do with the name. Evidently the nom de plume has come to stay.

"Bacon Boys," or "Lilywhites," or whatever name the Calne men have been given, have earned the reputation of good sportsmen, and may that happy state of affairs long continue. Just to show how keen is the support from "The Firm," the writer well remembers the day when about 120 men trouped out from work and caught the 1.35 train—without any dinner—and, dressed in their blue jackets and clogs, went to Chippenham to cheer on their team to victory in the semi-final of the Wilts Cup, and then to carry the victors shoulder high from Calne station.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL LILYWHITES.

* * *

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1928.

When a friend wishes us a "Happy New Year," we begin to make resolutions that can easily be broken. Every smoker resolves to smoke less for a week or two, and after that doubles his tobacco bill. A man who likes his drop of "tiddley" determines to do without it, stops at home on January 1st, and gets into trouble with the wife for being in her way. After that, he goes out and spends more than ever on drink. Any young lady will resolve at Christmas to give up dances, and then will be seen dancing the New Year in. And so it goes on, year after year, making them and breaking them as fast as you make them. The only safe resolution to make is to give all your spare cash to the poor. As you never had any to spare, you are sure to be able to keep it.

A.G.J.

* * *

A countryman on a railway-station platform went up to a slot machine which bore the inscription: "Pull the handle with a jerk." He inserted a penny, then began searching anxiously for something in the machine. A porter passed just then.

"Hullo!" he said. "What's the matter? Won't it work?"

"I dunno," said the countryman. "It says 'Pull the handle with a jerk,' but I can't find the jerk to pull it with."

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Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

One of the most prominent landmarks of Bristol is the Cabot Tower, which stands on a hill overlooking the city. In 1496 John Cabot was granted a Royal Patent by Henry VII. for him and his sons to seek unknown lands. In the May of 1497 they sailed from Saint Augustine's Bridge in "the good ship Matthew," and on the 24th of June discovered the land which is now known as America. They got as far as Cape Florida, and then immediately turned their helm homeward and returned to the Avon Valley. A momento of this voyage is preserved in the Church of Saint Mary Redcliffe in the form of a whalebone. As a mark of esteem and appreciation Cabot was granted a pension of £20 a year "out of the customs of Bristowe." A second Royal Patent was granted to Cabot, and with three other ships he sailed to form a settlement in the new land. It is now an undoubted fact that Cabot discovered America before Columbus, and the Cabot Tower was built in 1897 as a permanent memorial to Bristol's greatest discoverer.

* * *

CHIPPENHAM.

Christmas has come and gone, and we have now entered on another year. It is surprising how quickly the years fly by, and it seems hardly possible that twelve months have passed away since we were first asked to contribute to the Magazine.

1927 is not a year which any of us engaged in the Pig Industry, whether as breeders, feeders, or bacon curers, are likely to look back upon with any feelings of pleasure or satisfaction, and we must certainly hope that the present year has something better in store for us all, although it has started very inauspiciously, the many outbreaks of Foot-and-mouth disease and the restrictions which are consequently put into operation, coupled with the snowbound roads, making it impossible to secure our supplies of pigs in anything like adequate numbers. At the time of writing, however, a welcome thaw has set in, and we hope the very severe weather recently experienced is now definitely at an end.

To all our friends, both near and far, we extend our sincere good wishes for a bright and prosperous 1928, and we hope they may be blessed with the best of good health to carry on their work, whatever it may be, in the interests of the Company with which we are all so proud and happy to be associated.

W.V.L.

WEATHER v. SPORT.

The weather for the past fortnight has gained a great victory over sport all over the country.

We in Chippenham have had two big disappointments in this way. Boxing-day, Chippenham Town were to pit themselves against their friendly rivals of Calne & Harris, but owing to the frost the match had to be postponed. However, this is only a pleasure deferred, and we are eagerly looking forward to the visit of Calne & Harris when the match has been re-arranged.

These local Derbys are always keenly contested, and very rarely are they one-sided. Even last season, although Chippenham had won every League match, when they went to Calne the honours were divided.

Again on Saturday (31st December), one of the greatest football attractions there has ever been in Chippenham was spoiled by the snow when the Town team was due to meet Dulwich Hamlet in the first round of the Amateur Cup. Being the first time the club has reached such a stage, and having such famous opponents, a record crowd was expected. The G.W.R. stopped an express train at Chippenham for the convenience of the Dulwich football "fans," and then a heavy snowstorm arrived. Football being impossible, the only alternative was a snow fight, and this became the order of the day; in fact, the continuous and friendly fight was maintained right away to the railway-station, even the local police receiving a few from the high-spirited Cockneys. A number of windows were smashed at the station, but, after all, the whole passed off pleasantly, and undoubtedly the Dulwich supporters enjoyed their unique experience of snowballing, and so their disappointment in football was not felt so keenly.

H.W.M.

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DUNMOW.

The advent of a New Year is always hailed with enthusiasm, wonderment, and a determination to keep at this time those resolutions and good intentions we vowed last year.

Since last going to press the festive season has once more come and gone, leaving many of us poorer in one sense, but perhaps richer in another. In "Our Page" last month, Mr. W. Greenhalgh gave us interesting and amusing reading under the heading "When," and it is in this sense that we are poorer. The compensations, though, have been many. To the already large store of recollections we have added still more; pleasures we have both imparted to many and received, and the event of the family re-union was a tonic rare.

Many of us are now pondering over the things we are, and are not, going to do in 1928. It is perhaps safe to say that at least 80 per cent. of the New Year resolutions that are made are usually a failure even before January is out, and the cause may oftimes be attributed to the "attempting too much." When a man, or woman, attempts too much the effect is generally but little, but if you bring all your powers to bear on one work and persevere in it, you are sure to succeed if success is possible.

Bishop Walsham once told us that "Efforts are *always* a success. It is a greater thing to try without succeeding, than to succeed without trying." Ruskin also has another helpful thought for us, namely, "On the whole it is patience which makes the final difference between those who succeed or fail in all things. All the greatest people have it in an infinite degree, and among the less, the patient weak ones always conquer the impatient strong."

Let the year 1928, then, be a good one as far as we are concerned individually; all of us striving to do our part in life (and life embraces all our activities) better than in the chapter just closed. A man's time well husbanded is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds and brambles.

Will all who have helped this page along during the past year please accept the writer's appreciation and thanks. A little help is worth a lot of pity, and it is hoped that your interest will not only be continued but, rather, doubled.

E.W.W.

EASTLEIGH.

Hello, everybody! Pleased to greet you!

I am not at all happy at the thought of making myself known to you so soon, but the Editors of this Magazine are so pressing and persistent for my introduction to their readers that I am unable to withstand their powers of persuasion any longer. I am the new arrival of the "Harris" family, and feel very proud of the honour of being a member of such a world-wide and famous Company.

For many months I had been asleep; everywhere the grass and weeds had grown and desolation set in, but one day my new owner sent a large steam waggon with "Harris, Calne," painted in bold letters on its sides, which rumbled in through my gates full of such good things as barrels, boxes, salt, and rope. "Wake up!" it said, "there is plenty of work to do," and since then I have been hustling and bustling here, there, and everywhere.

From the far East to the far West I have been discussed by the bacon experts. Some people are of the opinion that the family of Harris is quite large enough already without any additions, whilst others say that it shows that the present Company is full of vitality, energy, and progress to take me into its fold and attempt to bring me up in the way that I ought to go.

For the present I am allowed to handle porkers; just little tiny ones, because it is thought, so I am told, that although I am large enough to deal with bacon, it is doubtful if I am really strong enough yet, owing to my long sleep.

HANTZOG.

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

Our sincere sympathy is with Mr. Alfred Wyatt, whose wife has just died after a long illness patiently borne.

We congratulate Mr. Stanley Sandy on the birth of a daughter.

* * *

IPSWICH.

We at Ipswich extend our cordial greetings to everyone at the Associated Factories, and every good wish for a happy and prosperous New Year.

The year 1927 has not been very generous to us in respect to conditions in the bacon trade, so that, although the passing

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of another year marks one more milestone on the road, we cannot pretend that we feel many regrets in saying "good-bye."

It is understood in the bacon trade that there are always ups and downs, but we feel that we have had too few ups and too many downs.

We are, however, starting the New Year full of confidence and hope of improved conditions in 1928.

We are very proud to be able to state that a wonderful good feeling of good-will, and a determination to pull well together, exists throughout the whole of the staff, and with this substantial asset we are quite certain that some good will be achieved.

We are all anxious to express our sincere sympathy with Mr. Pryke in his protracted illness. We had hoped to find by this time that he would be quite recovered and able to resume his old position on the staff of Robert Seager Limited. Although he has not yet been able to leave his bed, we are pleased to learn that a steady improvement is now maintained.

It is Mr. Pryke's chief regret that he fears he will not be able to resume his duties before February next, in which month he would have completed 60 years' service with the Firm of Robert Seager Limited.

We read, with much interest, of the interview with "Our Henry," which appeared in the December Magazine, and we are quite sure that Mr. Pryke also can give us a very interesting account of his experiences and reminiscences, which we shall make a point of obtaining when he is sufficiently recovered. [We wish Mr. Pryke a speedy recovery, and will be delighted to have his reminiscences.—ED.]

We are pleased to receive a letter from the Editor giving us helpful hints in respect to further developments of the Magazine. We feel sure that much latent talent exists throughout the Associated Factories, which only needs stirring and encouraging to effect a marked improvement in the Magazine, which, in our opinion, has for the first 12 months scored a complete success.

We have one point in mind, however, and that is that we should like to see the Magazine come along during the first few days of the month. Hitherto, by the time we have received it the month is very far spent.

It might be difficult for a month or two, but we feel sure, if a special effort were made, the Magazine would soon be got out early in the month.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Christmas in East Anglia has been marked by the same wintry conditions which have prevailed over the greater part of the country, but, fortunately, we have not experienced the great inconvenience resulting from the heavy snow-falls in other directions.

Apparently Christmas customs in East Anglia differ very little from those observed in the West, but since residing in the Eastern Counties the writer has missed one rite which he observed for many years in the West Country, namely, that of partaking of the Wassail Bowl.

Many readers, of course, are acquainted with this custom, but for the benefit of those who have yet to be initiated, it is necessary to explain that the Wassail Bowl is made up of a fearsome concoction of cider biscuits and cider, together with other strengthening and enlivening spirituous liquors. The mixture is brought almost to boiling point in the oven, and then, with great pomp and ceremony, is brought to the table, when everyone is expected to partake freely.

On the first occasion that the writer partook of the Christmas-eve dish the flavour strongly reminded him of varnish, soap, and castor oil, mixed together and heated, but he was assured that it was a very secret and much coveted recipe, which had been handed down through generations. Thus encouraged, he manfully did his best to dispose of his portion with apparent relish, and although he is unable to say whether it was the warmth of the old-fashioned farm-house room or the potency of the dish, it is certain that the conviviality of the whole company increased by leaps and bounds.

One feature in the custom of the Wassail Bowl is that all partaking are expected to continue until one by one they disappear beneath the table, which is the only accepted intimation that each has had a sufficiency.

Although for upwards of twenty years the writer formed one of a party for the celebration of the Wassail, he feels it is greatly to his credit that he always managed to keep above the table. H.L.

LONDON.

We in London will remember the Christmas season of 1927. It seemed to supply a fitting ending to a year which, from the point of view of the weather conditions, has provided many unpleasing occasions. It was said to be an "old-fashioned" Christmas. To some, it is true, it provided special opportunities for ice and snow sports, but the incidental extras to these delights proved too considerable for most of us. As Christmas drew near there was a sharp frost, which continued long enough to make it possible to hold the Skating Competition at Ruislip. But on the Tuesday night before Christmas a sudden change of wind altered conditions; rain fell for a time, and on top of this, frost again. So early Wednesday morning every road in and around London was turned into a skating rink, and all the usual means of getting around were thrown out of gear, so that the early morning post, papers, and milk did not arrive till mid-day. And by that time the London Hospitals were full up, for around 2,400 people came to grief on the slippery surfaces, and had either hobbled into or been conveyed into them. But that 2,400 was only a part, and possibly a small part, of the casualty list. Some think it amounted to 7,000, for many people in the suburbs never reached London that day, but returned home to nurse bruises and to call in the aid of their local medical man. The early risers were the most unfortunate—thus, our Mr. Branscombe, who generally gets up before the lark, came a cropper directly he got out, and was badly bruised. Mr. Coles just saved himself by tumbling up against a garden fence. My personal experience was that my train from Watford took two hours to get to Euston. But the milder weather had really set in, and for a few days it was uncomfortably warm and muggy; and then, on Christmas afternoon, there was yet another change. Snow began to fall, and, once starting, fell so heavily that by midnight London and suburbs were snowed up, so much so that the 12 o'clock midnight train from Baker Street did not reach Watford until 7.30 a.m. Meanwhile, Mr. Branscombe, who, as you will gather, experienced the worst of the deal, had left London for Devonshire. Devonshire, usually associated in the minds of Londoners with thoughts of sea bathing and summer holiday delights, or in winter time with perhaps a bit of sport with the gun, on this occasion gave nothing better than snow-drifts 20 feet deep in some places. How Mr. Branscombe eventually got away and re-appeared at Cowcross Street early Thursday morning is best known to himself. Comedy and tragedy, how near akin they are! It was really comical to observe the wayfarers on that Wednesday of the silver thaw, but to those who fell heavily and broke arm or leg, the mask of comedy was quickly changed to that of tragedy.

So we bid farewell to 1927. And 1928 is ushered in by the great floods, for the snows have by now all but melted, and rivers and streams are in spate. People who like to chance residence on Thames side, thinking of the amenities of life in the summer time, know what the risks are, and more or less provide for times of winter floods. But it is otherwise with the unfortunate residents in the populous districts which Town Councils have during the past two years set up along Brent side. This is the small river which, rising from the Welsh Harp at Hendon, empties into the Thames at Brentford. Often when I lived at Ealing have I seen the Brent in flood. Anyhow, the inevitable has happened, and since last Sunday many hundreds of small houses have been invaded by the overflow from the Brent, and on Tuesday morning the unfortunate residents were being rescued from bedroom windows.

However, "its a poor heart that never rejoices," and in spite of the disastrous start to 1928 we at Cowcross Street view the coming of the New Year with every intention of making light of our troubles and taking advantage of any opportunity the year may afford.

We take this opportunity to send greetings, through the "Harris Magazine," to our friends at Calne and those scattered throughout the countryside.

R.E.H.

* * *

REDRUTH.

The Christmas festivities at Redruth passed off very quietly. The bands and various groups of carollers enlivened the proceedings in the main thoroughfares on Christmas Eve. The huge crowds and the gaily-lighted windows, together with the gatherings of our various musical friends, made quite a festive scene. Snow began to fall on Christmas evening, and we awoke on

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Boxing-morning to a white world, which is a very rare occurrence indeed in the Cornish Riviera. King Sol, however, gallantly asserted himself, and by Friday night practically the last traces of white had disappeared. We believe, however, that some of our friends in other Branches were not so fortunate. However, enough of Christmas. We wish our colleagues in all Branches a Happy New Year. We sincerely hope that the year upon which we have just entered will prove a successful one from all points of view. It is a case, in these difficult days, of all putting our shoulder to the wheel. This is the time in which our good resolutions are made, and we cannot do better, I think, at this opening period of a New Year than adopt the motto given to us by a correspondent using the *nom de plume* of "Singer."

To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried or pressed,
For God's clear sight high work we do
If we but do our best.

Perhaps the following story will be seasonable :—

A NEW YEAR'S CATALOGUE.

An old lady approached a policeman on point duty, and, prodding him with her umbrella, said, "I say, Constable, do you mind going into that store and getting me one of their New Year's Catalogues?" The policeman smiled, but replied politely, "Sorry, I can't, madam, but why do you ask me. Can't you get one yourself?" "Well," replied the old lady, "you seemed to have a nice kind face, and as it says in this newspaper, 'Send a P.C. for catalogue,' I thought I'd ask you."

* * *

TIVERTON.

We have not heard from our friend "Dumpling" this month. We can only assume that anything appertaining to pudding is rather upsetting so soon after the chief Christmas dainty.

Talking of dumplings reminds us of the housewife who, in the kindness of her heart, fed the ducks on the pond with one of her dumplings. To her astonishment, as each duck partook of the dainty morsel it forthwith sank!

TOTNES.

A few days ago a highly respected knight of the road, well past the prime of life, paid one of his periodical visits to our office, and before departing looked at the staff, and said, "To all of you, I say: 'May the New Year prove to be the best you have ever seen, and the worst that you will ever see.'" This is the greeting which we at Totnes pass on to all our friends at headquarters and elsewhere, also adding the sincere wish "May all our colleagues in ascending the ladder of prosperity never meet a foe."

In keeping with most other parts of the country, those who remained in Totnes experienced what is termed a real old-fashioned Christmas, and we believe it is now the general opinion here that, so far as the weather is concerned, the more modern type is preferable for the festive season. The heavy snowfall has had the effect of making our killings very small, as in most of the districts from where we draw supplies the farmers are finding it almost impossible to bring pigs in from the farms.

It was satisfactory to note that in this small town the table delicacies bearing the name of "Harris" were very much in demand during the week preceding Yuletide, particularly sausages. If other towns have consumed a similar quantity pro-rata to their population, then it must have surely been a record week for headquarters. An amusing incident occurred on Christmas eve, when a well-known resident walked into our shop with a friend, and proposed to play a game of quoits with some of the glass goods. With his usual good tact, our salesman persuaded them to take a number home and use the empty glasses for the purpose.

W.J.T.

The world is full of froth and bubble,
But two things stand like stone:
"Kindness" in another's trouble,
"Courage" in your own.

Work, if you would be rich, not by the sweat of your brow, but by the sweat of your conscience.

Just Between Ourselves.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

These seem in the majority of cases to be like the proverbial pie-crust, made to be broken, which, if you consider the matter, is not to be wondered at, for it is beyond human power to change the habits and thoughts of years in a few moments while a clock is striking the passing of the Old Year.

Nature herself works her miracles slowly; even her quietest changes have entailed months of preparation, and her most stupendous efforts have probably taken years before reaching the fulfilment.

Take an earthquake, for instance. Old Mother Nature does not suddenly decide to send part of the interior of the earth into the air by means of a volcanic eruption. For long she has been gradually working up to the climax, and those who know about these things tell us that sometimes for years beforehand underground rumblings have given warning that some day there will be a terrific outburst.

Or, to go from the most terrific to the quietest, have you ever thought of the constantly recurring miracle of Spring? Browning says in one of his beautiful poems—

. . . . . whoever wakes . . . . . ,.
Sees some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are a tiny leaf.

And so it is, to most of us, a matter of surprise that suddenly we see a greenness where before has apparently only been dull brown boughs and stems; but for months the tiny buds have been forming slowly but surely, and through all the winter snows and frosts the earth has been preparing her Spring surprise; and although all above seemed lifeless, the roots of the plants and trees have been working all the time, but we have not given a thought to the busy preparation that has been going on underneath the soil.

So it is not to be expected that we, who are as much (in one sense) the children of Nature as the flowers and birds, can alter one of her laws and think we can suddenly turn our backs on our old selves and create a nice new self as easily as changing from one dress into another. We may resolve, but it needs constant effort and untiring watchfulness to achieve the resolution we have made; and it is this constant effort to subdue our weaknesses and give our higher self a chance of supremacy that will add a depth and strength to our character which will be a far better achievement than making New Year Resolutions and forgetting them as soon as made, and then saying at the end of 1928, "There, I *did* make a resolve not to, but I forgot all about it the day after!"

May I pass on to you some very beautiful words I read the other day, and which in themselves embody everything one need resolve during 1928 and all through one's life :—

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happy and more fair
For those whose lives are now so filled with care;
I'll help to lift them from their long despair—
When I have time.

When you have time, the friends you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent,
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill their lives with sweet content
When you had time.

Now is the time; ah! friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles of friendly cheer
To those whose lives are now so dull and drear.
They may not need you in the coming year—
When you have time.

MARIAN.

HOCKEY NOTES.

Last month we played Marlborough, Rodbourne Cheney, and Swindon 2nd XI. Probably the best game played by the team this season was the one against Marlborough. The players combined well, and the defence worked splendidly, especially the goalkeeper. The Second XI. played well in their first match.

On December 17th we had a Coaching Match, Miss Burton acting as coach, and the players received valuable advice.

Up to the present our "wins" have

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been conspicuous by their absence, but we hope to do better next half of the season.

W.W.

NEEDLECRAFT CLASS.

Owing to the Christmas holidays and the near approach of the Children's Carnival, in which everyone likes to help, there have been no Classes at the Company's Hall. These will be recommenced on the 19th of January, and I hope to see all my old friends and some new faces also.

M.P.

We shall none of us object to getting near the fire this cold weather, so why not make some toffee? Here is the recipe :— Take

1lb. of brown sugar.
1oz. of butter.
2 tablespoonfuls of cold water.

Place the sugar, water, and butter into a saucepan and place over a moderate heat. Bring to boil, stirring every now and then to prevent burning, then add a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil for about twenty minutes, without stirring, then drop a little into a cup of cold water, and if it becomes hard and brittle, the toffee is cooked. If it is still "tacky," cook a little longer. Have ready a well-greased tin, and pour mixture into it and leave to set in a cool place.

WELDON'S PUBLICATIONS FOR JANUARY.

Ladies' Journal.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Knitted and Crocheted Bootees.
Wool Embroidery.
Girls in their Teens.
Woollies for Sports Wear.
Fashions for Smart Matrons.
Children's Fashions.

By the way, in the Ladies' Journal I notice a photograph of a Mrs. Thomas, of Redruth, Cornwall, an old lady of 80 years of age, who still makes the most beautiful knitted lace. I wonder if any of our Redruth friends know this old lady and would like to tell us of her work?

* * *

Not till after he has been married a while does a man begin to realise how much he will never know about woman.

OUR MONEY BOX.

"Bang goes Saxpence." Readers of the Magazine cannot adopt a better resolution than to "bang" their "saxpences" into the Savings Bank each week for the Year 1928.

* * *

We understand that the mere male was conspicuous by his absence at the Ladies' Needlecraft Party. This being so, we cannot understand how the ladies' shoes and boots were mixed. Who was responsible? And what did the lady say when she found a fork in her boot?

* * *

THE YALE BLUES.

"Take a dash of modified black bottom, a tango step or two, add a trifle of fox-trot; throw in a gliding walk, a cute little chasse, a half-turn and graceful swing, and there you have the new Yale Blues!" That is the description I read of the Yale Blues, the latest dance. It is a very pretty dance, a change after a season of "Charleston," and likely to prove very popular. The Yale is danced slowly, and is set to Blues music, there being more melody and less rhythm in the Blues' tunes than in the present quick-time fox-trot.

"RUNDEPE."

* * *

"A MIGHTY HOST."

And it came to pass, in those days, that a mighty man of valour set forth to make peace between the many tribes of the O-Kee-ites. The O-Kee-ites lay in wait for him on the field of battle. "Whence come ye?" asked their leader, Mileffenel. "I come," replied Odsox, the Reffree, "from the land of Reffrees; and lo, I bring thee peace." "Nay, rather, 'tis our enemies that will have need of peace," saith the mighty Captain of the O-Kee-ites. And lo, it was so. Shouting their tribal war cry of "Gifemsox!" the mighty hosts of the O-Kee-ites, brandishing their okystix, rushed upon the foe. They smote them hip and thigh, and that day many bit the dust. With many spoils of war, returned they, the victorious host of the O-Kee-ites chanting their war song "O fora wa shanbru shup." To the land of Reffrees returned the man of peace, marvelling greatly.

* * *

The man of the hour is the man who is asked to wait for a woman a minute.

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2. NO. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

WHEN looking back at the Social life of the Firm, one is impressed with the progress made during the past year. To enumerate a few of the recent activities: We have Tennis, Hockey, Needlecraft, Physical Culture and Minstrels. There have also been signs of development at our various Branches, but we have to bear in mind that their opportunities are less, due to smaller staffs.

We should like this month to consider the future. By the time these lines appear the new Welfare Association will no doubt be working. Also at this time we should be considering our summer programme. It is useless to wait until the advent of summer before getting to work. It is perhaps not generally realised the amount of preliminary work necessary to provide recreation and amusement for the various sections. Tennis and cricket are already established and we have no hesitation in saying that they are in very capable hands. We would suggest a few additions to these, feeling sure that every consideration will be given to them by the Welfare Association. Also it may encourage our readers to send in further suggestions. We have emphasized before that unless the desires of our friends are expressed the Welfare Association can do but little. This organisation exists to promote the various activities, but unless they know your wishes they are working in the dark. It is for this reason that we bring our suggestions forward and also invite suggestions from our readers.

Outings.—We can conceive of nothing better to bring us together than a series of outings. They can take the form of a trip to an interesting spot, rambles and picnics. Here is an opening also for our branches, as the size of the party is a secondary consideration when arranging for an outing.

Bowls.—There are many keen players in the Firm and we wonder if there would be sufficient support forthcoming to warrant a bowls section.

Cycling.—Here again is the "call of the road" One has only to look at the number of cycles stored during the day and wonder such a section has not been put into being before.

We leave the above with our readers and urge them to move, so that this summer will see us more together than before. The Magazine is always open to receive suggestions which we shall be pleased to pass on to the Welfare Association.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Miss Simpkins in her recent sad bereavement.

Between Ourselves.

A FRIEND of mine who has made the study of psychology his life-long aim told me the other day that his most unsatisfactory work had been encountered in dealing with the "grouser."

It appears that the person who is suffering under a genuine sense of injustice is not too free in the advertisement of his troubles to the world, and usually the person of real strength of character will seek by proper means to have the cause of his grievance removed or explained.

On the other hand there has always been, and one fears there will always be, the petty type of mind which in its weak indulgence of foolish fancies imagines that slights have been committed or neglect has been noticeable.

The type of mind emanating this manner of thought is probably based upon a self-centred and selfish outlook which does not always take the "other fellow's" circumstances and worries into full account.

Let nobody misunderstand me. I am not writing of the genuine grievance or the real injustice, but of the habit of discontent and mistrust to which some minds are subject, and which results in what one may call the "frothy grouse."

It is our proud boast that the door of the Managing Director's room is always open to every member of the staff, no matter what his position may be in the factory or the office, who desires to clear up a genuine difficulty. This is the policy behind the formation of our Works Councils.

The achievement of personal understanding between every unit of our community will be the greatest tribute to the commonsense rules of efficiency, goodwill and encouragement on which we have based our common outlook.

I had the great privilege in January of visiting and addressing all the staffs in the Calne, Chippenham, London, Ipswich, Totnes and Highbridge Factories.

As I write I am planning to be in Redruth within a few days.

In every place one has tried to convey the reminder that years ago one determined to lessen the distance between those whose job it is to work near the bottom and those who are fated to take the responsibility at the top.

Out of the sinking of ugly personalities in the common good of all concerned, industrial prosperity will surely arise.

Giving as one did in every factory the opportunity for every single individual to have a personal interview comes the assurance that the members of the staff and their Directors are not to either side shadowy, grotesque and ill-conceived figures of a nightmare dream of suspicion and distrust.

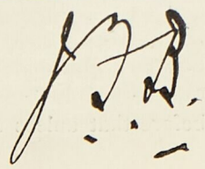
I want to say once more very emphatically to every reader of this Magazine that everyone may at all times freely and fully communicate their difficulty, whether it relates to their business or private affairs. I write this with very definite meaning because of a case which happened some time ago when a man found himself faced with a dread alternative which might have been avoided if he had cared earlier to take the sympathetic advice and assistance that would have been at his disposal.

As I conclude these remarks the news of the passing of Jack Clarke has come along.

To those in his family circle who are left behind, and who have seen this splendid specimen of robust manhood cut down in his prime, our thoughts go out in sincerest sympathy.

Jack possessed to a very full degree the sense of the vision of the better day that was to be. In times of difficulty and shortage I have heard him say again and again "but things are going to be better next week."

In paying this tribute to his work among us in Calne one is glad to know that, for him as for every valiant soul, he has now entered upon the days that are the best of all.



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By The Way.

What were the feelings of the lady, who complained of the discomfort of her lace-up knee boots, when it was pointed out that they were on the wrong feet? She put the left on right and found she had the right left.

* * *

The following extract from the "Daily Mail" will no doubt interest our readers:—

"Which is the healthiest village in England? Hilmarton, three miles from Calne, Wilts, claims the title, for although it has only 660 inhabitants it boast six couples who have celebrated their golden wedding and many other elderly people. The nearest doctor is three miles away, and villagers declare that he visits Hilmarton so seldom that when he receives a call he has to look up the road on a map. 'The old families here have always lived to a great age,' said the Rev. James Benoy, the vicar, 'and they are very proud of their longevity.' Hilmarton's inhabitants are chiefly agriculturists."

* * *

We read recently of a firm in Charing Cross Road who were selling books at 2d. per lb. Although it might sound silly asking for 2 ozs. of Shakespeare, to ask for ½lb. of Bacon would pass muster.

* * *

AN ECHO OF CHRISTMAS.

One of our employees decided to take his family to London for the Xmas Holidays. They boarded the London train at Chippenham, but sad to relate pater familias slumbered as the train rolled on. After what seemed hours of travelling the train slowed down and wifie shouted, "Wake up, John, we'm thur." He awoke with a start and assisted his family out of the carriage and then returned for the luggage. Whilst making preparations for the transport of their luggage, his wife remarked, "This doan't seem much like Paddington station, I knaw." He replied, "Well, I bean't quite sure; I'll go and arsk." He dashed off to the nearest porter, who to his great dismay informed him that he had alighted at Reading. Poor John just managed to load his luggage and push his family into the train as it rolled out of the station.

We have received a very helpful letter from one of our interested readers. He says, "Why not let someone write an article and invite readers to reply to it." We leave this with our readers and feel sure articles will be forthcoming of a nature that will engender healthy criticism. Two subjects we ask you to avoid, namely, Religion and Politics.

* * *

Another suggestion our friend makes is to promote competitions for which a small entrance fee could be charged. Up till now we have had as much as we can do to produce the Magazine each month, but there is no reason why we should not feature competitions providing we can be assured of our readers' support. We invite our readers' opinions on both these matters.

* * *

CARNIVALITIES.

We are told this as a fact. On being asked why he was leaving the concert one of the audience replied "Why there be a ten-minutes' interview"

* * *

We must tell this one, as so many people have related it to us and we are afraid that by omitting same we shall have a queue lining up. One of the show builders discovered after erecting his stand that he had built his wall round the truck in which he conveyed the boxes. The bringer-down of the walls of Jericho had more success with his blast.

* * *

Did the lady who put canary seeds in the cake mixture instead of carraway seeds do so with a desire to help the singers?

* * *

We are asked if one of the winners of the Bacon guessing competition found his prize useful in the light of a forthcoming event. Anyway, all good luck to him!

* * *

We were much intrigued at reading about article No. 48 in the "Bachelor Uncle's" account of the Needlecraft Competition. We wish our recollection of this number was not so elusive.

* * *

We are told that since a certain partition was put up the inmates have been proud. Even their door, at times, gets "stuck up"

The recent flood in Calne has brought to light the following story: One of our friends living in the flooded area has a drain leading to the river. With the assistance of kind friends the rising water was industriously baled up and emptied down the drain. This, we think, goes one better than King Canute.

* * *

Just retribution overtook one of our friends the other day. Possessing a sweet tooth he samples sugar on every possible occasion. Nemesis overtook him when instead of sugar he found one sample to be bi-carbonate of soda!

* * *

Who was the man who "heard" Arthur Newton, the famous runner, go through Calne on January 14th? As Newton was reported to have left Box on January 7th, and we are assured he broke the record, he must have beaten the clock to an extraordinary degree after leaving Calne.

* * *

Bill: "When is a truck door not a door?"

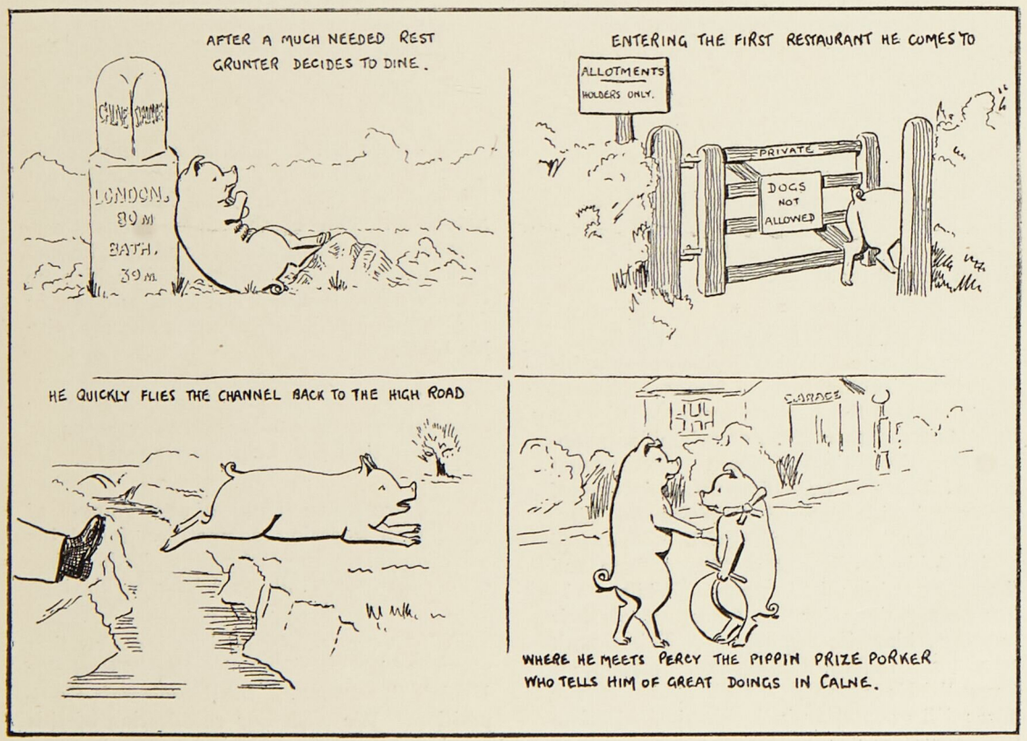
Garge: "Doan't know, let's ask shunter."

Bill: "Shunter, when is a truck door not a door?"

Shunter: "When you forget to take the pin out of the bottom."

This we are told was the correct answer, and the door forthwith yielded to treatment.

PERCY, GRUNTER AND MAUD.



1.—His dreams are interrupted by the Parish Church Chimes pealing forth the strains of "Home Sweet Home"

2.—To Grunter "Home" and "Food" are synonymous terms. so he goes off to explore a near-by cabbage patch.

3.—Where his progress is helped by something with "knobs on" and speeds his departure like "L" for leather.

4.—After imbibing a few "tit-bits" of Calne news he wanders off in the direction of the Strand.

The London Floods.

I SENT some notes of our Christmas experiences for publication in the January issue. At that time no one imagined that the difficult weather conditions of Christmas were but the prelude to a disaster of far-reaching magnitude—but such proved to be the case.

By Friday, January 6th, the rapid thaw and rains had disposed of the heavy snow drifts and the waters were in process of being drained off the lands into the streams and rivers. For some years great efforts have been made to insure the better and more rapid drainage of flood waters, and so it came about that on January 6th the Thames was in flood. When on that morning I crossed London Bridge on the way to the Exchange a great gale from the west was raging—a fierce wind which of itself brought much damage to London property and some loss of life. I noticed on my passage over the bridge how full the river was and how the waters lashed into waves by the fierce gale swept violent and raging against the buttresses, and noted how the waves swelled up and over the quays and wharfs. I thought then that such riverside spots as Rotherhithe and Wapping would experience flood conditions. Meantime, great forces were gathering in the North Sea—a conjunction of a full moon and a spring tide. And so it came about that the river waters in full force and flood were met by the heavy incoming tidal waters, all mingling and lashed into fury by the heavy gale.

By Friday midnight the river had overflowed from Kew to Woolwich, and not only overflowed but here and there, especially at spots along Hammersmith and Grosvenor Road, Westminster, had broken down the river walls, and without a moment's warning great waves of water swept through the houses and rushed irresistibly down streets with the violence of a mill race, smashing and destroying every obstacle.

All this has been reported in the London Press and is fixed in the public mind by the fatal cases where persons were drowned like rats in a trap, and by reason of the flooding of historic places like the Houses of Parliament, the Tower, and Tate Gallery, and the inundation of the great Army Store at Deptford. Added to all this was the flooding of 5,000 dwellings and the swamping of factories and warehouses.

The importance of the disaster is marked by the opening of the Mansion House Relief Fund. It is only on occasions of national—and not merely local—importance that the Mansion House acts. One wonders if persons outside London know fully what all this implies. The River Thames—"Father Thames," as we sometimes say—has made London what London is. Throughout the years four times in every 24 hours the tides have rushed through the heart of London, bringing in or carrying away merchandise. And that is what has made London. There is a passage in the Spectator which reads as follows: "It was the unexpectedness of the London floods which gave a special poignancy to horror and dismay. It was as though a friend had suddenly turned into a homicidal maniac for London river, as sailors call it, has always been London's trusted servant."

Well, the waters have subsided, but the problems raised by the floods are yet to be faced. Those of us who know and esteem London as a city have watched in recent years the gradual wiping out of slum districts. We have been glad at the passing of such slums as the once ill-noted Tabard Street, Southwark district, and the razing of the slums which used to be behind High Street, Shoreditch; an account of these, as they were, is vividly pourtrayed in Morrison's fearsome yarn "A Child of Jago" At the same time we have watched with pride the making of the new Regent Street, the rising of the great offices of the Banks and Insurance Companies, and the massive and impressive works of buildings such as the Offices of the London Port of Authority and of Bush House. We did not know, most of us anyhow, that almost under the shadow of all this display and majesty were the homes of some people. That was some people—workers in London City—at the end of the dav's toil they could return to their cellar habitations or cellar slums there eventually on that Friday midnight to be caught without hope of rescue and to be drowned like rats in a trap. It doesn't seem

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too good or any very brave sort of show for London City in 1928.

There is, too, the problem of what to do with the 5,000 flooded houses left as they are now, inches deep in river slime and river mud. Many of them were none too good as it was, but now it is questionable if any of them can ever be re-established as fit for human habitation that in cases where the flooring already broken and decayed has been percolated by slime and other river deposit. Of course it is unlikely that there will again be that same combination of circumstances which could bring about a repetition of the disaster. But for all that it is obvious that London river has not been brought up-to-date. It is found out now that for some time certain persons have been alarmed at the state of the river banks and defences. It was known, for example, that the water constantly percolated through those very spots where the river banks gave way. It is known also that the drainage into the river at all times of flood and heavy rains while quickly freeing the inlands from flood puts a strain on the resources of the river which have become too great, so that unless some great scheme is put into operation the flooding between London Bridge and Blackwall must be constantly in evidence.

Some people agitate for the scheme which was mooted years ago. The building of a dam or barrage between Gravesend and Tilbury. As things are now that would cost about £10,000,000, but whatever is done should be put in hand now. We have over 1,000,000 unemployed, so that there is a vast army from which to recruit the unskilled labour which would of course be considerable, and so far as unemployment would be relieved so far the heavy natural overhead charge in the shape of doles would be relieved.

One would like to end with a bit of brightness. To every cloud is a silver lining. And in this case there is the silver lining for as ever when the moment comes and the call is urgent we see the London Cockney at his best. So these Thames floods brought out the best side of human nature: wonderful deeds of rescue and pluck and wonderful instances of kindness and care and self-sacrifice. And over it all the marvellous good nature and ability to make the best of a bad job. **R. E. H.**

Harris Savings Scheme.

AN enthusiastic meeting was held in the Picture Palace on Friday, January 13th. It is becoming a recognised thing for the Picture Palace to be packed to the doors at these functions, and serves to shew the increasing interest taken by all connected with the " House of Harris "

Mr. Bodinnar, who was the chief speaker, spoke of the progress made during the past year. There was an audible gasp as he gave the amount due to the depositors on December 31st as £12,466 8s. 1d., and there was an outburst of applause when it was pointed out that this represented an increase in the year of £6,860. Emphasis was again given to the absolute security of the Savings Scheme. This year Mr. Bodinnar had asked pointed questions of the auditors. Their replies were emphatic that the money in the bank was the sole property of the depositors and neither the Firm nor anyone connected with them can touch one penny of it. It should be pointed out that the auditors represent the depositors' interests and their work is, amongst other, to see those interests are safeguarded.

An alteration in the rule regarding the maximum amount to be deposited in one year was made. One may now deposit up to £150 in one year instead of £50.

Mr. North Smith spoke in eulogistic tones of the scheme and described it as his best investment. He urged all to take full advantage of the scheme, as a better return for one's money could not be obtained elsewhere. Mr. Redman, who followed, compared the 6 per cent. interest with the 2½ per cent. earned on Post Office deposits, and asked the audience to consider the advantages of our own scheme.

A vote of confidence in the scheme was proposed by Mr. C. Blackford, seconded by Mr. J. Carpenter, etc., and carried with acclamation.

Before declaring the meeting closed Mr. Bodinnar referred to the absence of our old friend Jack Clark, and a message from the meeting was sent conveying our best wishes for his speedy recovery.

C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD., SAVINGS SCHEME.

BALANCE SHEET

as at 31st December, 1927.

To amount due to depositors (including interest to date)	12,466 8 1	By Cash at Bank	12,285 17 0
		,, C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., for their contribution in respect of interest allowed to Depositors (since received)	180 11 1
	£12,466 8 1		£12,466 8 1

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books, Records and Vouchers of the Fund and find it to be in accordance therewith. We have confirmed the correctness of the Cash at Bank by reference to a Certificate received from the Bankers.

(Signed) GILBERT GARNSEY
Of Price, Waterhouse & Co.
(Signed) JAMES PITT
Of Agar, Bates, Neal & Co.
Chartered Accountants.

11th January, 1928.

OUR MONEY BOX.

Deposits, both ordinary and in stamps are extremely satisfactory for the opening month of 1928 and a record year is promised.

The sale of 6d. stamps goes merrily forward, which proves the popularity of this system of saving.

* * *

SAVINGS SCHEME QUERIES.

Can I be sure that the amount I have in the Savings Bank will not be divulged to a third party?

The officers and members of the Committee have each signed a solemn declaration not to divulge, under any circumstances, any particulars concerning the depositors or their accounts. Further, the books and accounts are made up entirely apart from the ordinary business of the Firm and every precaution is taken so that unauthorised persons cannot possibly see the accounts. It may be added that books are kept in a separate safe in the strong room, which, it is needless to say, is an additional safeguard against leakage.

To our Readers.

As far as possible we should be pleased to answer any queries raised in connection with our Savings Scheme, and we hope all our readers will make use of this to clear up any doubts they may have.

* * *

The unconscious humour of children is well illustrated by the following actual fact. Returning home after her first day at school a tiny tot said, " Mummy, Miss —— wants to know when my birthday is and how old I was when I was born "

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Leap Year.

WHY THERE ARE 366 DAYS.

THE earth resembles a spinning top which is simultaneously moving round the sun in a slightly flattened circle. A "day" is the time the earth takes to spin once and a "year" is the time it takes to go once round the sun. Unfortunately, by this reckoning there is not an exact number of days in a year. The earth takes 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 51 seconds to go exactly round the sun. The difference is nearly six hours per year, so that if we add one day every four years we shall be nearly right with the sun. If this were not done the same part of the year would not occur in the same part of the earth's path and the seasons would cease to correspond with the months in which they now occur.

Leap Year originated with the Romans, though the Egyptians were the first to fix the length of the year. The Roman year was introduced by Romulus, the founder of Rome, in 738 B.C., and corrected by Julius Caesar in 45 B.C. His astronomers fixed the year as 365 days 6 hours. The extra day in four years was placed before our February 24th. The Romans reckoned all their dates from three fixed days in every month. The Kalends were the 1st, the Nones usually the 5th, and the Ides usually the 13th of the month. Other days were reckoned as so many days before the next Kalends, Nones or Ides. Hence our February 24th would be six days before March 1st, that is six days before the Ides of March. This sixth day was counted twice, that is there were two days named February 24th, and the year was therefore called the "twice-sixth" year or "bissextile" year. The French still call Leap Year the Bissextile Year. We call it Leap Year because the days of the week leap an extra day as compared with other years.

Even when this extra day has been added the year is not exactly right with the sun. To correct this, a year beginning a new century is not counted a leap year unless it is divisible by 400. The year 1600 was a leap year, but 1700, 1800 and 1900 were not leap years. The next century-leap-year will be 2000.

The extra day is added to February because the Roman calendar from which our calendar is derived began the year in March. This also explains September, October, November and December, which, literally, mean the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months. In the Roman calendar they were so.

In 1752 the English calendar was changed and brought into line with that of the other European countries. The difference between them was eleven days, so the day following September 2nd was called September 14th and the intermediate eleven days omitted altogether. At the same time the beginning of the year was changed from March 25th to January 1st. In Scotland at this time the year did begin on January 1st, and great practical inconvenience was caused. The year 1750, for example, began on January 1st in Scotland, but on March 25th in England. So that February 24th was 1750 in Scotland but still 1749 in England. The omission of the eleven days mentioned above gave rise to much discontent, for people thought that their lives had been shortened by eleven days and went about shouting "Give us back our eleven days."

Russia and Greece adhered to the old style. By 1900 the difference had become days, so that their dates are now thirteen days ahead of ours.

An interesting calendar was constructed by the French Revolutionaries in 1792. They divided the year into four seasons of three months each, and called each month by something characteristic of the month. For example, the Harvest Month (Messidor) was June 19th to July 18th, the Snow Month (Nivose) was December 21st to January 19th, the Flowers' Month (Floreal) was April 20th to May 19th. This calendar lasted from 1793 to 1805, when the present style was restored by Napoleon.

THE ORIGIN OF LEAP YEAR.

It is well known that during Leap Year ladies can propose, but how many know the origin of this privilege?

We are told that it dates back to the days of St. Patrick. Even in those days women stressed their lack of privilege as compared with men.

St. Bridget, ever a champion, was arguing on the wrongs of her sex to St. Patrick. We are not told who had the last word, but we do know that St. Patrick compromised by decreeing that women might propose every Leap Year.

Although this story ranks as a legend, records go to show that as far back as the thirteenth century, the Scottish Parliament decided that any maiden might propose "either by words or looks" to the man of her choice. The man was bound to accept, unless he could prove he was already bespoken. The penalty of non-acceptance was a heavy fine.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Eight possesses one day more than last year. Single ladies are very glad about it, but it explains the long face of the bachelor because it happens to be Leap Year. The reason it is called Leap Year is not because it leaps a day—it doesn't—but because after looking for three years in vain, the ladies leap at last. And Heaven help the man on whom they leap, for if he declines the proposition, he is supposed to buy a new dress for the rejected suitor (and the sales are over too), and if he accepts, well, every year is long enough to be a Leap Year. Then there is an extra day for work. I can't see why they don't declare February 29th a public Bank Holiday, just to even things up a bit for mere man, but I suppose those who are responsible for such things are all married and so out of danger.

Females have the advantage once more over males, this time in age. For instance, a girl born on February 29th, 1900, is only seven years of age now, but if a boy was to reckon up his age like that he would be an old man before he was allowed to smoke, but a girl never wants to be more than twenty years of age, so she scores again.

A.G.J.

* * *

We have always owed much to genius—and still owe it.

* * *

Hair restorers will grow hair on any scalps except those of their inventors.

Pig Feeders Club.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND SUPPER.

On Friday, the 27th January, The C. & T. Harris (Calne) Pig Feeders' Club held their Annual General Meeting, under the presidency of Mr. R. P. Redman.

The meeting, which was very well attended, was followed by a Supper and Smoker.

During the evening the President presented the prizes for the 1927 Annual Competition. This competition was very keenly contested, and six prizes were awarded:—First, Mr. A. J. Mail; second, Mr. A. H. Haines; Mr. E. Granger and Mr. W. Stanley tied for third prize, and Mr. S. Abrams and Mr. A. H. Gale tied for fifth prize.

A short musical programme brought to a finish a function which the members of the Pig Club always look forward to with much pleasure.

* * *

Suggestions.

Some time ago Suggestion Boxes were placed in the Factory, but comparatively little use has been made of them.

With our large number of employees it is difficult to understand why more suggestions for improved working methods in the Factory are not forthcoming. There are always ways and means for improvement, and the Management will welcome practical suggestions and be willing to recompense the originators for any suggestions that are taken up.

They should be sent through the Foreman to Mr. Gunning or, if desired, may be addressed to me personally.

R. P. REDMAN.

* * *

Scots Traveller: Well, Mr. Isaacstein, I'm bound to say your race beats us hollow at trade development. I've found a Hebrew in every land except Labrador.

Isaacstein: Labrador? But iceberg ain't no Scottish name, my poy!

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The Sales.

It seemed that it had to be. For weeks I had been dreading it and, at last, it had come. During breakfast time my wife said "Do not be late home, as I want you to come with me to the Sales." My appetite failed and I gave a reluctant promise. I immediately became involved in mental arithmetic and the lessons I had in "First Aid" some years ago.

It was wonderful to find upon my arrival home that the midday meal was ready, coffee waiting and my wife all ready to go. No time was lost in words and further I realised the necessity of saving my energy for "Bargain Hunting."

We reached the particular emporium selected by my wife. Such was my mental state that the building appeared to rock with the mass of people endeavouring to get in. "Follow me," said my wife and into the crowd we went. I have watched Cup Ties amongst a crowd of 65,000 people. I know what it is to stand 16 in a railway carriage, but these are quite mild to a sale crush. My first recollection was that of a 15 stone female boring her elbows into my ribs. My attempt at an apology was frustrated for I had scarcely got out the words "Pardon me" when I was forcibly carried along by a crowd of excited Amazons. I lost my wife and found myself jammed against a counter between two excited women. One picked up a piece of cloth which the other grabbed saying "That is mine." They tugged and tugged until the material was in an awful state and finally split in two. "They surely must work at the laundry where my shirts go," was my inward reflection.

My problem at this time was to get out of this seething mass. There was no help for it, down went my head in a manner reminiscent of my Rugby days, through the crowd I went. I reached the street. There I stood, hat over one eye, collar and tie crushed into an unrecognisable shape, and a physical wreck. Suddenly the thought struck me "Good heavens, my wife is in that inferno." Alas, I am not of the stuff that heroes are made of, so I waited. Eventually she came loaded with parcels and, except for a flushed face, unscathed. Taking pity on my dishevelled appearance she exclaimed, "Never mind, wait until we get home and you'll agree it was worth it." An inspection of the parcels proved her right and what has exercised my mind since is "How is it done?"

* * *

CALNE RUGBY CLUB.

We are sorry we have only space this month to report two out of the four matches played last month.

21st January: v. Melksham, at Melksham.

It was a very enjoyable game considering the condition of the ground. Calne were unfortunate to lose Hathaway and Parkhouse after about ten minutes' play. Calne had the best of the game in the first half and managed to cross Melksham's line.

After the cross over Melksham pressed hard, but the Calne defence kept them at bay, the game resulting in a win for Calne by one try to nil.

28th January: v. Bathampton, at Calne.

A dour, forward struggle, amidst mud, slush and rain, was witnessed—not a very enjoyable game under the conditions for players or the two spectators.

Calne were unfortunate to lose by a margin of six points to nil, for they had as much of the play as Bathampton, only they lacked finish in the final burst for the line, also Bathampton's players adapted themselves to the conditions better than Calne.

Result: Calne nil, Bathampton six points.

Fixtures for March.

3—Stothert and Pitt's 2nds ..... Home.
10—Oldfield Old Boys ..... Away.
24—Old Edwardians ..... Home.
31—St. Stephen's ..... Away.

"SCRUM."

* * *

One man's fortune is often many men's ruin.

* * *

If beer was free and water expensive we should have few teetotallers.

* * *

Every man who is making ten thousand a year or over has forgotten all he ever knew about algebra.

Ambrose Applejohn.

THE wise men tell us that the only real condition of progress is a divine discontent. A man who is perfectly satisfied with his lot in life, who sees nothing to improve, whose horizon is perfectly rigid, who has already arrived at his castle of ease is, so these same wise men tell us, in a very parlous state. He is stagnant. Now the average man—who, by the way, is always some other man—would not understand this at all. If the wise man were to ask him suddenly, "Are you possessed of a divine discontent"? he would merely conclude that the wise man was a little mad—and he would not be far wrong. He would want more explanation; the wise man would have to descend from the heights and make himself clear. But since wise men very rarely do this—if they did, they would lose their reputation for wisdom—and since, in any case the supply of wise men is not in excess of the demand, let us assume their mantle for one dizzy moment to see what they mean.

Sometimes life gets too much for us all. The common round, the daily task, the one endless circle of routine press us to earth with their merciless weight and we cry to Heaven for some change. Anything will do; anything that will get us out of the rut. We cry for adventure, for romance, for anything that will take us for one little hour out of ourselves. The novelists have understood this perfectly. Mr. Jeffrey Farnol takes us by the hand back to the swashbuckling eighteenth century where we outwit the most polished villains, conquer tremendous bullies and win the love of fair ladies by the score. At the same time this mood is a dangerous one. If we can get rid of it by saturating ourselves in novels no great harm has been done. But if we cannot—well, take the case of Ambrose Applejohn. A fine old country house in Cornwall, an income sufficient for his needs, two devoted women to wait on him—what more could Ambrose Applejohn want? His lines had fallen in very pleasant places; life moved easily for him; his every want was anticipated and satisfied before he had time to express it. But Ambrose Applejohn was profoundly depressed. Like us, he felt that the very ease which he possessed was making an old man of him. The deadly monotony of the daily round was making him mad. He craved adventure, romance! Poor Ambrose! The gods heard his reckless wish and smiled. Ambrose got his adventure. Into a few hours on one never-to-be-forgotten winter's night was crammed more adventure than our Ambrose had found in his whole life before. Listen! But what are we doing? We were just about to commit the unpardonable error of telling the story before you had seen the play. YOU must see it. The Calne Players will present it in the Palace Theatre on Thursday, March 1st. You must be there.

* * *

Dancing Notes.

The Principles of Guidance.

Very scant attention is paid by most dancers, especially beginners, to this all-important subject. No two people can dance well together unless the gentleman knows how to indicate what steps he is about to make and the lady how to follow those steps.

Guiding is the man's business exclusively. The lady must place herself entirely in his hands (figuratively and literally speaking). Nothing is more annoying to a man who dances well than a partner who runs away with him.

I have said before the "hold" is of great importance. It is hardly possible to lay down hard and fast rules, because the "hold" differs slightly in different dances and in cases where the couple is ill-matched in size, but it is fundamentally this:—

The man's right arm encircles his partner so that his hand comes just below her right shoulder blade. The lady's left hand is placed below the man's collar. Often a lady gives the impression of holding her partner too tightly when she puts her left arm too far round his neck. The gentleman's left arm and the lady's right are not so important as they are not used for guidance, but all eccentric and exaggerated poses should be avoided.

"RUNDEPE."

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The New Gospel of Industry.

WHEN listening to the speeches at the annual meeting of the Harris Benevolent Society and the Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society, or, to give it its new name, "The Harris Welfare Association," many may have quite naturally begun to wonder "Why are so many of our great industrial concerns, and our own Firm in particular, making such a strong point of Welfare work in their organisation?"

In simple truth, Welfare work is the name given to a serious and absolutely necessary part of the new Gospel of Industry.

The day has gone, never to return, when an employer could in good faith believe that his duty to his employee began and ended in his paying the minimum wages his men would accept for the longest week's work he could get them to do. How his workpeople lived, how they spent their "spare" time, whether they did, or could, provide for sickness and old age, was usually no concern of his. Here and there, it is true, one found superannuation and sick benefit schemes, but since they were almost always built up on deductions from wages that were only barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, it is extremely doubtful whether the operation of them conferred any *real* benefit upon those who participated in them, and always only just round the corner lurked that faithful ally of the unscrupulous industrialist—the grim spectre of unemployment.

Came the inevitable result of such a system—world-wide discontent. Strikes and lock-outs were of daily occurrence, until it became perfectly obvious that something was fundamentally wrong with the industrial system; and there seems little doubt that had not intelligent employers of labour firmly tackled the problem the industrial world to-day would be witnessing a welter of strife and hate that appals one to contemplate.

Gradually it became clear that the prime need of industry was steady production. To attain this end two things were necessary: (1), an interested, contented, and intelligent body of producers; (2), a steady demand to absorb production. There is, in addition, the need for the ruthless combing out of the parasites of industry, which is not the least difficult to achieve—nature has provided them with such wonderful means of hanging on. It is with the first of these things that the Welfare organisation is concerned.

Now it is just as well to make it quite clear that Welfare work is neither to be looked upon as an opiate or a red herring.

A Welfare organisation simply could not work in a sweated industry.

The payment of fair wages, however, does not necessarily mean that one is making a man more interested in the business, for how can he be interested if he knows nothing about those who are associated with him in the running of it?

Neither will good wages make him altogether contented if he has neither the time nor the opportunity for getting clean amusement and healthy recreation.

By means of the Welfare organisation the employer places within the reach of his employees the means of organising sports, social functions, educational classes, and the like.

On the initiative of our Chief, we have built up in Calne a very substantial edifice of Welfare Work, and under the new constitution we look forward to covering more and more ground until the interests and amusements of every single person is catered for.

But let us say definitely, the Firm does not provide these things.

If you want to carry on with any particular pastime, organise it yourselves! The Welfare Association is there waiting for the opportunity of helping you in every way to place the pastime on a sound footing.

In short, the Harris Welfare Association exists for the purpose of fostering every kind of clean healthy activity one can think of, because such things are necessary in order to attain efficiency in business. Efficiency in business means decreased costs and increased production, and therefore the power to pay higher wages. Higher wages mean greater spending power, thereby creating the demand necessary to absorb production; and so the wheel goes the full circle.

This is the new Gospel of Industry, and it must endure because it conforms to the moral law.

It would be nonsense to suggest that all have accepted the new gospel—there are still plenty of stiff-necked people about—but all concerned in C. and T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., have reason to be proud that, owing to the sagacity of those whose great responsibility it is to direct the policy of the Firm, we were a little ahead of the times, and are, as the result, dwelling in peace and comparative prosperity, with the vista before us of almost endless opportunities for the further betterment of our lot if we only put our shoulder to the wheel. There is nothing like plenty of congenial work to make a fellow feel pleased with himself. A drone is only a half-animated lump of misery, and an encumbrance to all around him.

* * *

"I am the foundation of all business. I am the fount of all prosperity. I am the parent of genius. I am the salt that gives life its savour. I have laid the foundation of every fortune. I must be loved before I can bestow my great blessings and achieve my greatest ends. Loved, I make life sweet and purposeful and fruitful. I can do more to advance a youth than his own parents, be they ever so rich. Fools hate me; wise men love me. I am represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every train that crosses the country, in every newspaper that goes from the press. I am the mother of democracy. All progress springs from me. Who am I? What am I? I AM WORK."

(Published by kind permission of John Williams & Sons (Cardiff) Ltd.)

* * *

In response to a complaint that one of their drivers was frequently absent from duty without notifying the Van Salesman, we have received a letter from the contractors from which the following is an extract:—

"We quite agree with you that a certain amount of leniency must be given in case of illness, but we understand that our driver has a wife and family, and there ought to have been no difficulty in acquainting your Salesman with the fact. We understand it was of bronchial type."

It is not clear whether the driver should have advised the Salesman that he was a married man with a family, or which of these is of the bronchial type.

IDENTIFIED FOR MURDER.

Some years ago I was residing at a well-known watering place on the South Coast. Knowing the Police Inspector there, I was often asked to do him a good turn if he was called upon to find a juror. On one occasion a woman had been found murdered on the cliffs. A man was arrested for the crime, and was to be put up for identifidation. I was asked if I would go, and I consented. On arriving at the police station, I found a number of other men of about the same stature, and similarly dressed. After waiting a short time we were asked to line up, and the accused man was brought in and told that he could stand wherever he pleased. He came and stood next to me.

The witnesses were then conducted into the room, one by one, and asked to point out the man whom they had seen on a certain night. The majority went straight to the accused man, but one woman, when asked to point out which man she had seen at ——— station, pointed to me! The inspector told her to place her hand on the man she meant, and she came, trembling like a leaf (and I was not much better), and placed her hand on my chest. At the same moment she looked up at our faces and said, "No, not him, this one!" The accused man was sent for trial, but proved an alibi, and was acquitted.

G.A.W.

* * *

There is nothing to equal a holiday for inducing rain.

* * *

Most folks incarcerated for insanity are insane, but that does not prove that all folks at liberty are sane.

* * *

Mike, an Irishman with the British Expeditionary Force in France, had as temporary chums an English Tommy and a Scot.

One day Mike was called away, and left his coat hanging on a nail. The Englishman and Scotsman, seeing some white paint near, seized the opportunity of painting a donkey's head on the back of Mike's coat.

The latter soon returned, and then, fixing his eye on his fellow fighters, said slowly, "Begorra! and which of you has wiped your face on my coat?"

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Gardening as a Pastime.

As so many of our readers are more or less interested in gardening, it has been decided that a corner of our Magazine shall at times be devoted to a few notes on the garden.

The love of flowers is universal, and the influence which these have upon our lives is probably scarcely realised in the hustle of our daily tasks, but is there a person living that would be without them? A world with no flowers presents a very drab and dreary prospect. If they were taken away from us it would be found that a very great proportion of the brightness and joy of life had gone with them.

We venture to say that an incentive to encourage the hobby of gardening is the manner in which it succeeds in bringing forth the better traits of character; a point which it is proposed to deal briefly with in these notes. The effect it often has upon the habits and environment of the average person who becomes interested in it is aptly summed up in the oft-repeated phrase that "A good gardener makes a good citizen." Certainly it will be found that a common interest in the garden tends to foster the spirit of generosity, good fellowship, and willingness to help each other. In view of the internal troubles of recent years, it is a little surprising that more attention has not been given to this aspect, particularly in its relation to the ordinary life of the people. It is somewhat significant that the upheavals of trade disputes have failed to affect those parts of the country where garden cities have been built, or where ample garden or allotment spaces are provided for the working man. The feeling of contentment and desire for a peaceful home life, which has been created by the provision of garden spaces, has effectually prevented the seeds of industrial discontent from germinating, and a closer study of this subject might easily reveal the path to peace and prosperity for both worker and employer. It will be found that the average amateur gardener is much more keenly interested in the latest ideas for destroying slugs or other pests than in any scheme for the destruction or alteration of the social system.

Gardening is unique amongst outdoor pastimes, inasmuch as its object is production, a feature which is absent from present day sports or recreations; and to this may be attributed the fact that, when once aroused, the interest in it is continuous throughout the year. Whatever may be the amount of knowledge acquired, there is still always something to be learnt, and the pleasure derived from each success is ample reward for the efforts made.

Another prominent feature of the gardening pastime is that its adherents quickly attain the habit of always looking forward; very rarely is the enthusiast found regretting the passing of flowers which are decaying; his thoughts are chiefly centred on the magnificent display which he hopes to see in the near future.

Having dealt with the beneficial point of view, a few words on the other side of the question may not be amiss. It has to be admitted that on the great topic of conversation, "the weather," our gardener friends at once find themselves in sympathy with their fellow beings, particularly when abuse is being heaped on the climatic conditions of this country, although it is doubtful if there is any real cause for complaint, seeing we are able to produce in Great Britain horticultural triumphs which are seldom excelled in any other part of the world. It is, however, generally accepted that this inclination for grumbling is merely superficial; the real ire of the disciple of the spade is chiefly aroused when careless or wilful spoilation has taken place. This is illustrated by the following true incident:—

'During last autumn a young apple tree, bearing six fine specimens of fruit, was being carefully tended in a garden in B—— when it happened that a boy in the neighbouring house was presented on his birthday with a toy air rifle, and seeing those apples he, with his companions, decided that they made a first-class target. It would be difficult to describe the disgust of the owner of the fruit tree when he saw how the objects of his great care had been riddled with perforations. Although normally a very genial fellow, his rage was so great that the atmosphere became quite lurid and oppressive."

AN AMATEUR GARDENER.

* * *

When the slogan of the Unions shall be "earn more" instead of "get more," then the Unions will come into their own.

Photographic Notes.

THE SNAPSHOT ALBUM.

The pleasure you get out of photography depends very largely upon the way in which your finished prints are displayed. It is, therefore, essential, not only to make the best possible print from every negative, but also to make a point of preserving your prints carefully and, at the same time, displaying them to the best possible advantage. In other words, you should keep your prints in an album.

Keeping and arranging an album will add interest to your photography, and will cause you to take a greater pride and care in it.

All really enthusiastic photographers possess at least one album. If you have not already acquired one, get an album now, and be ready for all the pictures that the New Year will bring. You can then start collecting your prints all through the season.



Christmas Weather.
("Kodak" Snapshot)

It is helpful, first of all, to plan the arrangement of your album. One method, which is very interesting, is to divide your album into seasons of the year, or you could make two divisions—one for "Home-life" and one for "Holidays." Those photographers who are still at school might like to divide their albums into sections, entitled "Summer Term and Holidays," "Christmas Term and Holidays," and so on.

And now a few words on the type of album to buy. A great deal of care should be exercised in choosing it. Your local photographic dealer will doubtless have a wide range of albums in his stock, and you cannot do better than call round and ask him to show you one or two.

The colour of the album is important. If your prints are for the most part on Sepia-toned paper, a brown leaved album will set them off to advantage; if, however, your prints are on a gaslight paper, a grey or other cold colour will suit them best.

Lastly—and most important of all—comes the placing of your prints in the album, and you will find that mounting tape enables you to fix your prints in cleanly and securely.

A loose-leaved album is an advantage when mounting, because you can take each leaf out and deal with it separately, avoiding any risk of buckling or bending the other leaves.

After you have mounted all your prints, a simple design round each—made with white art paint—will set them off and give them an excellent finish. The headings for the various sections should also be done in this ink as well as the titles.

* * *

Shopman: What did you think of our splendid lamb chops which you had yesterday, sir?

Customer (with a grunt): Much too small for their age.

* * *

Henry Ford may not know it all, but he wasn't entirely wrong when he said, "History is bunk."

* * *

The way some people brag about their ancestors one would suppose that they invented them. Perhaps they did.

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Our Picture Gallery.

MR. W. A. ROYNON.



In June, 1883, or nearly 45 years ago, Mr. W. A. Roynon joined the old firm of Chas. Harris and Co., which was some years before the amalgamation. He remained with the firm until 1890.

After a wide and extensive experience in the trade he rejoined the firm as Manager of the Redruth Branch in 1913.

He is prominently connected with the Wesleyan Church, in whose activities he is keenly interested.

Of a genial disposition his sterling qualities are appreciated by all those of us who come into contact with him.

* * *

Wedding Bells.

January has been a very busy month for Cupid.

On Saturday, January 21st, 1928, at Calne Registry Office, the marriage took place of Mr. Herbert Witchell, of Calne, to Miss Mary Haines, of Cirencester. The bridegroom, who is employed in the Bone and Tallow Department, was the recipient of a dinner service and overmantel, the gifts of his fellow-workmen at No. 2 Factory, and wishes to take this opportunity of thanking all for their practical expression of goodwill.

At Calne Parish Church on Saturday, January 21st, the marriage was solemnised of Mr. Sidney Stephens, of Calne, and Miss Dorothy Pagden, of Chailey, Sussex. The bride, who until recently worked in the kitchen, was presented by her workmates with half a dinner service and a set of jugs, whilst the groom received a fern table and a set of carvers from his friends in the Slaughter Department. The bride, who had been with the firm for three years, was given away by Mr. W. R. Weston. Miss D. Stephens and Miss D. Biffen attended as bridesmaids, and Mr. H. Stephens acted as best man.

Miss Freegard, who has left to get married, was the recipient of an appropriate present from her friends in the Lard Department. She was an enthusiastic distributor of our Magazine and has our best wishes for her future welfare and happiness.

The wedding of Mr. A. S. Haddrell, of Goatacre, to Miss H. Sumbler, of Quemerford, took place at the Parish Church, Calne, on Saturday, 28th January, 1928, the ceremony being performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Coulter. The bridegroom (popularly nicknamed "Darkie" by his fellow-workers at No. 2 Factory) was presented on Friday last with a tea service, lamp and bread board and knife, as a mark of esteem on this happy occasion, coupled with the best wishes of the staff for future happiness.

A cynic writes as follows anent the marriages of January:—

"I think it opportune to repeat a warning by a well-known London magistrate: 'Marriage is a man's job and the responsibilities that of a giant.' Those on the threshold of the great adventure read, mark, learn and inwardly digest these words.

* * *

Do the right thing to-day, if you didn't do it yesterday. Any old time is good enough for doing nothing.

* * *

We don't see what the women have to kick about. When man is born the mother receives all the attention. When he is married the bride receives all of the congratulations and presents, and when he dies the widow receives all the sympathy.

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The Broad Highway.

IN our last notes we were anticipating an acute shortage of bacon during January. This has certainly been the case, but a sharp increase in prices has restricted orders and ensured that there shall be a sufficient supply for regular customers. Pig supplies are still a hand to mouth affair, but we should now be over the worst.

Our present great hope is that we shall have sufficient supplies to carry us through the Glasgow Exhibition, which opens on February 7th. This great gathering of the clans is taking place at the Kelvin Hall, the first in the new building constructed to take the place of the former hall destroyed by fire, and promises to be a very big affair. We are looking forward to seeing our Scotch friends again, and there is no part of Great Britain where HARRIS stands for more than in Bonnie Scotland.

January has shown a most encouraging start to 1928 in the Small Goods department, and results are materially in advance of last year. There is no doubt that the demand for quality Cooked Meats will continue to increase, and it is fortunate that we are in such an unrivalled position to take the fullest advantage of this fact. For the rest, it is up to you.

We welcome Mr. Widcocks to our London Van Sales Staff.

* * *

I have to-day received an invoice from Highbridge for—

2 **Very Fresh** Cheddars,

and thought they might be good enough for the Magazine. I am wondering if whoever typed it was very fresh.

G.W.B., BOURNEMOUTH.

* * *

I have pleasure in enclosing herewith P.O. 6/- for three copies of Magazine for the year, and wish you and your Magazine staff a Happy New Year. If the Magazine has been the same source of interest and pleasure to all your readers that it has been to me its future success is assured.

Your complaint that so many of your readers do not contribute "matter" is, as Irish children say, "Yer own makin'" as the literary standard set is so high that ordinary mortals are diffident of displaying their lack of ability in this respect!

With best wishes for your continued success.

V.A.W., BELFAST.

HOWLERS.

Polonius was a mythical sausage.

Phlebitis is a disease frequently taken by people in charge of menageries.

Felo de se, "Found Drowned"—it is the French for "fell in the sea"

Ammonium chloride is also called silly maniac.

To be called to the Bar is to be treated to a drink.

Henry VIII. was very cruel to Ann Boleyn and ironed her. (The text book says, "He pressed his suit on her")

G.S.C., LEEDS.

* * *

"If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't
It's almost a cert you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins in a fellow's will:
It's all in the state of mind.
Think big, and your deeds will grow,
Think small, and you'll fall behind;
Think that you can, and you will,
It's all in the state of mind.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can."

A.H.H., TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Pigs.

It is with pleasure that we are able to sound a more encouraging note in connection with pig feeding. Prices are gradually increasing for bacon pigs of the right type and weight and the margin between pork and bacon pigs is consequently reduced. The result is that in many districts feeders

are showing a much greater interest in the production of pigs for bacon.

We have frequently noticed that when pig prices are low meal prices are high, and vice versa, and if this history repeats itself we can look forward to an early reduction in the price of feeding stuffs. We trust our hopes in this direction will be realised, in order that a fillip may be given to that section of the agricultural industry which can and should be a source of profit to every farmer.

* * *

SHORT ARTICLE ON THE TOWN OF READING.

During the last thirty years the town of Reading has grown very much, and is an important centre for a very large district.

It has a long historical record. The Abbey of Reading was the scene of many stirring events in the early history of England, and the ruins to-day are a striking reminder of what it must have been in the days of the "Fighting Abbot."

Many old landmarks have necessarily been removed as the town increased in size and importance. An old Elizabethan house in the main street, for many years a grocer's shop, occupied by Alderman Hounslow, who was a customer of the firms of Charles and of Thomas Harris and Co., before they were amalgamated. Gregory, Love, and Clark were also customers in those days, and both these Reading businesses have now gone.

The making of biscuits continues to be the great industry, and the name of Reading is known all the world over as "Biscuit Town."

The town has two very fine bridges connecting Reading with Caversham, and some large business premises are in course of erection.

Reading now has a University College, which received its Charter recently, and there is no doubt the town will become of increasing importance as an educational centre, particularly for the various branches of agriculture.

J.F.K.

* * *

When two egotists meet, it is a case of an I for an I.

* * *

If you need a new machine and do not buy it, you pay for it all the same.

THOMAS HARDY.

The passing of Thomas Hardy will, no doubt, be an event of poignant interest to the readers of Harris Magazine who dwell on the borders of the scenes of his great novels, but we who live in Ulster and have enjoyed his works, are happy in having been able to trace a link, however slight, with one whose stories are admired by all those who appreciate good books.

Donaghadee is a small watering place about 20 miles from Belfast (far from the madding crowd), and apparently even in this remote spot Hardy had his admirers, as the accompanying cutting shows. The following is a quotation from the poem "Donaghadee" and is taken from "Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles," published by Macmillan & Co.

I've never gone to Donaghadee,
That vague, far townlet by the sea.
In Donaghadee I shall never be,
Then why do I sing of Donaghadee,
That I know not in a faint degree?
Well, once a woman wrote to me
With a tender pen from Donaghadee.

V.A.W.

* * *

Who is H. Epart? We discovered this name as one who did some extensions in our stock books during our half-yearly balance. We have made a number of enquiries, but have been unable to trace any new arrivals of this name.

* * *

THE MEANING OF THE POINT.

Decimals are a source of trouble to many people, among these some members of the governing Councils. All do not grasp the full meaning of the "point," and sometimes curious questions are asked and conclusions drawn. Here is the latest story, which appeared the other day in the "Daily Herald." The Medical Officer of a certain town reported that the deaths over a certain period amounted to 15.9 in every thousand of the population. "What does that point nine mean, Mr. Chairman?" asked one member. "Surely you understand that," was the reply. "Fifteen people actually died, and nine were at the point of death."

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Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

On hearing of the lamented death of Earl Haig, it occurs to us that it will not be inappropriate to give a brief description of his old School—Clifton College.

The College is situate opposite the entrance to the Zoological Gardens, and the "Big School" is a fine example of the modern Perpendicular style of Architecture.

Prominent in College Road is the stately Gateway erected in 1922 by Old Cliftonians as a War Memorial. Within the archway are inscribed the names of the 578 Old Cliftonians who paid the supreme sacrifice in the Great War.

In front of the quadrangle, facing the playing fields, stands a very handsome figure of Saint George, set up in 1905 in memory of those Old Cliftonians who fell in the South African War.

The School was completed and occupied by 60 pupils under the mastership of Bishop Percival in 1862, and has now on its roll the names of nearly 800 boys. The Royal Charter was granted to the School in 1877 and it is now recognised as one of the great Public Schools of England.

The new Science Wing was opened in June last by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and it was on that occasion that Earl Haig, as President of his old School, was present for the last time, and his last act was, on leaving the buildings, to emulate the action of every member of the School in raising his cap in tribute when passing through the Gateway.

* * *

CHIPPENHAM.

On Friday, January 13th, we received one of the all-too-rare visits of our Chief and Managing Director, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., C.C.

Mr. Bodinnar first attended a meeting of the Works Council, of which he is President, and afterwards addressed a general meeting of the employees on the Savings Scheme which has now been in operation for some three years. This scheme is open to all employees of the Company, and is one of the many instances of kind consideration for their welfare and betterment which has always been a characteristic of the Company through Mr. Bodinnar ever since we here at Chippenham have been fortunate enough to be associated with him.

Mr. Bodinnar, in the course of a very forcible and convincing speech, pointed out the great advantages of the scheme, under which the employees investing their savings in same were paid interest at the very remunerative rate of 6 per cent., and said he guaranteed it was such a return for their money as they could not get anywhere else. He emphasized how very necessary it was that all should endeavour to make some provision for that other day, which was bound to come sooner or later to everyone, and that under this scheme a splendid opportunity was provided for them.

Mr. Bodinnar explained that the Savings Scheme was quite outside and apart from the business, and that the only entry in the Company's books relating to the scheme was that which recorded the paying out of a cheque to the bankers to make up the difference between the rate of interest allowed by the bank and the 6 per cent. which was being paid to the depositors.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bodinnar's speech a hearty vote of thanks was moved by Captain C. Herbert Smith, seconded by Mr. Walter Thomas, and carried with acclamation.

W. V. L.

DUNMOW.

The very heavy gales we have recently experienced have been responsible for much damage, not only locally, but all over the country, and it is when the cold, bitter wind is striving its utmost to do as much damage as possible that our thoughts stray to the old proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Very few of us have been fortunate enough to escape severe colds—those who have are to be congratulated. I am not, however, going to pour out our woes and ailments to ears that may or may not be sympathetic, for those who read this page may fail to find much interest in them, and no doubt it would be a case of taking "coals to Newcastle."

It was while I was thinking of how the bitter winds seem to find out the weak spots in our constitutional armour, that I also thought of a story concerning "Colds"

which has quite a humorous touch, and having very little for our page this month in the way of news, it will just fill what otherwise might easily have been a blank, and I feel sure it will amuse many. Here it is :—

Ministering Angels.

He buttoned his office coat tightly around him. He was getting it; he had felt it coming gradually the last few days.

Fortunately, a cold can be checked. On the way home he called at the chemists.

"A bottle of ammoniated quinine," said Jones, "and—atchoo!—have you any reliable cough-mixture?"

Fortunately the chemist had quite a lot. Jones chose the most attractive-looking bottle, and sneezed his way out of the shop.

He greeted his wife with such a cadenza of sneezes that the good lady hardly needed his assurance that he had a cold coming on.

"If we wer'nt so busy at the office," he moaned, "I'd lay up to-morrow and shake the beastly thi-thing off."

"Feed a cold," quoted his wife wisely, "Starve a fever. You'll feel better after some dinner."

Jones fed his cold, assisting nature in his feeble way with a couple of chops and half a rice pudding, and washing the repast down with a liberal dose of ammoniated quinine.

"A cold?" said his mother-in-law concernedly. "I'll boil you an onion before you go to bed; best thing in the world to shift a cold!"

Jones hadn't much faith in such simple remedies, but he swallowed the onion before retiring, and on the off-chance of it being ineffective, added the prescribed dose of "Chuckermorf's Celerity Cough Cure." As a finishing touch he masticated half a dozen aspirin tablets. Every time he woke that night—and he didn't sleep too well—he helped himself to quinine and cough-cure alternately. In the morning his solicitous ma-in-law, who had looked up her book of Homœpathic Remedies overnight, suggested aconite—Jones took aconite. A lady friend who looked in that morning recommended Friars' Balsam. Jones grew worse. The cold didn't trouble him much, but he felt listless, disinclined for food, and had agonising pains. Dreading pneumonia, he enlisted medical aid.

"Um," said the doctor, "give him a couple of tablespoons of castor oil immediately, Mrs. Jones. No food at all for the present."

At the mention of oil, Jones, despite his trouble, raised a violent protest.

"Anything but castor oil, Doc," he pleaded, "besides, castor oil won't cure a cold!"

"A cold?" said the doctor. "Who's talking about colds? You've got colic—something you've eaten has disagreed with you."

Jones collapsed.

E.W.W.

Husband (seeing boy with hat-boxes): "There's some poor beggar who will have to go short to pay for those hats his wife has bought, I suppose."

Wife: "There, darling, I knew you wouldn't mind."

* * *

EASTLEIGH.

Our friend "Hantzog" has been 'hustling and bustling here, there, and everywhere' so much that he regrets that he has nothing to say this month. We hope things will be easier and we look forward to next month in eager expectation.

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

On the occasion of the Savings Scheme Meeting Mr. Bodinnar, accompanied by Mrs. Bodinnar, visited Highbridge, to the delight of everybody. After an informal chat with the Works Council Mr. Bodinnar addressed the whole of the Staff in the Mess Room. He reminded them of the saving scheme, in which he hoped they would continue their active participation by as great a saving as possible. Fortunately Mr. Bodinnar's expressed hopes at the inaugural meeting in January, 1926, had met with such a response that arbitrary or unnecessary withdrawals had been almost non-existent; and his words in this new year of 1928 are calculated to give an impetus to further saving as a provision against those rainy days that come into the lives of most. Efficiency, happy co-operation, and future security were held out as worthy objectives, and so well are these within the grasp of all, that every confidence was expressed of their fulfilment.

Notwithstanding the informality of the whole proceedings, which were in the nature of an intensely human and sympathetic chat, several expressions of appreciation were voiced as well as the hope that Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar would find it possible to come again at no greatly distant date.

The evidence is against us, but we want to assure Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar that it does not always rain at Highbridge. Even Calne, we understand, was a watering place in 1927, and that Summer was on a Wednesday.

We are wondering whether our average of £18 per depositor, with 98 per cent. of our staff as depositors, is nearer the top than the bottom as compared with other Factories.

Heartiest congratulations to Mr. R. C. Lynham on the birth of a daughter.

* * *

IPSWICH.

The hearty good wishes of all at Ipswich are extended to Mr. Eric Harris upon the occasion of his severing his connection with the Ipswich Factory, to take up other interests.

The month of January has been a fairly busy one for us, although pigs have not been by any means plentiful. However, by using every effort in our power, we feel we have obtained our share of available supplies, which has kept the Factory fully occupied.

Present indications are towards shorter supplies in the near future, owing to so many smaller pigs having been disposed of for the fresh pork trade.

The continued high price of feeding stuffs does not encourage breeders and feeders to increase their herds—in fact, many plainly state that they intend either to give up pigs temporarily, or considerably reduce their numbers until the prospects are more favourable.

This position is a very serious one in East Anglia, which is a big pig producing area, especially seeing that so little else on the farm is profitable at present.

The outstanding event at Ipswich during the month of January was the visit of our Managing Director, Mr. Bodinnar, together with Mr. Redman, upon the occasion of the annual meeting in respect to the Savings Scheme.

The visit was a very short one, but Mr. Bodinnar's address to the staff was full of encouragement, and there was every evidence of the utmost good feeling towards all at the Factory, who were particularly asked to try and leave their balance in the Savings Bank for a rainy day, and with very few exceptions we believe Mr. Bodinnar's advice has been followed.

Mr. Redman, in his practical manner, made a tour of all Departments, giving valuable advice on every possible occasion. We all look forward to these visits and only wish we could see our Chief more frequently.

The following is a medley of office names sent in by Miss Peggy Wingate :—

The "Cobb" chased over the "Downes" and kicked past the "Clover," but looked very "Smart" as he put on a "Mac" and plunged into the "Channell."

A "Smith" about to "Phil" his pipe heard him "Winnie," and feeling "Fuller" sympathy for it, pulled it out in a "Harris-d" condition.

Thinking it would "Peg" out, he placed a "Margarite" on him, and threw him into the "Stow," and that's why the sheep "Barlow," "Anderson" of a certain rabbit keeps in the "Burrows."

When "Hobbs" jumped over the Lud Gate, did he trip over the Bun stone, and wasn't it "Beazley"?—Ed.

* * *

LONDON.

Mr. R. E. Harris' Annual Entertainment to the Warehouse Staff took place on Wednesday, January 18th, at the Farringdon Restaurant. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Harris, Mr. Branscombe presided. Mine host Holmes provided a most excellent six course dinner, to which full justice was done by the twenty who partook of it. Messages were received from Mr. Bodinnar and from Mr. J. W. Harris from Kenya wishing those present a very jolly time.

The Royal toast was duly honoured. Success and prosperity to the Parent Company, coupled with the name of Mr. Bodinnar, and to the Warehouse, coupled with the

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name of Mr. R. E. Harris, were proposed and received with acclamation. The company then settled down to an evening of mirth and melody. Unfortunately Mr. Branscombe was under the disadvantage of a sore throat and could not give his popular imitations of George Robey, but plenty of talent was available.

Messrs. Flack and Robinson accompanied at the piano and Messrs. Hart, Lartice, Lineham, Johnson and Whelan kept things going merrily with a series of songs. The proceedings terminated at 10.30 and brought to an end a most enjoyable evening.

* * *

REDRUTH.

We have little to report this month, except rain, which we presume has also been the case in other branches.

We were pleased to see Mr. E. Stevens, who paid us a brief visit.

Pigs have been scarce, but fair progress has been made in our porker trade.

We congratulate our Calne friends on the success of their Carnival.

CORNUBIAN.

* * *

TIVERTON.

We have commenced 1928 in a convincing manner, having killed more than double the number this month than we did in January, 1927, and we should like, through the medium of the Magazine, to appeal to all our agents to keep this up throughout the year before us, and so make 1928 a record for Tiverton Branch.

A Scotsman and a Jew were charged with being drunk.

"How do you know they were drunk?" asked the Magistrate.

"Well, sir," said the officer, "Sandy McTavish was on his back throwing pound notes in the air, and Moses Cohen was catching them and handing them back to him."

"Fourteen days," snapped the Magistrate.

DUMPLING.

* * *

TOTNES.

The farmer had been having a rough time and had been butted several times by a goat which he was attempting to lead down a street on a chain. His temper was becoming impaired when the local rate collector came up and asked him if he was aware that he ought to pay rates on such property. "Rates, man, for a goat! What do you take me for," roared the enraged farmer. The collector calmly produced a bulky book and pointed to the following notice in it: "For all property abounding and abutting on the highway 2/- in the £."

* * *

THE FRUIT OF WISDOM.

When wrong in judgment, wrong in deed,
Some folk to reason take no heed,
And argue strong with all their might,
Trying to make their wrong a right.

If wrong unknowing, pity be,
But if with knowledge won't agree,
Less happy plight indeed is this
Where ignorance shall reign in bliss.

Then if in reason you may pause
To view aright each other's cause,
Misunderstanding soon shall fly,
And Wisdom, hold thy head on high.

If one gives in, who is not sure
Of knowledge, he shall learn the more;
Thus such a man can truly say:
"Wiser I am since yesterday"

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

* * *

Many women would wear less clothing than they do—if they dared.

* * *

It is only the perfectly ignorant who are content with their want of knowledge.

* * *

She was always ailing, or, at least, was one of those persons who fancy they are ailing, so she went once more to her doctor. "Well madam, what is the matter now?" asked the doctor in a tired manner.

"I really don't know," she replied, "I feel so ill."

"Hum," said the doctor as he felt her pulse, "You require rest, that's all."

"Oh, do have a look at my tongue, doctor," begged the lady.

"Hum, that also wants rest," answered the physician.

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Just Between Ourselves.

I AM sorry to say that no one has responded to my invitation to send us a description of Christmas festivities. I do hope everyone did not have such a dull time that they did not think it worth writing about!

May I once more repeat what I have said on former occasions, that I shall be very glad indeed to receive matter for insertion on this page from anyone at Calne or the branches. I headed my first appeal in the Magazine with the words, "Lend me your aid" and that appeal is just as earnest now as it was then. I want to make this page really worth while, but to do so I shall want a great deal more help from our girls than I have received during the past twelve months.

"MARIAN."

* * *

OUR COOKERY CORNER.

EVERY-DAY CAKE.

It is quite a relief, after the rich things one has been obliged to finish up ever since Christmas, to turn once more to an ordinary cake. Here is a very good recipe:—

8 ozs. Self-raising Flour,
4 ozs. Butter,
4 ozs. Castor Sugar,
3 ozs. Currants,
3 ozs. Sultanas,
2 Eggs,

A little milk if necessary, cream butter and sugar; beat in eggs, add flour gradually, sifting it through sieve; lastly add fruit. Beat well, and bake in well-greased cake tin for about an hour.

M.P., CALNE.

* * *

NEEDLECRAFT CLASS.

On the 12th January we had a very enjoyable party at the Company's Hall, Mrs. Bodinnar being the hostess. There were about 60 present, including Mrs. Redman, Miss Bodinnar, Miss Matthews, Headmistress of St. Mary's School, Calne, and Mrs. Hudson.

We started off with a real big bang, about 60 crackers being pulled simultaneously, and after that the fun was fast and furious.

Games of all kinds were played, one causing great fun being Winkle's Wedding, Miss Lucy Smith acting as reader with great vim and vigour.

Supper followed in due course, followed by the advent of Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. Redman, when the former presented the prizes won at the Needlework Competition in the Christmas Carnival. The prize winners were as follow:—

Miss Fennell, 86 votes (rug).
Miss Simpkins, 72 (afternoon tea cloth).
Mr. J. Andrews, 58 (cushion cover).
Miss F. Hall, 31 (silk slip).

A very enjoyable evening ended with musical arms and a short dance, and I think everyone went home happy and grateful to Mrs. Bodinnar for enabling us to have such a delightful time.

I want to make it known to all our girls in Calne that Mrs. Hudson has been kind enough to promise to cut out any garments that people may wish to make, and in addition, we have the use of a sewing machine, so that I hope as many as possible will make good use of these facilities.

I should also like to emphasize the fact that I have in my office needlework books of all kinds, which I shall be only too glad to lend to anyone who is interested in knitting, crochet, etc. I have heard of one or two cases lately where people have been unable to get just what they wanted, and I feel sure I could have easily supplied their needs. Just watch this page every month for the list of Weldon's Publications, and if you don't see what you want come to me, please.

M.P.

* * *

LIST OF WELDON'S PUBLICATIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Ladies' Journal.
Knitted Suits for Boys 2—6 years.
Dressing Jackets and Boudoir Caps in Knitting and Crochet.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Boys' Wear.
Children's Fashions.

HOCKEY NOTES.

Owing to the inclement weather we have played only one match this month. Our opponents were Calne County School girls, and despite the strong wind we had a good game, the score being 3—0 against us.

We have arranged two extra matches for February, one against Edington Ladies on the 4th, and the other against the Avon Rubber Co. on the 18th.

W.W.

* * *

HOPE.

In sweet melodious voice he sings,
While from his lonely heart there springs
A joy that is supernal.
The trembling trees by tempest torn
Echo the song, while there is born
A hope of the eternal.

He hath indeed a poet's heart,
Oh! little bird who thus can start
The sighing world to song.
Who thus, when winter skies hang grey,
Can wake to hope the dying day,
With songs of winter gone.

No melancholy poet thou,
When dark the sky, and bare the bough,
So joyfully to sing.
Beyond the dead earth life to see
That tunes thy noble symphony
To an eternal spring.

Soon when the mists of evening lie
Between the branches and the sky,
The melody will cease.
'Twill not be lost that solitary lay,
But echo in some future day,
A sweet "Amen" of peace.

E. HOWSE.

* * *

A woman entered a Bournemouth music shop and asked the assistant if he had a song called "English Summer."

The assistant did not recognise the name of the song, but looked through his catalogue. After a few minutes' search he went to the shelves and returned with a piece of music, which he offered the customer.

"That's the nearest thing I've got," he said.

The woman looked at the piece. It was the song Caruso made famous—"One Fine Day."

SAFETY FIRST IN HISTORY.

When Adam, so the records state,
With clothing quite inadequate,
Refused to leave the garden gate—
Now that was Safety First.

When Noah heard that there would be
A terrible catastrophe,
He built an ark to sail the sea—
Now that was Safety First.

When Solomon, the great and wise,
Had wives he used to idolise,
He locked them up like bees in hives—
Now that was Safety First.

When Arthur and his gallant Knights
Got ready for their fearsome fights,
They clothed themselves in metal tights—
Now that was Safety First.

When the Kaiser heard his troops divine
Were being chased back to the Rhine,
Decided he would cross the line—
Now that was Safety First.

When Jones, who worked along the line,
Scratched his left thumb and at the time
Applied a little iodine—
Now that was Safety First.

"The Victorian Railways Magazine."

* * *

A woman's maiden aim is to change her maiden name.

* * *

Nobody cares a damn what a man knows; it's what he does with what he knows that counts.

* * *

Village Parson: How is your boy getting on at school, Giles?

Giles: Well, sir, I don't think much of his eddication. They be larnin' 'im to spell taters with a P.

* * *

BONUS.—We have been asked the exact meaning of this word. After a deal of research work we have discovered that it is from the Anglo-American, and really means "Get what you can." This can more easily be seen when you split the word up into parts. "Bone," to get what you can. "Us," meaning, of course, the bonus donors "bone-us."

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2. NO. 3.

MARCH, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

OUR first word this month is to congratulate the sub-committee appointed to draw up the Constitution of the Welfare Association. They have indeed framed a set of rules which contain no irksome conditions and are elastic enough to permit of every freedom of action on the part of the various sections. We must heartily wish the new Association every success, and express the hope that every section will make a point of keeping the Magazine informed each month of its activities.

Perhaps the Committee will appoint someone to forward to the Magazine these monthly jottings. This will give publicity to the activities of each section and make interesting reading for our friends at Calne and elsewhere.

There is no doubt that the present time is opportune for the widening of the social and sports activities. We say, without hesitation, that no one in the employ of the firm should be outside its social activities. We are all, as it were, of one family, and should work and play as one family, each one to his (or her) particular fancy but at the same time interested in and giving encouragement to the whole. Do not remain outside but join in. Surely there is something you are interested in, and that something can probably be shared with others. Think it over.

It is the duty of each of us to support enthusiastically the activities we are interested in and also to encourage and support the other sections. Attendance at the matches is most encouraging to the players, and we urge our readers to swell the numbers of spectators at Lickhill. You can accept our assurance that very enjoyable afternoons can be spent this summer at the attractive cricket matches arranged by the cricket section. Tennis lends itself to sociability more than any other sport, and we can prophesy scenes of social activity during the Tennis season.

To the New Association we say, " Good luck and all prosperity ". To our readers we say, " Give your loyal and active support to the New Association and so maintain an enjoyable social and sporting atmosphere throughout the year ".

Between Ourselves.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

THESE lines were brought very forcibly to one's mind the other day. The date happened to be March 1st. I was reaching the end of a fortnight's holiday, when we had been coasting along all day in gorgeous sunshine under skies of the brightest blue on the Mediterranean coast. One's mind had almost become weary of the glories of the sun and the sea and of all the foam-lined creeks and majestic promontories, when suddenly our driver left the main road and took us still nearer to the sea so that we might visit a little harbour—that of Saint Juan—which he said was famous.

Taking us down to the ancient landing place, now well restored and adapted to modern purposes of shipping, he reminded us that the day was March 1st, and that it was on March 1st, 1815, that Napoleon landed on that very spot from Elba for the purpose of making the preparations for his march to Waterloo, where within something over three months he lost his battle to the English.

No holiday is of much use to the one who takes it if somewhere in its passing there is not room for dreams, and I am afraid that one has to confess that on that day one tried to re-create a scene in history that was a part of the happenings that eventually brought about the peace of Europe for many a long day.

Corsica is not so very far off from Saint Juan, and one remembered the modest beginnings of a young man fired with ambition to conquer a world. One could imagine the voyage he took from Elba, buoyed up with the energy of the intention of an ill-begotten scheme.

Working on the principle, sometimes very wrongly founded, that nothing succeeds like success, he landed on the shore, he landed as the adored conqueror by welcoming crowds. The thought of failure was entirely absent. His plan was to lay his last and mightiest enemy in the dust, so that he might assume the reins of supreme Continental power. His dream, and his scheme, founded upon a distorted conception of the use of power and the impossibility at any time in history of an overweening military dictatorship, found its grey and sullen end in utter defeat at Waterloo.

The history of the world is full of the records of men and schemes which indicate success up to a point, but in whose last chapter is the sickening record of defeat and often disgrace. It would be possible to quote many instances within our own times, both in tribal warfare and in the warfare of financial operations. One supposes that the motive power behind characters such as that of Napoleon is that of ambition. Now we shall all agree that the possession of that quality is an essential part of the equipment of a lively mind and a keen soul.

An analysis of the early circumstances of the millionaires of the world reveals the astonishing fact that the large majority of them commenced their career without the initial advantages enjoyed by the majority of people even in England in these troublous times. They possessed the will to be and to do.

I hold no brief for millionaires as such. They are merely an illustration for an argument. One agrees, therefore, that no life can develop itself to its fullest powers or reach the peaks of its highest possibilities without the quality of ambition.

My grouse in life is chiefly concerned with those who seem to have no desire to move out of the rut in which they find themselves. But ambition such as that which must have possessed "the little General," as he was known, missed some blended qualities that were essential for the double purpose of control and enrichment. The aboriginal warrior who sought the chieftainship of his tribe only earned his place if his collection of human scalps was greater than that of his fellows. His desire to be chief was the natural urge of a strong-minded man; the method of his attainment could only belong to the age in which it was practised.

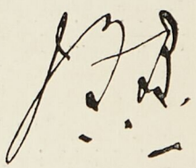
So the man who desires to exercise power and chieftainship in the ordinary ways of life merely for the sake of the satisfying of a vain glorification of himself and his powers will adopt methods that can only lead ultimately to his complete undoing. A lad in an office or workshop may determine that he will by hook or by crook attain the supreme position within his department. Instead of using the legitimate methods of efficiency and grit he, in his progress towards his desired end, treats unfairly those with whom he has to do and by sneaking and insinuating methods finally worms his way temporarily into a place of influence. In his progress he has lost the lasting attributes of character which make for real happiness, and he has written with the passage of every day a part of the prophecy of his ultimate undoing.

Napoleon was right to have ambition, as is every other man. Robust manhood and thoughtful womanhood will never attain their highest achievement if they have no preconceived goal, and a determination to reach it; but ambition must only be a portion of the thread which with the other material of a sense of justice, of duty to one's fellows and of the supreme virtue of sacrifice, will, with warp and woof, be worked through the weaving machine which we call Life so as, at last, to be a complete and satisfactory whole.

Napoleon found at Waterloo that all his hopes and schemes, founded as they very largely were upon mere ambition and desire for power, fell as they deserved to fall, like a house of cards.

The truly well-balanced mind that looks upon ambition in its broadest sense as its truest urge is the possession of the man who is in reality the captain of his own soul, and is able to order the well-being of his crew, of which ambition is but one member.

So perhaps "the Little Man in Grey" who for so many years was the terror of English homes, may have for each of us in our own manner of living and way of thinking some message to speak. At any rate, it seemed to me as I stood on the old cobble stones of the landing slope of Saint Juan Harbour on the anniversary day of his landing that he haunted the place with grave regrets for his ultimate failure, and it seemed as though he said: "The Ship of Desire may take us to the shore of what seems to be the Land of Promise, but the wise man will pause before he commences his march to the Great Adventure until he is assured that his cause is right and his intention pure."



* * *

London's most used bridge is that of Westminster, followed by London Bridge, Vauxhall Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge, and Putney Bridge.

* * *

Tickets issued by the Great Western Railway during 1927 numbered 100,000,000; placed end to end, they would stretch a distance of 2,022 miles.

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By The Way.

Our agents, Messrs. P. Sheahan & Co., Ltd., of Melbourne, Australia, have expressed a kindly interest in our Magazine. We are looking forward to some interesting accounts of life " down under ".

* * *

Binding of Volume One.

The total cost of binding last year's copies of the Magazine has been fixed at 5s. 3d. Will all those who wish to have their copies bound please forward same to the Editor, together with full name and department?

* * *

One of our friends tells us of the awful fright he had on February 29th. It was late afternoon and growing dark, when he ran into a fearsome-looking villain. His face was a swarthy brown, with eyes very dark and fired with a villainous light. His upper lip was adorned with a " something " reminiscent of a moustache, and his hat was set at a rakish angle. Great was the relief of our friend when this strange personage turned out to be a " jolly old blood-thirsty pirate ", connected with one Ambrose Applejohn.

* * *

The Editor does not hail from beyond the Tweed. We mention this, as on March 1st he was given a programme of Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure with the remark, " That will save you 2d. to-night ".

* * *

The Wassail Bowl.

A Highbridge reader writes:—

Anent your article with reference to the " Wassail Bowl ". Is it not a fact that in the West the potency test is applied by an examination of the footprints in the snow after the guests have departed? The East Anglian seasonal substitute for that " like nothing on earth " concoction must be insidious in its effects, if it can be made responsible for a partaker claiming credit for managing " to keep above the table ". Good management really entails the keeping of a good portion of one's person beneath the table.

We have received the following atrocity, the answer to which is promised next month:—

Can February march?
We can only hope the answer is not worse than the question.

* * *

A Household Hint.

One of John's failings was his sulky temper, and his wife set about finding a cure. One morning, following an unusual long spell of silence, he discovered his wife up before him searching diligently with a lighted candle. During breakfast the search went on. Upon his return home at dinner-time, and also in the evening, the same thing took place. His curiosity overcame his sulky silence: " What are you looking for?" he asked. " Oh," she replied, blowing out the candle, " it is all right, I have found it now."

V.D.

* * *

Our congratulations are due to Mr. Allan Dale, who passed the final examination of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries held in December last. His success is all the more praiseworthy as this was the first occasion on which he sat for the examination.

* * *

Juvenile Mathematics.

Bananas were advertised at 7 for 6d. Little Willie looked surprised when told that a penny was not sufficient to purchase two. On being asked why, he replied: " 7 for 6d. means 6 for 5d., 5 for 4d., 3 for 2d., and 2 for 1d."

* * *

It is generally believed that our wives take all our earnings, but is that any reason why the letter which accompanies our cheque should be addressed " Dear Madam ".

* * *

Overheard at the Nigger Minstrel Concert at Bowden Hill. " They two old 'uns at the ends—beant they ugly." The Editor was " one of they ", and it was a blow to his conceit, especially as he thought his looks had greatly improved recently, if such a thing was possible.

Magazine Boxes.

Some months we fully sympathise with the feelings of Old Mother Hubbard when inspecting the Magazine Boxes. We do specially ask all at Calne to not only keep these boxes in mind but to see they are used.

* * *

A friend at Eastleigh sends the followings:—

An I and an S, is what? you may ask;
Two R's and A still harder a task.
An H—that's the lot; what do they compose?
Why, " HARRIS ", of course, whom everyone knows.

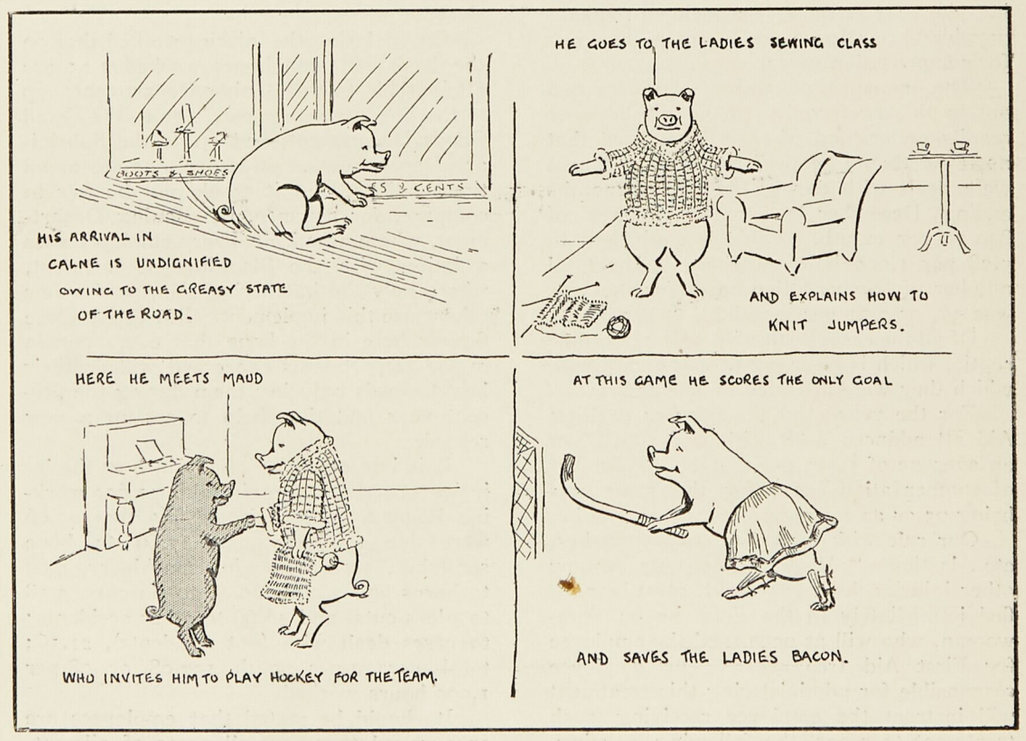
To be read aloud:—The dear old lady walked into the domestic stores with a tin kettle which had sprung a leak. " Do you mend kettles?" " Yes, lady." " Are you good at copper-bottoming them?" " No, mum, but I am at aluminiuming them, mum."

* * *

Can any of our readers discover what is wrong with the following bill?:—

2 Brass Taps at 5/-	...	10 0
1 Wooden do at 5/-	...	5 0
		5 0

GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



1.--In High Street he skids badly and regrets he had not a "Four wheel brake attachment.'

2.--On Percy's recommendation he visits the Ladies Sewing Class--and finds the lights do not go out.!

3.--Then Cupid plays his part and Grunter, falling an easy victim, accompanies Maud safely home to Blacklands.

4.--At the next meeting of the Ladies' Hookey Selection Committee Grunter is voted a position in the team.

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First Aid.

WE are all justly proud of our First Aid Room in the St. Dunstan's Factory, and we are frequently informed by Inspectors and visitors that no other factory surpasses us in its arrangements for dealing with First Aid cases. At No. 2 we have recently fitted up a First Aid Sub-Station which, if not so elaborate as the original one, is sufficient for dealing with minor cases.

We are extremely fortunate in having Sister Gowan to supervise our First Aid work, and to her Assistant and our other First Aid Attendants credit must be given for the excellent results achieved, which have enabled us to benefit successively during the past years by reducing premiums payable to our Insurance Company as cover for compensation cases.

The immense amount of work carried out by those referred to above will be more readily understood when it is realised that no fewer than 10,206 First Aid attendances were dealt with during the twelve months ending December last, or an average of 850.50 per month. This is equivalent to 5.28 per 1,000 hours worked. The total number of compensation cases for the year was 47, or 3.91 per month.

Of all the cases dealt with only 14 became septic, which is clear proof of the care with which they were attended by our dressers.

For the year 1926 the number of First Aid attendances dealt with was 13,358, or an average of 1,113 per month, the number of compensation cases for the same year being 75 or an average of 6.25 per month.

Our rule with regard to cuts, scratches, etc., is that—"All scratches, cuts, or any other injuries, however slight, must be notified immediately to the Foreman or Forewoman, who will at once send the employee for First Aid treatment. The employee responsible for administering this treatment will instruct the employee receiving such treatment to report the following morning, without fail, at the First Aid Room, taking with them a First Aid Treatment Form. Immediate skilled attention, even in slight cases, is instrumental in preventing serious consequences. Employees meeting with an accident out of factory hours must report such accident at the Time Office, or failing that, to their Foreman before checking in when starting work again."

The adoption of this rule has reduced to a very great extent the number of hours' work lost, to the advantage of the employee as well as the Company, and I take this opportunity of impressing upon all concerned the urgent necessity for immediate treatment in accordance with the above rule.

After being slightly scratched by a bone or nail, or a very slight cut with a knife, it may appear somewhat trivial and unnecessary to go to the First Aid Station and have same dressed, but experience has shown that it is often from such little injuries as these that septic troubles start. Many a person has lost his or her life through neglecting such little injuries as I have mentioned.

On analysing the injuries we find that on the basis of 1,000 hours worked 2.15 are attributable to the Boning Department, .79 to the Bacon Department, 1.50 to the Small Goods Department, and .31 to the Subsidiary Departments. Comparisons are at all times odious, and it would not be fair to compare, for instance, the Boning Department, where practically every employee uses a knife, with the Slaughter Department, where only the butchering gang and a few others use this implement. But I give these figures here in the hope that every person in the Departments concerned will do their best towards reducing them during the present year and thus help to set up a new record.

It is interesting to ascertain how the injuries occurred, and again taking 1,000 working hours as our basis we find that 42.66 were due to knife cuts, 7.66 to bone scratches, 2.41 to moving machinery, 3.83 to burns and scalds, 29.08 to tin cuts, 3.58 to glass cuts, and 46.66 to other accidents; to cases dealt with (not accidents), 21.16; total average per month, 157.08, or .98 per 1,000 hours worked.

It should be stated that employees are encouraged to report all cases of ailment, whether they originated in the Factory or at the home, and that the number not due to accidents partly arises in this way.

We must recognise the fact that a large proportion of knife cuts are due to the inexperience of learners. It seems that more care might reduce the number of other accidents which are perhaps on the high side, and in the manufacture and opening of tins ways and means might be found of reducing the number of cuts.

Less damage is done by breaking records instead of windows, etc., and I hope all concerned will endeavour to create a new First Aid record during 1928.

R. P. REDMAN.

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* * *

Tennis Club.

THE Tennis Club held its first Annual General Meeting in the Company's Hall on Monday, the 13th February. A representative number of members were present, and Mr. R. P. Redman took the chair in the absence of Mr. Bodinnar.

After the minutes of the first formation meeting held in June last had been read the Hon. Treasurer (Mr. P. T. Knowles) presented his report and statement of accounts for the year.

Mr. Knowles explained that the initial cost of courts, racquets, wire netting, etc., amounted to £40 3s. 9d., but that the whole of this expenditure the firm, through the kind offices of the President, very generously bore.

The net result was that the Club would carry forward a very comfortable balance of £10 18s. 3d., which should serve as a substantial nest egg for future developments.

In conclusion, the Hon. Treasurer said that he did not anticipate any serious expenditure during the coming season. He hoped that at least all those who joined last year would continue during the coming season.

Mr. Lea was then asked to read the Joint Hon. Secretaries' Report. He explained that since we had experienced such disastrous weather, the report on the season's play would of necessity be brief.

Play had commenced on 6th July, but, unfortunately, owing to the weather, play was of necessity intermittent. Such evenings as were available were put to very good use and many beginners had by the end of the season developed into quite promising players.

Mr. Lea said that the Secretaries were expressing the opinion of everyone concerned when they said the visits to Lickhill had proved most enjoyable, and the only regret was that Nature had not been sufficiently kind to enable the players to spend more evenings on the courts.

* * *

Ambrose Applejohn.

GOOD staff work is inseparable from success; consequently much of the Calne Players' triumph at their presentation of Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure is due to the excellent preparation and training which they received from the producer—Mr. John Haddon. He was fortunate, however, in having a well-balanced cast and principals of no mean ability, and the result deserved a much larger measure of local support than was accorded it. The construction of the play leaves the good things for Ambrose Applejohn and Anna Valeska, portrayed by Mr. John Powell and Miss Watson. The former fluctuated from the mood of forced inaction to the joy of action with an ease which marked him as a master of character delineation. The exotic element introduced by the latter was carried out with an abandon which kept the audience spellbound. Miss Walters was a charming Poppy Faire, and both in that part and as the cabin boy proved that she has a considerable grasp of stage technique. Miss Long was a convincing Aunt Agatha, and Mr. John Bromham acted the Chinaman's part in the Pirate Dream with real Oriental obsequiousness and succumbed with a delicious "gurgle, bump and click". Two actors are to be congratulated upon entirely submerging their personalities in their parts—Mr. S. Long as Lush, and Mr. Robert Heath as Ivan Borolsky. The excellent scenery was painted by Messrs. S. McKaig and R. Skuse; the former also acted as stage manager. The hankie which came fluttering from the wings and the ghostly shade who carried off the lamp before Ambrose finally fell into his dream must not be forgotten, but such happenings are inseparable from famous victories.

The Glasgow Exhibition.

GLASGOW, that home of successful exhibitions, both International and Local, has again staged a further success in the Grocers', Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition which has just been held in the wonderful new Kelvin Hall.

There were about 350 stands, and the huge hall accommodated this large number of varied exhibits.

As in former Glasgow Exhibitions the "Harris" stand was again the centre of attraction, not only for those in the grocery trade, but for every housewife who, generally accompanied by her "guid man," stands lost in admiration at the succulent hams, cooked meats, sausages, pies and appetising glass goods.

Let us listen for a moment! "Come away, woman," says the impatient husband, "I want to hear the Plymouth Marines." "Just you hold on," says the good lady, "the Marines were never anything like this. I must see if our grocer keeps these, and this, and that. There's going to be Harris Wiltshire Bacon, Sausages and eggs, my man, for you to-morrow morning."

From all sides we were complimented on the excellent display of the large variety of goods manufactured by the "House of Harris". The lay-out of the stand, tastefully decorated with a few ferns and palms, was so artistic and attractive as to compel visitors to give it attention. The high background of the stand was taken up by sides of the celebrated Crown Brand Wiltshire Bacon, while the bottom was banked up with Wiltshire Hams, Chaps and Lard, laid out on grass effect.

On the counters of the stand there was a very fine selection of our delightful glass goods, and we noticed some of our competitors in these lines gazing with unconcealed admiration at the display. In one instance we know that employees were specially asked to visit the Exhibition and to take particular notice of our glass goods —a high compliment, indeed, to our famous pack.

Our cooked meats, sausages, and pies were admired by all, and one could not but notice the "light of recognition" which continually lit up the faces of visitors as their eyes fell on our popular chicken and ham roll. Another feature of our cooked meats, sausages, etc., and one which makes them popular amongst housewives, is the cellophane packing, thereby ensuring cleanliness in handling after leaving the factory.

There is no doubt that the quality of our goods is supreme and the "House of Harris" has been raised to its present-day dimensions on the surest and most lasting of all foundations—the reliability and unfailing quality of its productions.

We willingly give our sincerest thanks to all those at Calne who, 400 miles away, kept us so well supplied with these delicious foodstuffs, and who are undoubtedly entitled to the full credit for what was the best "Harris" stand in the most successful Grocers' Exhibition that has ever been held in the City of Glasgow.

A.S.T.



KELVIN HALL, GLASGOW.

A MOONLIGHT STROLL.

Some of us girls had often talked about taking a walk through Bowood Park at night, and one night last month, the weather being fine and dry, and the moon well-nigh full, we went.

We entered Bowood Drive at Pillars Lodge in Silver Street, and once inside the gates felt a sense of peace and quietness that we did not find on the high road. The air was keen, the moon bright, and we stepped along at a brisk pace, chattering about various things, then somehow the inclination to talk passed and we enjoyed the beauty of the night in silence. Pond Tail was soon reached. The lake lay glistening before us, every star reflected from its crystal depths, whilst the swans reposing there looked like beautiful statues carved in marble. For some minutes not a word was spoken, one's soul was filled with silent admiration. No artist could paint a picture as lovely as the scene before us and no camera ever do justice to its grandeur. It was a picture that we shall always be able to call to mind; so vivid was its beauty. Away back, standing out in bold relief against its dark background of trees stood the beautiful old house, although in itself a lovely picture, one that could not compare with the lake scene. Reluctantly we left this beautiful spot to continue our walk, enjoying more and more the beautiful pictures of Nature throughout the park. We did not see the deer as we had hoped, but black cattle grazing in various parts of the park added to the beauty of the scene. At last we came to the end of a wonderful walk, reaching the high road at Black Dog, with its noise of cars, a complete contrast from the quiet harmony of the park.

We parted for the night having spent a memorable and enjoyable evening and one that we would recommend to all lovers of the beautiful.

VIM, CALNE.

* * *

Make the best of everything; think the best of everybody; hope the best for yourself.

* * *

It rains alike on the just and the unjust —on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

Poultry Notes.

Breeds and Chicken Rearing.

WHEN you have chosen your breed—stick to it, and do not be persuaded to change as every man has his own particular fancy. For the man who only keeps a few birds, I plump unhesitatingly for Rhode Island Reds, as an all round breed. You have a good table bird, cocks averaging 7-8 lbs. apiece and a magnificent layer into the bargain. The Leghorn may be, perhaps, a slightly better layer, but when her laying days are over she is not much good for the table.

Now just a word about rearing chicks. To get your broody hen accustomed to the new surroundings it is advisable to try them with "Pot" eggs. The nest should be a scooped out hollow filled with hay and in a sheltered position. Care should be exercised in purchasing a good strain of eggs and remember that at night is the best time to place them under the hen. Feeding should be done at the same time each day and the hen should be taken off the eggs for at least 10 minutes. Always have plenty of drinking water available. Do not go near the nest on the 20th day. On the 21st day most of the eggs will be hatched and all broken egg shell should be removed.

Now comes the question of feeding the new arrivals. They will not require food for the first 48 hours and their first meal should consist of very fine grit, plenty of water and powdered charcoal. An hour later their food should be Dry Mash: 12 lbs. Bran, 6 lbs. Middlings, 6 lbs. Sussex Ground Oats, 6 lbs. Maize Meal, 2 lbs. Fish Meal. Corn: 16 lbs. Broken Wheat, 12 lbs. Fine Broken Maize, 8 lbs. Fine Oatmeal, 4 lbs. Chick Rice, ¼ lb. Canary Seed, ¼ lb. Hemp Seed. The quantities given are proportions and can be reduced to whatever is required. The dry mash should be served in a wooden trough and the corn scattered on the ground. Always keep plenty of fresh water and green stuff and grit about. The rations mentioned will do until about the end of the 5th week, then change their diet of corn to Wheat 12 lbs., Broken Maize 12 lbs., Coarse Oatmeal 6 lbs. This will do until the chicks reach maturity.

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SPRING.

With the advent of spring, those of our friends who are keen on gardening as a hobby will no doubt be watching for signs of quickening life in the bulbs and perennial roots that have lain dormant during the winter months.

The Crocus, I believe, is usually hailed by the poets as being one of Nature's first efforts after the re-awakening. I say "efforts", because to me it seems wonderful that these embryos of Nature are able to function at all, after being subjected to weather such as we have experienced this year, for instance, but then, I suppose, Nature herself provides for these contingencies.

I think that the recognised preliminary to serious gardening is to obtain a seed catalogue from some firm, and having carefully waded through its pages from Artichokes to Zinnias, make our choice, and, Hey Presto! But this is where I slip up; my susceptibility to those charming descriptions which seem to be attached to each and every kind of vegetable or flower seed in my catalogue is my downfall. For instance, I read:—

Aster Superbus—"this bears magnificent blooms measuring fully 12 inches across".

Aster Finus—"the finest Aster yet raised; don't miss it".

Aster Munificent—"Ex 'Garden Weekly', a really top-hole Aster; in fact, one of the best."

And so I go on wading through this alphabetical list, picturing in my imagination Eschscholtzias blended with Tropæolum Canariense, although actually I have not the slightest idea whether they be fruit or vegetable. My prospective order having reached alarming dimensions, I decide on a little cutting and elimination, which usually results in my final and total order reading as follows:

"One 1d. Packet Nasturtium, Dwarf Grandiflora."

Talking of gardens and gardeners, I do think of all the intolerable bores who visit us is the man who brings his own Place with him, and who, whatever may be shown him, at once institutes a comparison with his own. He begins by telling you that "Mine are much better than that," "I can beat you on so and so," and, ignoring the thing before him, tells us, "Ah! you should see my strawberris," "my roses," "my tomatoes," and so on; in short, the man who does not "shut his own gate behind him." From the chronic boaster please deliver us!

W. Greenhalgh, Dunmow.

* * *

Our Money Box.

We thank Highbridge for their very interesting report in the February Magazine. Their average of 98 per cent. of the Staff as depositors, with an average deposit of £18, is excellent.

What have other branches to say about it? Does Highbridge take premier honours and, if so, which of them will claim to be a good second?

Those interested in the scheme will be glad to know that during the two months of January and February the new money deposited exceeds the amount of the withdrawals during that period by nearly £500, so that a large increase in the total fund by the end of the year is already assured.

* * *

SAVINGS SCHEME QUERIES.

Does 6 per cent. per annum mean that I must leave my savings in the Bank for a whole twelve months, or may I draw any of it out without loss of interest?

It cannot be over emphasised that a depositor can withdraw his savings when he pleases, providing the necessary notice is given.

Six per cent. per annum means that if £5 is left in the bank for 12 months it will have earned 6/-. If it is withdrawn at April 1st the amount of interest to be paid would be 1/6. If £2 10s. 0d. is withdrawn on April 1st and the balance left in until the end of the year the interest due to the depositor would be as follows:—

6% on £5 0s. 0d. for 3 months	1 6
6% on £2 10s. 0d. for 9 months	2 3
Amount due at December 31st	3 9

We trust the illustration given answers our correspondent's question. Please do not fail to write if there is any query you wish to raise regarding the Savings Scheme.

Dancing Notes.

Balance.

Although the actual steps of a dance are important, footwork should not be thought to shape dancing.

It is the body, from the hips upward, from which the feet should take their cue.

Most modern dances are built from the walk, *not* the walk used in the street. Progress should be gradual and smooth, transfer the weight of the body from the ball of one foot to that of the other.

Whilst the movements of the body should not be exaggerated, the shoulders should move with the feet. If you try to turn without moving the shoulders, the feet cannot possibly get into their proper position, and balance is lost.

Rundepe.

* * *

THE FIRST CELANDINE.

The bank is sodden with recent rain,
The moss hangs damp and cold,
The waters from the swelling stream,
Flow slowly o'er the road.

In muddy pools the lowering clouds
Their dim reflections see,
Victims of Nature's restless mood
They lose their dignity.

What is there in this picture drear
That makes the brown thrush sing,
With such deep feeling in his voice,
The lovely song of spring?

Is it the water's rush and leap
That tunes his heart felt lay?
Or the sun that warily escapes
To bless the parting day?

Is it the songs of other birds,
Compelling him to lose
His very soul in melody,
And haunt the poet's muse?

Nay! look you down at yonder bank,
You'll find his song divine
Is sung to the heart of a tiny flower,
The first bright Celandine.

E. Howse.

The Calne Nursing Association.

To most inhabitants of Calne, the local Nursing Association means Sister Gowan, R.R.C.

This is as it should be, for Sister Gowan has been the skilled friend of the whole parish for the past 25 years.

The Nursing Association is an outcome of the scheme introduced over 50 years ago by Canon Duncan, then Vicar of Calne, who installed the late Sister Margaret Briscoe to carry out the duties of deaconess and nurse in the parish. There are still among us some who owe much to the skilled care of this lady. With the active assistance of the late Canon, she did much during her 21 years' service to alleviate suffering and dispel ignorance in simple matters of health.

During the next five years, the parish was under the care of Nurse Bryant, who was succeeded by Nurse Gowan, who had recently been trained and had qualified at the Buchana Hospital and Rotunda, Dublin. It is a matter of interest that this training school and hospital were selected for Nurse Gowan by the great Florence Nightingale. In those days probably no one foresaw that Nurse Gowan would have a Red Cross Hospital under her care in Calne.

In 1912 a V.A.D. was formed in Calne and the late beloved Commandant, Mrs. Ferguson, appointed Nurse Gowan as Lady Superintendent.

In May, 1915, at a few hours' notice, Nurse Gowan was called to the post of Matron of the Calne Red Cross Hospital. For this purpose Mrs. Ferguson had already selected the Cricket Pavilion, where the work was carried on with the help of the local V.A.D.

During this interval, which was to last until 1919, the parish nursing was entrusted to four different nurses, of whom Miss Tait is still remembered.

Before the closing down of the Hospital, the efficiency of the whole organisation and the sterling work of the Matron were recognised by a "mention" in the W.D. Hospital Dispatches and the award of the Royal Red Cross to Nurse Gowan.

With the return of peace conditions, the

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Nursing Association, as it is now known, came into existence.

The control was vested in a Committee of local doctors and nine elected members, who serve for three years and who retire in rotation. The Chairman was the Ven. Archdeacon Bodington. The income of the Association was then entirely from voluntary sources, but this has been augmented since by a grant from the United Services Fund, another from the Calne Town Council (who are directly represented on the Committee), and a subsidy from Messrs. C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd. in return for specified service.

To most of the readers of these paragraphs Sister Gowan is essentially the presiding genius in charge of the First Aid Department of Messrs. C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., where she attends for a definite period every day.

The extent of the work there can be judged by the number of individual cases dealt with by the Sister and her assistant, Miss Rowbottom. During the past year these have amounted to no less than 1,911, and they have entailed 9,532 attendances—that is, a daily average of 30.

With the provision, two years ago, of a fully qualified and experienced midwife—Nurse Gummer—working under a subsidy arrangement with the Association, and with the latest acquisition, the "Good Will" Motor Ambulance, the Nursing Association is certainly justifying its existence. Its work is not always easy, and it owes a very great debt to Mr. John Gale, who spends his time and energy during the autumn month calling personally on the subscribers. Last year these numbered approximately 600. There are many more than 600 householders in Calne and it is felt that there ought to be very few indeed that do not support this local Association, which exists for the alleviation of suffering among all classes.

* * *

Economic laws are funny. When more eggs are laid, eggs are cheaper; but when more bricks are laid, bricks are higher.

* * *

Allotments in England and Wales numbered 1,079,000 and covered 163,500 acres at the end of 1926; this was a decrease of about 36,000 allotments on the figure for 1925.

NEW MAGISTRATE.

"I should like to welcome you as a permanent member of this Bench," said Mr. J. Gale (presiding) at the Police Court on Friday, to the Mayor (Mr. J. F. Bodinnar). "We all know your excellent qualities to fill the post; we know your sense of justice; we know your sense of honour, and we believe that the addition of yourself to this Bench will be a very great asset to this town. We trust you may be spared very many years, and very frequently be able to attend and assist in the business of this Court. We welcome you heartily to this Bench."

Mr. F. C. Henly said he endorsed every word the Chairman had uttered; they were very pleased to welcome Mr. Bodinnar as a county magistrate.

The Mayor: I am very much obliged to both Mr. Gale and Mr. Henly.

The placing of the Mayor on the Commission of the Peace for the county is an honour which is thoroughly deserved. Mr. Bodinnar is now in his third successive year as Mayor, and what he has done on behalf of the town during those years is so well known that it need not be recapitulated.

TOWN COUNCIL.

The Mayor presided at the monthly meeting of the Council held on Monday evening, March 12th.

Congratulations to the Mayor.

Mr. Cole said before they commenced the business of the meeting he should like on behalf of the Council to offer their hearty congratulations to the Mayor on his being made a County Magistrate. The honour was one which they could all thoroughly appreciate. The Mayor thoroughly deserved the honour, and not only the Council but the townspeople generally would appreciate it.

Mr. Angell associated himself with the congratulations, as did also the Town Clerk, the latter observing that they might now be assured that justice would be tempered with mercy.

The Mayor: Thank you, very much, but you will allow me to say, he added humorously, that I do not associate myself with the Town Clerk's sentiments in any shape or form (laughter).

(Extract from "The Wiltshire Gazette," March 15th.)

Harris Cricket Club.

THE Annual General Meeting of this Club was held in the Company's Hall on the 8th February. The President (Mr. J. F. Bodinnar) being detained at another meeting, Mr. R. P. Redman took the chair. There was a very good attendance of members.

It is satisfactory to note that the position of the Club is considerably stronger financially than it was a year ago, the balance in hand having increased from £4 11s. 11d. to £17 14s. 10½d.

From the point of view of actual play the Hon. Secretaries' Report, which is given below, indicates that many pleasant afternoons were spent in the good old game.

The following officers were elected for the season 1928:—

Captain—Mr. P. T. Knowles.
Vice-Captain—Mr. G. R. Ashman.
Captain, Second Eleven—Mr. W. Collis.
Vice-Captain, Second Eleven—Mr. C. Flay.

Messrs. G. R. Ashman and W. Prior were re-appointed Hon. Secretaries, and Mr. P. T. Knowles as Hon. Treasurer.

A resolution of affiliation with the Harris Welfare Association was unanimously passed, and it was generally felt that this Association would be for the good of all activities.

The meeting concluded with the presentation of the cups and prizes by the President, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq.

SECRETARIES' REPORT.

We have much pleasure in presenting to you a brief report on the activities of the above Club for the season 1927.

We will deal first with the playing record of the two teams:—

1st XI.

Games Played	...	16
,, Won	...	11
,, Drawn	...	2
,, Lost	...	3
,, Cancelled	...	4

We think these figures speak for themselves and need no elaboration from us, and as our Captain will no doubt say a few words on how the matches were won—and lost—we will not usurp his privilege. It should be stated that the match against the ladies is not included in the above statistics!

President's Batting and Bowling Cups.—Our congratulations, which we feel sure will be endorsed by all members, are extended to Mr. P. T. Knowles, who has crowned a successful year as skipper by winning the President's Cup for the best batting average. Mr. Knowles' average reads:—

Inns.	Times not out.	Total.	Aver.
13	1	201	16.75

Mr. Algy Winter is runner-up with an average of 13.37, and Mr. Gillett comes next with 11.3.

For the Bowling Cup there has been keen competition between Mr. Jack Garraway and Mr. I. J. Taylor, which resulted in the former winning by a very narrow margin. We are sure "I. J." will be the first to join us in congratulating Jack upon his success. Mr. F. Nash, who takes third place, also bowled very well all through the season, but experienced rotten luck, he many times missing the stumps by the proverbial "coat of paint".

The figures for the Bowling Averages are:—

	Wkts.	Runs.	Aver.
Mr. Garraway	34	184	5.41
Mr. Taylor ...	51	289	5.66
Mr. Nash ...	35	235	6.71

Here is the record of the 2nd XI.:—

Games Played	...	10
,, Won	...	7
,, Drawn	...	0
,, Lost	...	3

Here again figures tell a very pleasing story, and our second eleven are to be congratulated on their season's record. The prizes, kindly given by Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. Redman have been won as follows:—

Bowling—Mr. George Batchelor, whose analysis reads: 30 wickets for 153 runs, which gives him an average of 5.1 runs per wicket.

Batting—Mr. H. Pontin, whose average reads:—

Inns.	Times not out.	Total.	Aver.
6	3	24	8

Next to Mr. Pontin comes Mr. W. Pottow, with an average of 7.66, and Mr. J. J. McFaull comes third with 7.37.

General Remarks.—Apart from the actual playing results achieved, we think

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the past season has been a most successful one in many respects. We were all pleased to welcome our joint tenants at Lickhill—the Harris Tennis Club. In spite of the exceptionally wet season, our ground was kept in excellent condition, and was the subject of favourable comment by our visiting teams. Our thanks are due to Mr. Tom Burton for the splendid work he has put in, especially bearing in mind the fact that he succeeded in clearing half of the playing pitch of plantains.

We were all very pleased to welcome our President and Mrs. Bodinnar on the occasions on which they visited us during the season. We feel sure that the all-round improvement in the Club's position during the past two years has been a source of gratification to Mr. Bodinnar, inasmuch as it shows him that we have not wasted the "talents" which he entrusted us with.

Several promising lads have joined the Firm since last season, and we think we can all confidently look forward to a splendid season in 1928.

As Secretaries, we should like to express our appreciation of the way the members generally have backed us up in the running of the Club, and for the smiling way in which they all greeted us when subscriptions were due. Our Chairman of Committee (Mr. O. Jones) and the Hon. Treasurer (Mr. Knowles) have proved helpful to us in many ways. We should like to express our personal appreciation of the excellent services rendered by our groundsman—Tommy Burton. He unfailingly carried out our wishes in the preparation of the ground and has always been ready with some helpful suggestions. The Club's heartiest thanks are again due to the ladies who so ungrudgingly sacrificed their Saturday afternoons to come up and minister to our creature comforts. We cannot thank them too much for all they did for us. We would like to add that this eulogy of the ladies has not been prompted by thoughts of doughnuts put aside for certain individuals!

* * *

Carpets are purchased by the yard and worn out by the foot.

* * *

If it is the woman who pays, why is it that man is always broke?

Harris Welfare Association.

WITH the advent of peace in 1918 various pioneer attempts were made to increase social activities amongst members of the staff at Calne. During the nine years which have elapsed, our own firm, in common with the industrial world, has developed to a considerable extent its social work. Especially active has this increase been during the past twelve months and the necessity has arisen for organising an efficient and helpful control of the many sports and social clubs which have grown up within the firm. On the President's suggestion a constitution, which would prevent overlapping of effort and encourage the development of co-operative endeavour to improve the use of leisure hours, was drawn up and has since been approved.

That the aim of the new organisation is to associate the various sports and social activities of Messrs. C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd. there can be no doubt, as its title is—*The Harris Welfare Association.*

An employee automatically becomes a member of the Association upon joining any one section and paying the subscription fixed by it.

The Association is to be managed by a committee of ten elected annually and chosen from the Sports and Social groups. The ten members so elected by the various sections, together with the two nominees of the President and an independent chairman, form the general committee. Any activity promoted after an annual election will have power to send a special representative to the General Committee until the next Annual Meeting.

Each section will retain the fullest scope of self management, and in addition will receive guidance and support in every way from the General Committee.

Financial responsibility will be invested with each section, but the General Committee may, when necessary, grant aid from their general fund.

The financial year of the Association and the various sections is to end on the same date and audited balance sheets prepared for submission to the General Committee.

The funds of the Association will consist of donations from the firm, the President, Vice-Presidents, and others. In addition, 20 per cent. of the subscriptions received by each section or activity will be contributed to the General Fund of the Association. These receipts will be used for the benefit of the Society as a whole.

To maintain co-ordination with the General Committee and prevent any overlapping of work, the Constitution provides that no action must be taken by any section until the General Secretaries have had an opportunity of perusing the minutes of sectional Committee meetings.

The Pig Club becomes a section of the Association, but has the power to elect its own President annually.

Arrangements have been made for an all-in subscription of 10/-, which entitles the employee to participate in the activities of every section.

Provided a Member purchases a 10/- ticket not later than 30th April of this year, he may claim an abatement of any subscription which he has paid to any section in respect of the season commencing 1st November, 1927, which 10/- subscription shall carry him as a full Member of all sections of the Welfare Association from 1st November 1927, to the 31st October, 1928.

The Officers of the General Committee will be elected by that body, but the officers and committees of sections will be chosen by the members of the respective sections.

The Annual Meetings of the Association will be held as soon after the 31st October as possible.

The General Committee is anxious to meet every demand for fresh enterprises. With this end in view, the Secretaries will always be pleased to receive suggestions from employees, and the various ideas will be carefully considered by the Committee.

The Officers and various Committees of the Association are as follows :—

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Chairman.—Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, President of the Association.

Vice-Chairman.—Mr. L. A. Trow.

Sports Section.—Cricket, Mr. Osman Jones; Tennis, Mr. L. A. Trow; Hockey, Miss Watson; Others, Miss M. Fennell and Mr. F. I. Nash.

Social Section.—Carnival and Flower Show, Mr. W. G. Gunning; Entertainments, Mr. G. R. Ashman; Pastimes and Lectures, Mr. G. C. Brown; Pig Club, Mr. A. H. Haines; Others, Mrs. Sewell.

President's Nominees.—Mr. A. H. Angell and Mr. P. T. Knowles.

Secretaries.—Mr. F. I. Nash and Mr. H. A. Olsen.

Treasurer.—Mr. G. C. Brown.

Cricket Committee.—Messrs. Ashman, Colenutt, Drewell, Flay, Gillett, Gough, Hill, Jones, Knowles, Nash, Prior, and Trow.

Tennis Committee.—Mrs. Sewell, Misses Angell, Fennell, and Rutty, Messrs. Flay, Knowles, Lea, Rogers, Skuse, and Trow.

Hockey Committee.—Mrs. Pearce, the Misses Bailey, Dash, Flay, Fennell, Walters and Watson.

Carnival and Flower Show Committee.—Mrs. Sewell, Messrs. Angell, Blackford, Edwarde, Gale, Gough, Mail, McKaig, Nash, and Rogers.

Entertainments Committee.—Misses Aikman and Fennell, Messrs. Ashman, Griffin, Hudson, Jones, Kidley, McLean, Prior, and Rymer.

Pastimes and Lectures Committee.—Mesdames Pearce and Sewell, Misses Mould and Rowbottom, Messrs. Blackford, Carpenter, and Haines.

* * *

SPRING'S FIRST MINSTREL.

Oh fill the air! Oh fill the air
With melody so sweet.
Thou sayest "winter's end is nigh"
And "spring prepare to greet".

You have a story to relate
In your melodious charm,
As you attract your pretty mate
To love, and shield from harm.

Oh tell us, thrush! whence comes your song?
Has spring's warmth reached your heart?
'Tis not alone you sing for long,
'Ere others' songs shall start.

You sang the first full happy note
Which broke the silent hours,
And touched the chords of hearts remote,
Thus gladdening them, with ours.

THOMAS A. HARVEY, TOTNES.

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The Broad Highway.

The Glasgow Exhibition was an outstanding success from every point of view, and we were very glad to see our representatives in the North once again. The new Kelvin Hall is a wonderful building of vast dimensions, and it was quite filled with exhibits. The show was very well patronised by the trade, and as far as actual cash sales go it was easily a record, meaning that Harris Small Goods found a fresh introduction into many Scotch homes.

We have again been responsible for the Wiltshire Bacon exhibit on the Great Britain Stand at the British Industries Fair, that wonderful exhibition with over six miles of stands. Great Britain was again honoured by a visit from Their Majesties the King and Queen and Princess Mary. We are also staging a small exhibit on the same stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

The very deep sympathy of everyone will go out to Mrs. Hatcher in the death of her husband, Mr. J. E. Hatcher of Cardiff. Mr. Hatcher has been on the Cardiff Van Sales staff for the past 5½ years, previous to which he was employed in the offices at Calne. His death at such a comparatively young age will be regretted by everyone who knew him.

By the way, I daresay you will be pleased to know that your humble servant has been invited to the Norwich Grocers' Association Dinner on the 16th to sing them a wee bit song, news having reached them of my doings at Thetford and Cambridge. "May the Good Man help them to suffer in silence."

T.S.S., NORWICH.

Now that a sufficient time has elapsed for all parties concerned to become "very fresh", will "G.W.B." now tell us exactly from whom he received the invoice referred to.

Pigs.

Although there is little change in the general pig position since we last wrote, it does appear that the enhanced quotations in all bacon pig markets is having an encouraging effect on producers in most parts of the country.

We have previously said that many feeders were contemplating a change from pork to bacon production, and it is with pleasure that we are able to record a still further inclination in this respect.

The reduction in the margin between pork and bacon prices have been very marked in the last few weeks and there is little doubt that the 8 score pig is now the most profitable to produce, and we cannot but feel that our farmer friends would be well to turn their attention still more to the requirements of the Wiltshire Bacon trade.

That the production of pigs suitable for the world famous "Crown Brand" continues to be a source of lively interest amongst the farmers in Calne is evidenced by the attendance and interest shown at a recent lecture on Pig Breeding and Management given by Mr. W. A. Stewart, M.A., B.Sc.

Progressive and up-to-date methods are very necessary if the "gentleman that pays the rent" is to live up to his reputation, and, judging by the questions put to the lecturer, it is very evident that our farmer friends do not intend to lose any opportunity of adding to their store of knowledge on this subject.

L.A.T.

* * *

Harris Welfare Association.

Under the chairmanship of Mr. Bodinnar a meeting was held in the Town Hall on February 9th. The object of the meeting was to elect the committee necessary to carry on the entertainment side of the Association. It was agreed that three committees should be elected, the Carnival and Flower Show, Entertainments, Pastimes and Lectures. On another page is printed the Constitutions and Committees of the Welfare Association, so that it will not be necessary to repeat them here. The Social which followed was voted a success, everyone enjoying themselves to the full.

CALNE RUGBY CLUB.

11th February: v. Walcot Old Boys, at Calne.

Walcot winning the toss decided to play down the slope, the only advantage, as there was a gale blowing across the field, so good play was out of the question, the wind interfering with any passing movements or kicking.

Both sets of forwards settled down to some good hard work, Walcot being the better of the two packs, smarter in heeling and breaking up, so were able to give their threequarters a chance of seeing what they could do with the ball, the result being:—Calne, nil; Walcot Old Boys, eleven points.

25th February: v. Old Sulians, played at Coombe Down.

Sulians with a better knowledge of the game soon established a lead. Calne forwards played a good game, securing their fair share of the ball, but the backs did not combine well. Sulians led at half time by a goal and two tries to nil.

Calne improved in the second half, and at the close of the game McGregor got over at the corner flag, Maundrell just missing with a beautiful kick, the ball striking the upright and bouncing back.

Final score: Old Sulians, one goal and three tries (fourteen points); Calne, one try (three points).

* * *

HOCKEY NOTES.

This month we are pleased to be able to record our first win. On the 18th February we played the Avon Rubber Co. ladies' team, and beat them 7—0. Some people are still staggering under the blow!

The match against the Secondary School has been postponed until March 31st.

We had two very good practice matches during February, and the Club, as a whole, is progressing.

W.W.

* * *

Parson: "Do you always play by ear, my man?"

Cornet Player: "Yes, sir—either 'ere or in the 'igh street."

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. J. N. POWNEY.



We introduce this month another of the "Old Brigade" in Mr. J. N. Powney, who at the close of his school career in 1884 entered the service of Messrs. Charles Harris & Co. He passed through all the stages of office routine. A practical knowledge of factory work was acquired by him under the tuition of the late Mr. T. E. Redman, and he received the appointment of Manager of the West of England Bacon Co. at the opening of the Totnes Factory in 1913. That no better choice could have been made has been amply illustrated by his great popularity with all members of the firm, and by the high esteem in which he is everywhere held, which is also a striking tribute to his sterling personal character.

Mr. Powney is keenly interested in all matters appertaining to the welfare of others, and is a prominent figure in Church affairs, being the Treasurer to the Parochial Church Council. The residents of Totnes took the opportunity in November last of showing their high regard for our Totnes Manager by electing him as a member of the Town Council by a record number of votes.

His father, the late Mr. James Powney, was for 45 years in the service of the firm of Harris, and will doubtless be remembered by many of our older readers. The subject of our remarks is the worthy son of a worthy father, and that he will continue for many years to come to be a source of inspiration to those under him is the earnest wish of all that know him.

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Friends Elsewhere.

CHIPPENHAM.

At the Scottish Bakers' and Grocers' Exhibition, held in the New Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, from the 7th to 18th February, we had the honour of receiving at our Stand No. 108, Avenue C, on Wednesday, the 15th February, a personal visit from the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Thomas Mason, who congratulated us on the excellence of our display.

Our brand "Royal Wilts" has always been very popular in Scotland and stands high in the estimation of the trade and public generally.

We had the pleasure of meeting many of our customers and it was very gratifying to hear on all sides that the "Royal Wilts" brand was regarded in the trade as synonymous with quality par excellence.

The only complaint we received was that sometimes selection is not so lean as is required for the Scottish trade, but this we fear is not applicable to Scotland only as the popular demand nowadays throughout the country is for Bacon of this description and it becomes increasingly difficult to find a market for fat and heavy meat. L E A N in large capital letters all the time should be the watchword of breeders and feeders, and every effort made to breed and feed along such lines as will produce the class of pig to meet the requirements of the Wiltshire Bacon trade. This is of the utmost importance if English Bacon is to continue to hold its own with the ever increasing competition of the foreigner.

Our best thanks are due to two of our Scottish representatives, Mr. Wm. McNicol and Mr. Alexander Christie, for the attention they devoted to our Stand at the Exhibition.

The usual "Industrial Sunday" Service will be held in St. Paul's Church at 3 p.m. on Sunday, 29th April next, and at a meeting of the Works Council held here on Friday, the 24th February, Mr. John Dight of the Factory Staff was unanimously elected as a delegate to represent this Company at a preliminary meeting which has been called for the purpose of forming a representative Committee to co-operate with the Rector of St. Paul's, the Rev. F. M. Hookham, in making the necessary arrangements.

W. V. L.

* * *

DUNMOW.

The month of February, which we have now left behind, has not been a month full of interesting happenings as far as Dunmow is concerned. We have lived our ordinary lives the whole twenty-nine days, and glad to have had, by way of a change, the extra one day leap year gives us.

It is questionable, however, if the present month will hold in our historical records anything like the important place that will undoubtedly be given to February, 1928. It has been a month of National Events, a number of which could be mentioned, but perhaps there are a few outstanding happenings that claim more prominence than others. The passing of Earl Haig and the Earl of Oxford has meant a great national loss; both have rendered to the nation almost a life-time service, and in both instances their greatest service was given during our Country's most critical period.

Another event of perhaps far reaching importance is the splendid feat performed by Captain Hinkler. In piloting his little Avro aeroplane from Croydon to Australia in sixteen days Captain Hinkler has shown the world once again what may be expected from the aeroplane of the future. It was a truly wonderful achievement, both commercially and from the point of view that British pluck, skill, workmanship, and endurance is still a great world factor to be reckoned with.

In the same month we have also the great Exhibitions at London and Birmingham, both of which have proved an enormous drawing power to commercial centres the world over, and have resulted in evoking great admiration for our Empire products, which for quality and workmanship cannot be equalled. The orders taken and contracts made by buyers of all nationalities give our industrial outlook a brighter horizon, and every increase brought to trade in this or in any other fashion, brings in its wake better conditions, in ways that are many and various, for all our peoples.

These few outstanding events quoted do not by any means exhaust the achievements

of February, but they are enough to stamp the month as one of great National importance, and even though we seem to find little to report concerning our own personal activities during the past month, we have to record both regret and triumph, for we are all proud to be members of the British Family, and it is our birthright to participate in our national achievements and sorrows.

E. W. W.

EARL HAIG.

With the passing of the late Earl Haig, the British Legion has received a severe blow indeed; the irreparable loss of the founder and father of this splendid movement will be mourned by all who have the honour to be members.

No doubt among our friends there are many who attended Memorial Services which were held by all branches of the Legion on Sunday, February the 5th.

A most impressive and stirring service was held by our local branch at Enfield, and I feel sure that everyone there will remember the late Earl, primarily as a gentleman whose great endeavour was to assist in private life those who fought under his command during the Great War.

W. Greenhalgh.

* * *

EASTLEIGH.

A poem, evidently of the Eugene Aram type, has been handed in to me. I am passthe same on to the Editor, who will no doubt publish as much as he thinks his readers can stand.

The Pig's Doom.

At last they're enticed to the catching pen,
Where the man with chains is awaiting them.
He put the chain round the pig's left leg,
It's attached to the hoist, the pig's death bed.
The Sticker stands, his knife in hand——

Hantzog.

[*We regret we are unable to proceed with this poem. A fit of trembling comes over our compositor as he proceeds and consequently he is unable to pick up the necessary type.*—Ed.]

HIGHBRIDGE.

Our sincerest sympathies are with Mr. Stanley Sandy on his recent sad bereavement.

IPSWICH.

Our sympathies this month go out to those of the Branches who from time to time either send no contribution to the Magazine, or briefly state that nothing of particular interest has happened to record, as this represents our outlook as we pen these notes.

At the time of writing, our killings at this Factory are somewhat increased owing to a special effort we are making to obtain supplies through the lack of shipments from Ireland, owing to the outbreak of Foot and Mouth Disease. It is not easy to obtain supplies of pigs under the conditions prevailing, as, although prices have been advanced, many feeders take the view that if they hold off, they will obtain still higher prices.

We are afraid that supplies of pigs in East Anglia are by no means normal, and there is great competition to obtain any becoming available, both at the farms and at the markets, but we are pleased to say we consider we are obtaining our full share—in fact, we are told by some that we are obtaining more.

The work of the Factory is going along very smoothly, and we are only too pleased to say that the spirit of good-will and the wish on the part of everyone to pull his or her weight, is becoming increasingly apparent throughout all Departments.

We were very pleased indeed to see in the January Magazine the first contribution from the Eastleigh Factory, especially as the contributor under the nom-de-plume of "Hantzog" is an old friend of ours. We notice he says that for many months past he has been asleep amongst the grass and weeds, and in case there may be any misunderstanding, we want to make it quite clear that it was not at Ipswich he slept, as we always found him a live wire, but of course we cannot be responsible for what has taken place since he left our care.

He has our best wishes, and as he is an addition to the family of Harris, we have every confidence that he will turn out in all respects a very worthy member.

H. L.

A very happy evening was spent by the

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staff on Wednesday, February 1st, at St. Matthew's Hall.

A social gathering had been arranged by a Committee, and great credit is due to them for the able and effective manner in which the whole thing was carried out. The pleasure of the evening was greatly enhanced by the variety of the proceedings, everything possible being done to ensure that no one should feel at a loose end.

Whist, dancing, songs and monologues all formed part of the programme, Mr. Brock very ably acting as M.C.

It was a great pleasure to have with us Mr. Branscombe from the London Warehouse, who ran over to Ipswich for the evening, and his ready wit and character studies were enthusiastically encored. It is the general hope that this will be his first of many visits to our social events.

Mr. Clifford Pryke formed one of the party, in the absence of his father, who unfortunately is still unable to leave his bed, and gave some fine monologues, which were very effectively rendered.

It was a matter of great regret to all of us that Mr. Bodinnar was not amongst us, but we hope that we shall at times be honoured with his company at our social events.

Prizes were presented by Mrs. Ludgate, and after a short address by Mr. Ludgate, who expressed his great pleasure in being one of the party, the proceedings terminated about 11.30.

* * *

LONDON.

There is not much to report. February draws to a close, and having in the first weeks lived up to its reputation of "February fill dyke" is now finishing with some days of exceptional sunshine and beauty.

And so, here I am on this lovely Sunday afternoon chained to my desk in order that I may, at least, try to comply with behests of our Editors. Far rather would I be wandering in the fields and lanes of rural Herts. For, on such a day as this, and at this time of year the call of Nature is insistent. The sap is rising and the deadness of Winter passing away. And of all counties, that of Herts, in one respect, bears the palm, for there is no county so abundantly supplied with trees, and no county where the trees are in such wide variety. A Surrey man will sing the beauties of his county, but I must confess that the over-abundance of the deep green of the pines that cover Surrey have to me at least a tendency to depress. Or, take Bucks—Beechy Bucks we call it, and as a tree there is nothing finer in England in the way of a tree than a beech, but the beech is not an hospitable tree. I remember last Spring walking in the Whippendale Woods in Herts County in company with a man who has a reputation for knowing about such details. The ground was for the most part a carpet of blue bells, but every here and there came a vacant space where no blue bells grew. My friend told me that the reason is that blue bells will never grow under beech trees—the beech is the only tree which is peculiar in this respect. And so Herts County, although providing no great Forest such as Hampshire, yet is specially attractive by reason of the variety it affords, and even in Winter-time, when trees are bare of leaf even then, the variety of trees renders them attractive because when leafless the real form and shape of a tree is more apparent to the seeing eye.

We enter then on the threshold of Spring and I seem to remember some lines which I will quote from memory because they make a special appeal when Spring draws near.

"Neath clustered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its fragrance on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ringeth
A call to Prayer.

. . . . .

To that Cathedral boundless as our wonder;
Whose matchless lamp the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds, and waves its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky."

And so, although one presumes the ideal Sunday cannot be considered entirely apart from public worship, yet on Sundays the countryside makes a special appeal. It is a day of rest. The plough rests by the hedge, the coming and going of week days is abandoned and Nature quietly and confidently, unimpeded, spreads before us the works of the Creator. And so tired, as at this present time, of the discordant voices of those who cry in the market places their particular creeds and nostrums to the disparagement of other and contending creeds, we may ever and again turn our backs on them, and find greater and most healing benefits from the contemplation of Nature's handiwork.

R. E. H.

["R.E.H." concludes this month by appealing for some one else to take a hand in writing for this section of the Magazine. We suggest that the London Staff get together and talk the matter over. We should like to express our appreciation to "R.E.H." for his splendid efforts to make the London section a bright spot in the Magazine.—ED.]

* * *

REDRUTH.

The outstanding event during the month of February was the visit of our Managing Director, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, on Saturday, the 18th. During the time at his disposal Mr. Bodinnar met the Works Council and afterwards addressed the whole staff. In his very interesting talk he pointed out the efforts which were being made at the present time to bring about nationally a better understanding between employers and employees. He emphasised the need for co-operation and goodwill in all sections. Referring to the Savings Scheme, he pointed out the necessity of providing for a rainy day, and that the interest allowed was better than could be obtained anywhere else. The visit was greatly appreciated by "one and all."

We are glad to welcome a period of sunshine again, after the incessant rain. Once again the trains are seen laden with beautiful flowers on their way from the Cornish Riviera to Covent Garden. In the Scilly Isles and the extreme West are to be seen miles of gorgeous blooms, which are packed and despatched to all parts of the country.

New potatoes and other vegetables in abundance are also sent to the larger markets, and it is a frequent sight at the factory here to see the trains on their way up laden entirely with broccoli.

The cricket season is fast approaching, and we hope to have a team this year who will give a good account of themselves. Our only regret is that distance prevents our challenging our Calne friends. We have a first-class umpire in our ranks, and 'George' will no doubt be once again seen in uniform during the summer months.

I expect that our Rugby enthusiasts have noticed the wonderful victory of the Cornish XV. at Richmond in the semi-final of the County Competition. We expect that the result of the final v. Yorkshire, on March 10th will be known before these lines are in print, but one and all at Redruth Factory hope that victory will rest with the "Yellow and Blacks," five of whom are Redruth players.

Pigs have been short during the month, but we are hoping that with the advent of March things will take a turn for the better.

We read with interest the article on Leap Year in the February Magazine. It is rumoured that a certain bachelor member of our staff was heard to heave a sigh of relief on the morning of March 1st, although we have not been able to confirm this.

Our sympathies here go out to Mr. Crowley, our foreman, whose wife unfortunatelly met with an accident, breaking her thigh. We are, however, very glad to know that Mrs. Crowley has made very satisfactory progress, and hopes to be out of hospital again very soon.

We read with interest of a suggestion to start competitions. We enclose in connection with this the following story, which we specially commend to our engineering friends at Calne, and perhaps, Mr. Editor, you could persuade Mr. Bodinnar or Mr. Redman to award a prize for the correct length of the piece of ground. "One day an underground captain was questioning a miner about the measurements of a piece of ground. 'I suppose you've measured it yourself?' asked the Captain. 'Aw, ayce,' said the miner. 'Well, what do 'ee make un, then?' 'Why, my dear,' was the reply, 'I mizured un brave an' careful, an' the length of un es two showl hilts, three picks,

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a mallett, four lil stoans, and so far as I can spit, just exactly.' ''

We have, I am afraid, exceeded our quota of space, but hope perhaps we shall be allowed a little more now we have a bit more news.

" CORNUBIAN."

* * *

TIVERTON.

We are pleased to see that bacon pig prices are rising; this may mean a reduction in our killings for the time being, as feeders will now hold on to their pigs and make them into baconners instead of having them killed as porkers, but our shortage now will, we hope, be more than balanced in a month or two.

We have had a touch of spring-like weather this week, and within a day or two the hedgerows were thick with primroses, violets and daffodils.

" DUMPLING."

* * *

TOTNES.

Since our last notes were sent we have had the pleasure of welcoming our Chief and Mr. S. North Smith, who paid us one of the occasional visits which are so welcome, but all too few. The object of Mr. Bodinnar in coming here was to have a heart-to-heart talk with our men on the advantages of the Harris Savings Bank schemes, and the bringing into closer personal touch the relationship between employer and employees. It is possible that the visit has revealed what may prove to be another budding poetical genius in our midst, as some time afterwards the lines below were found in our contribution box. As the author refuses to allow his identity to be disclosed they have been included in our general notes:—

In the early days of this New Year
Our Chief with escort did appear;
A meeting with us had been fixed,
So off we went with feelings mixed
To hear the details of a scheme,
For saving money was the theme.
He urged us all to be efficient,
And not accept the word sufficient;
For our labours we were paid,
To do some more, be not afraid.
With usual jest and ready wit
To pull the legs of some thought fit,
But at the sound of " Wedding Bells "
A deep, red flush began to swell.
A rush for the door was made forthwith
By both Mr. P—— and Mr. S——
But Mr. T—— with great tact
Held the door and kept them back;

To face the music was his thought,
For many years he had been caught.
Now my nonsense must conclude—
I hope you have not thought me rude;
But wisdom spoken by our Chief
Will save us from the dole relief.
The aims and objects of the scheme
May be for all a lasting dream.

News of any real interest being extremely scarce, an appeal was again made to our outside staff for help, and this time it met with some measure of success, as we have received the following from one of our local pig buyers:—

Dear Mr. Powney,—You asked me to write something for the Mag. I am not an adept at standing on my hind legs to make a speech or to write up an article, but if the enclosed originalities are of any use please have 'em; if not, I shan't feel hurt if you gently put them in that basket by the side of your desk:

I am inclined to think our firm's picture in the Mag. of the Calne premises should be scrapped, or at least the pig portion of it, as the very class of pig we are asked to induce the farmer not to keep are most prominent. On the front pigs in particular the head and shoulders appear to constitute what would be half the carcase.

Whilst strolling through a village not far from Totnes I noticed a quaint sign hanging from a shop window:

" Sausages sold here.
Always eat what you enjoy,
Always enjoy what you eat;
Harris's sausages never harass the digestion."

T.A.C.

A knight of the road called at our offices yesterday and desired to interview the Manager. Not being successful he returned later, and persisted in his desire for an audience with Mr. Powney. Although very busy, the latter, with his usual genial manner, granted his request, and his surprise can be imagined when the stranger tried to induce him to buy a stuffed Siberian bear to stand in the hall. No business was done. A stuffed pig might have been a temptation, but a stuffed bear! 'Nuff said!!

W.J.T.

* * *

The B.B.C. and Youth.

A new experiment on the part of the B.B.C. will, I think, interest the readers of this Magazine. It is an attempt to make special provision in our programmes for the tastes and interests of younger listeners.

To start with a mere sample of six talks will be given. They cannot, of course, convey adequately to those interested, the range of subjects which might be dealt with in a more extensive scheme, but they are a gesture indicating that the B.B.C. is ready to provide talks of this kind if a demand for them can be proved to exist. It is important that those for whom provision is being made, and all who are interested in the welfare of the younger generation, should seriously consider the implications of this scheme.

The intention of the talks is primarily to provide the sort of thing which would appeal to listeners between, say, the ages of 14 and 18. The subjects have been carefully chosen and the speakers have similarly been selected not only for their understanding of the subject, but for their capacity to put it across in language simple, direct and attractive enough to stimulate and hold the interest of listeners.

There is probably no age at which interest is keener than this age of adolescence, but there is probably no age either at which interest depends so much for its retention on the personality of the speaker and the way the subject is handled and presented.

It is hoped that the talks, of which a complete list is given below, will succeed in both these respects. We are anxious to hear how far this experiment proves useful in practice, and correspondence on the subject of each talk will be welcome from all who see in this scheme a useful contribution to the interests of younger listeners.

Many organisations of clubs and institutes and welfare centres were consulted before the present programme was framed. One hopes that any future programme might similarly be based on an even fuller co-operation with clubs and juvenile organisations throughout the country.

The provision of talks on semi-technical subjects dealing with various industries and related to the work of the great firms throughout the country, might well be considered, but it must first be proved that there is a genuine need for talks of this kind, and herein lies the importance of the present series. It is hoped that they will be heard and discussed as widely as possible, and that the comments and appreciations of those who wish to see the scheme developed will be made known to us as the course proceeds.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Adult Education Section, and those who are anxious to set up wireless installations for the development of educational talks in their club-rooms, are invited to write to the Schools Engineer at B.B.C. headquarters, who will gladly provide specifications for sets appropriate for group reception of such talks.

The co-operation of welfare supervisors and of all boys in clubs and firms throughout the country is invited, for, as I see it, no such scheme as this can be successful unless it is in large measure the creation of the listeners' own interest and enthusiasm.

April 11—" Football and Sportsmanship," by Charlie Buchan, of the Arsenal Football Club.

April 18—" How to Keep Fit," by Commander B. T. Coote, Miners' Welfare Committee.

April 25—" Employment and Unemployment"—some practical advice—by Alex. Paterson, Prison Commission, Home Office.

June 6—" The Adventure of Life," by Dame Katharine Furse, arranged in conjunction with representatives of Girls' Organisations.

June 13—" A Tramping Holiday "—not yet arranged.

June 20—" Foreign Travel," by Clifford W. Collinson: a talk on the Solomon Islands and the South Seas.

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Just Between Ourselves.

March brings with it thoughts of blustery winds, and that terrible tyrant, Spring-cleaning.

For those who like trying their hands at dyeing Messrs. Fairy Dyes Ltd. have sent us the following matter for insertion :—

Fairy Dyes are really of themselves "Household Hints" in so far that they mean brighter homes at less expense. There are so many things one can rejuvenate and renew at trifling cost—hangings, curtains, cushion covers. Silks, linens, cottons, mixtures are all amenable to the Fairy treatment. There are 28 shades and colours, one for every purpose, and all packed in little air-tight cartons ready for use—but every-one guaranteed to keep in good condition until required. Sold at twopence each. Our "Household Hint" is to look round the house now—examine your wardrobe—and for a petty outlay brighten things up before the summer days come. Do it now!

Apropos of Spring Cleaning, I am sure the plea in the following "Song of the Carpet" which I saw the other day will appeal to many of my readers who wonder how much longer the poor old carpet will last :—

Feet, feet, feet—some slow, some heavy, some fleet.
I have no doubt
They will wear me out,
But I sing on my monotonous song of feet, feet, feet!

Dance, dance, dance—how they caper and frolic and prance;
Little shoes with buckles bright,
Dancing right into the night,
Heels and toes without sorrows or woes, they dance, dance!

Stamp, stamp, stamp—in anger they clatter and tramp,
Some feet big and some feet small,
But of me they do not think at all.
Oh, this wearing life of temper and strife with its stamp, stamp, stamp.

Heels, heels, heels—which come gathering round at meals—
Some high, some low,
Some very so-so,
Some dainty and clean, but what endless routine of heels, heels, heels!

Oh, feet, feet, feet—in the cold or the wet or the heat,
Please wipe yourselves more
On the mat by the door
And relieve me, I pray, for I'm wearing away with Feet, Feet, FEET!
(ex "Bristol Times and Mirror".)

"MARIAN."

NEEDLECRAFT CLASS.

There does not seem to be very much to report, except that numbers are keeping up well, and interest is well maintained.

We were very pleased to welcome Mr. Stevens on the 16th February, who delighted us with gramophone solos for an hour.

We had one exciting experience, when the electric lights gave out about eight o'clock on the evening of the 3rd February, and, although work was abandoned except by one or two very industrious ones, we had a very enjoyable hour by the light of a big fire and six candles. One girl said to me a few weeks ago: "We never know what surprise is in store for us on Thursdays," and really I am beginning to agree with her! Anyhow, I believe it meant a job for our electricians lasting several hours.

I think I should like to allay the fears of "A Bachelor Uncle" that he may be receiving something of a compromising nature as he voted for No. 48 at the Needlecraft Competition in the Christmas Carnival. He really helped a member of his own sex to win a prize!

LIST OF WELDON'S PUBLICATIONS FOR MARCH.

Ladies' Journal.
Coats and Coats and Skirts.
Day Frocks.
Children's Fashions.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Frocks for little girls in Knitting and Crochet.
Knitted Leggings and Gaiters.

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2. —— NO. 4.

APRIL, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

WE want, this month, to have a word or two with our outside staff. One of the important factors that led to the starting of our Magazine was that it would form a connecting link between ourselves and our representatives.

We believe that it has succeeded in doing this and our friends on the Broad Highway are keenly interested in our various activities at Calne and elsewhere. A copy is sent each month to everybody outside and is eagerly looked forward to.

Our particular word to our friends is this. We know you are interested in our activities. We, on our part, want to assure you we are interested in your activities. We must confess that we do not hear from you as often as we should like. We hear from some of you and are quite interested in the "copy" sent.

One of our friends wrote that the standard was too high for him to attain. Modesty is very becoming, no doubt, but surely it is not included in the vocabulary of Harris representatives.

It may be that our friends have not the facilities for writing. If this is so let us hasten to assure them that it does not matter if the "copy" is scribbled on odd bits of paper. Providing it is readable we will put the matter in the form suitable for the Magazine.

We hear some say "What can I write about?" The first thing that comes to one's mind is anecdotes. We have yet to meet the traveller who cannot tell a good story. Then again, moving about in various parts of the country you must have noticed the local customs and heard the legends peculiar to that part of the world. There are festivals and so on dating back for generations that are of interest. In fact we could make quite a list of subjects you could write about. There you are Friends of the Broad Highway. Here is our "order," now it is up to you to "deliver the goods."

Between Ourselves.

THERE must be many matters of common interest which the thoughtful readers of this Magazine would like to have dealt with from time to time on this page. Some months ago I threw out the invitation that I might receive suggestions on subjects that might usefully be dealt with. I want again to extend an urgent invitation to all who may wish to have an expression of opinion from me on any particular matter to communicate with me.

One has been struck with the very real link this Magazine has forged between those in far off places and at Calne. We desire to see the Magazine filling an even more potent influence in the binding process of interests and ideals which one hopes are common to every unit of our far flung organisation.

It would of course be best if those who have ideas to communicate would themselves write articles for insertion in the Magazine, but if their thoughts are of such a nature as to require guidance from the Management I shall welcome any suggestions that may be put up.

The conditions of trade in the bacon world are still such as to call for the best that is in every one of us.

I referred some months ago to the increasing importation of foreign bacon. These conditions have been even more exaggerated during recent months. Even Danish bacon, which at one time was the chief factor, has been to some extent held down during the last few weeks by the increasing quantities of Dutch and Swedish goods that have been brought to England.

The supplies of pigs for the purposes of bacon curing have been on the very short side. This is a condition which, with the coming season of the year may be to some extent remedied, but there will still be the problem before the Management of the distribution of the bacon at prices that are profitable.

In accordance with our policy we think it well to indicate some of the problems that are still with us. It may be that an intelligent appreciation of a problem will secure the finding of its necessary solvent. It is up to us all to do our best in this direction.

The recently published Balance Sheets of some of the Factories that deal with the manufacture of English bacon are not encouraging reading for the Shareholders. One such Company based its hope for the future on the prospect of diminishing supplies of Danish pigs. There is no evidence yet, at any rate, to show that that hope will be fulfilled.

I wonder if the thoughtful men and women who help us so loyally have ever settled down to consider, as we have had to do on countless occasions, whether there is a solution to the present difficulties which make the English Bacon business a sort of battledore and shuttlecock game played by importing countries who without let or hindrance send their goods here to the detriment of agriculture and the bacon curer. If in their careful consideration of this matter they have found a solution I should very much like to have their views.

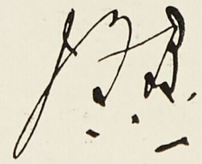
One believes that, in the pig, agriculture if fairly treated, has a means of rehabilitating some of its prosperity, but until the bacon position is somehow more secure than it is at present it seems as though there is no option but to have fluctuating prices for pigs which at times must operate against the success of pig breeding and feeding.

It may be that in our deliberations on the Pig Council we may find some solution of our problem. If meantime any of you have any views upon this matter which is of such immense importance to everyone of us, I should very much like to receive your communications.

As I write I look again at the motto which hangs in my office. I think I have quoted it to you before, but anyhow it is good enough to use again in this connection :—

" Difficulties are things that show what " men are. Those who try to do something " and fail are infinitely better than those who " try to do nothing and succeed."

Now, if any of you think that you can help us to deal with the difficulties I have mentioned send along your ideas.



* * *

A MAGAZINE SONNET.

How shall we make a success
Along with this venture of ours?
Reading and writing the best
Reflecting the whole of our powers.
Is that the key to good times?
Success—will it come o'er this way?

Must we write on solemn discourses
And deep troubles confronting the day?
Get away from tiresome ideas
And send in some bright, breezy piece.
Zeal and " to pull all together ";
If started, our motto won't cease
None can do better than " best ".
Enter and start **now** with zest. . . . **M.B.**

"MY FIRST VISIT TO LONDON."

Having always lived in small country towns I looked forward with eager anticipation to my first visit to " Town."

As we neared Paddington I looked at the cluster of houses, but was not favourably impressed by their narrow and sooty appearance. Paddington itself seemed to fall short of my expectations. Perhaps it was the bleak weather we experienced that gave it a draughty and neglected appearance.

Our destination, on leaving the station, was the Albert Hall. As it was snowing heavily I was unable to get a clear view of Hyde Park. Albert Hall amazed me. It did not seem possible that man could plan and build such a vast building. I should have dearly loved to have heard the massive organ. To one not used to crowds, the sight of 10,000 people gathered under one roof was, to say the least, thrilling.

On leaving the Albert Hall we made our way to Lyons at Westminster. The journey was very bewildering. Cars seem to pass each other in a very dangerous way, and I was amazed at the skill of the drivers in avoiding what seemed inevitable collision.

I fully enjoyed my visit to the Alhambra, but I must confess that the flashing signs of Piccadilly Circus, like so many jewels, interested me far more. I have heard this part of London called the " Scotsman's Cinema," and I myself could have spent hours watching the ever-changing lights of the advertisements. Oxford Street, with all its big stores, attracted me immensely. Viewed from the 'bus the windows were wonderfully decorated. I should have loved a closer view, and what would I not have given to roam, at leisure, in and about the stores. Paddington again, but what a difference. There seemed to be more life and colour than on my arrival. The porters dexterously trundling trucks, the crowds of people and the lights of the refreshment rooms and stalls were wonderful.

I took my leave of London and brought away a wonderful, although hurried and confused, impression of my first visit.

VIM, CALNE.

* * *

All men are not homeless, but some are home less than others.

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By The Way

Our issue for March was published the day before the Boat Race. Did any of you notice that we came out with the winning colour?

In these days when things seem to be taken for granted, it gave one a feeling of pleasure to listen to the sincere thanks of the girls to Mrs. Pearce when saying good-night on the close of the Needlecraft Class. This class is very popular, and we hear of many who are looking forward to its re-opening, after the summer holidays.

Can February March?
'Tis as we feared, the answer to the above atrocity is much worse. Here it is:—
No, but April May.

The B.B.C. recently issued a warning to people in a certain district not to worry or intimidate a bear that was at large. This called to mind the following lines which appeared in an American newspaper.

Algy met a bear,
The bear was bulgy,
The bulge was Algy.

If we all went on Strike.

I wonder what would happen
If we all went on a strike,
And everyone refused to touch
A job he didn't like?
Suppose the cows and chickens quit,
And wheat refused to grow,
And corn and clover threw a fit
And wind just wouldn't blow?
Mankind has such an easy life—
He thinks he owns the earth;
If these things happened he would learn
How little he is worth!
(Reprinted from Cannery Notes.)

The following was overhead by me at Gloucester Road District Railway Station:

Porter: All stations to Ealing.

Dear Old Lady: Porter, will this train stop at Earl's Court?

Harrassed Porter: Yes, lady, if the brakes don't go wrong.

A.K.H.

The weaker sex made an interesting discovery the other day, but we hear of one girl who did not rejoice. It appears that cold water had been their lot for some little time. On this particular day the tap was turned on for the usual temperature, but instead of being cold the water was hot. Joyously were the taps turned on, and one popular member of the staff turned with such gusto that the top of the tap came off. The girl mentioned above got the full force of the shower, and on her way home to change did not rejoice.

It was a kind thought to send that old suit to the Rummage Sale, but we did not envy the kind donor's feelings when the discovery was made that the "old" suit was his "Sunday best" one. However, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

The correct reading of the bill published in our last number was:

2 Brass Taps at 5/-	...	10 0
One wouldn't do at 5/-	...	5 0
(1 Wooden do)		
		5 0

Did **you** find it out?

An epitaph in Cheltenham Churchyard:
Here be the remains of William Higgs,
A famous man for killing pigs;
Killing pigs was his delight
Morning, afternoon and night.

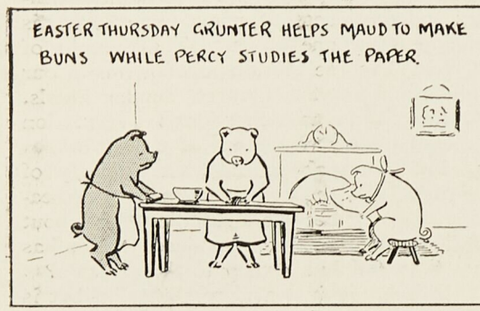
The following may interest those of our readers with a mathematical turn of mind:

A train is travelling at 100 miles an hour. On the top of the engine is a man and on the roof of the guard's van is another. The latter shoots at the former, the bullet travelling at 99 miles an hour. Does the man on the engine get shot?

We do not know the name of our contributor, but should imagine he (or she) is a cinema "fan." We cannot understand why two people should get on to the top of a train to indulge in such frivolities unless it was for the pictures. We suppose that the title of the picture is "Now the fun'll commence."

Work this out.

GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



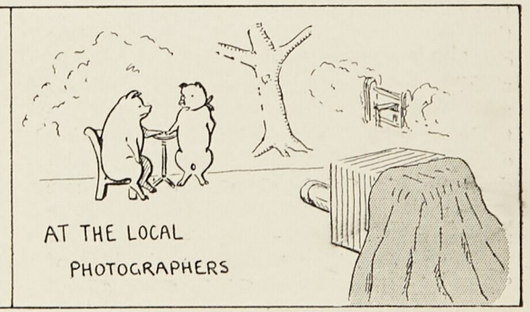
1.--While bun making on Easter Thursday, Percy scans the newspaper for a suitable place to spend the Holiday.



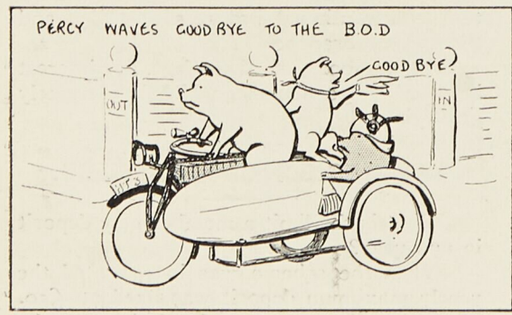
2.--A possible week-end by the sea necessitates Maud purchasing some new toggery, and girl-like cannot resist a new hat.



3.--Her face and complexion are hard to suit, and the selection takes a considerably longer time than expected.



4.--Grunter and Percy, feeling tired of waiting fill the time by posing before the camera of the local photographer.



5.--It is finally decided they should motor to Burnham-on-Sea, and Percy waves farewell to his friends in the Bacon Order Dept.



6.--Endeavouring to arrive before dusk, the Highbridge Police pull them up as Road Hogs and charge Grunter with dangerous driving.

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Is it Recreation?

WHAT would our lives be without recreation? A time for refreshment of the strength and spirits after the daily toil. How wondrously good after the strain and stress of the day's work, just to " let go " and feel the freedom of the leisure hours.

What a marvellous knowledge to have that in the beginning planned for every living soul—at least a seventh of their time—and now in these advanced and enlightened days, when with the advent of the telephone and the coming of motor traffic, with the result that business which in the old days took at least three days to sell and a week to deliver, is now transacted in three minutes to sell and three or four hours to deliver, say, 100 miles away; and so of necessity from this and other causes life has become one continued rush and hurry, with a nerve-racking and enervating strain for employer and employed. And so largely, if not entirely, due to this the eight-hour working day came in to make life " bearable ", and a grand solution if only our workers as a whole gave their utmost of skilled labour in the shorter time.

Then in addition to all this, the idea of " summer time " occurred to a big-souled man named Willett, who, having thought it out, enthused over it, and although he died before the attainment of his desire, I believe his son followed on with this splendid thought until we all know "summer time" is ours now by Act of Parliament. What a priceless boon! Can we imagine what it would be if these blessings were taken from us? And this thought leads one to realize how these priceless "boons" become to the majority of us as ordinary and common, and then of necessity not valued as they should be.

And so again one asks the question—Are these leisure hours given us by an all-wise loving Providence used by us to re-create and restore the nervous energy we are expending day by day, in the constant daily demands of our working days and business life?

Are we wisely using these precious hours that by them we are fitted and made more capable for all the duties we are called upon and paid for to do day by day?

Again, the inspiration of the glorious sunshine is ours after the dreariness of winter and the incessant rain. The Spring is calling every one of us. The thought of " sport " in the glorious open air is in our minds and hearts. Cricket, Tennis, Bowls, Angling, and many other forms of recreation is available for very many of us.

But what about the vast majority of workers? Is their pleasure really a recreation or has it become a satiation? Without prejudice and with an unbiased mind, has not the pendulum swung to the extreme?

This is not just a mere statement but is borne out by business men. Even the butchers and confectioners are finding their weekly takings diminishing. The writer knows one case, a butcher, where in one week there was a deficiency of £20, and this in a town where at least one large industry is working overtime and night shifts.

The picture palaces are filled every night. The cheap railway excursions, both week-days and Sundays, are patronised sufficiently to keep them going.

Sport, pleasure, recreation, was never more necessary than to-day, but is it becoming (because of excess) a cancer in our business life and a sapping of that fine " Moral Character " that alone endures?

E.W., CHIPPENHAM.

* * *

Our Money Box.

The scheme generally is making satisfactory and continued progress at Calne and the various branches.

The outdoor staff also take a live interest in the Savings Scheme, which is extremely gratifying.

SAVINGS SCHEME QUERIES.

What is the limit a member may deposit in one year?

When the scheme was inaugurated the yearly maximum deposit was fixed at £50. Many depositors expressed a desire to make payments in excess of this yearly limit, and it was unanimously resolved to accept deposits up to £150 in any one year.

Gardening—The Rose.

IT is obvious that in any series of articles on garden subjects priority of place should be given to the national emblem of our country, still proclaimed everywhere as the most perfect fare in Flora's feast, surpassing all other flowers so completely that it stands almost alone in its magnificence. What a tribute to the wisdom of our ancestors in having chosen this peerless flower to represent the nation that is incomparable in its fame and glory. It goes almost without saying that if you are interested in gardening you must grow Roses; in fact, a garden without a rose is scarcely worthy the name.

It needs only a glance at the old original white and red types to show that the Rose has shared equally, if not more than, other floral specimens, in the marvellous progress made in horticulture by scientific research during the past few decades. The long-sought-for secret was revealed when the famous rose " La France " burst upon an astounded world some sixty years ago, and this grand flower may be regarded as the parent of all the modern roses. In many respects it is still equal to the best that has yet been produced. With the knowledge then obtained further triumphs rapidly succeeded each other until we are now probably within sight of the day when there will appear the rose perfect in every detail. Many disappointments and failures have been met with in the march forward, and in quite recent years it was, for a time, feared that in the attainment of the present varied and brilliant colourings there was a real danger of the old-time sweet fragrance being lost, but this obstacle appears to have been overcome, as most of the newer roses now appearing are delightfully perfumed.

It is a matter of regret that, whilst improvement is everywhere else shown, science has so far failed to combat the diseases to which the plant is subject. This applies particularly to the worst trouble, known as " Black Spot." The scientific committee of the National Rose Society are paying great attention to this disease, but no real remedy has yet been found.

With the very large number of roses now on the market one naturally asks which are the best for all purposes. This is a very complex question indeed, and it is doubtful if any two opinions can be obtained which will agree on, say, the best twelve roses. It is true that the claims to front rank of many varieties were shattered by subjection to the adverse weather experienced last year. Numbers of otherwise splendid plants almost entirely failed to answer this test. After careful consideration of all the main points, such as suitability for all districts, strength of growth, freedom of blooming in autumn, size, fulness, shape and lasting qualities of bloom, stoutness of stem, resistance to disease, independence of weather conditions, etc., the following are considered by the writer to be the best twelve roses in existence, placed in order of merit; but the list is compiled with the knowledge that it is liable to cause a storm of protests from other enthusiasts. The asterisks represent the kinds most suitable for standards, but for the beginner bush roses are recommended:

*OPHELIA, flesh pink with apricot shading.
SHOT SILK, cerise, salmon and orange.
MADAME BUTTERFLY, salmon, rose and apricot.
MRS. HENRY BOWLES, rose pink.
*FRAU DRUSCHKI, pure white.
*LADY PIRRIE, copper, fawn and salmon.
GEN McARTHUR, dark red.
BETTY UPRICHARD, carmine and salmon.
*HUGH DICKSON, dark red.
MABEL MORSE, golden yellow.
MADAME ABEL CHALTENAY, salmon and rose.
CHRISTINE, bright yellow.

Surprise may be expressed that the popular " Golden Emblem " has been omitted, but unfortunately the foliage of this very fine flower is extremely susceptible to " black spot," hence its being passed over. " Frau Druschki " has no scent, but apart from this is so excellent that it could not be ignored. Various failings account for others being left out, and this is where opinion must differ.

Intending purchasers should be warned against the risk of selection from the kinds seen in first-class shows; remember the specimens shown there are grown under the most ideal conditions (often under glass to preserve colour) by gardeners who know the art of rose culture from A to Z, and the amateur will find that when grown in the ordinary

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way the results will be vastly different from those seen exhibited. A striking example is that in last year's shows: a yellow rose named "Roselandia" was in great favour as a table decoration. It is practically worthless for growing outside as a bedder. Don't be misled by what is shown; you want something that will grow and give satisfaction in your garden.

It is not intended in this article to deal with culture, but perhaps a few "don'ts" may be of service:—

DON'T plant in frosty weather, or in newly dug soil, and on no account allow the roots to get in contact with crude manure.

DON'T plant in dry soil or when a keen drying wind is blowing, as the roots resent being dried up.

DON'T forget to make the hole large enough to hold the roots well spread out, and tread the soil down firmly after planting.

DON'T give newly-planted roses a covering of manure; it keeps the roots cold, and not warm.

DON'T be afraid to use the pruning knife if you want good blooms.

DON'T forget that roses require attention, especially when green fly is prevalent.

AMATEUR GARDENER.

* * *

PRODUCTION AND WAGES.

One often hears the phrase, "a lower cost of production means more work". I should like to try to explain in a few words just exactly how this position arises. Without going too largely into the work of the cost department each line of production made by the company is costed under three main headings—materials, labour and overheads. The wages earned by the employees has to appear in the costing of the article under the heading of labour. It therefore follows that if employees do their work quickly and efficiently the amount of production turned out will be greater than if the work has not been done so quickly, and consequently the cost per unit of production is less.

To follow this train of thought, a smaller figure for labour has to be added to the rest of the cost, thereby making the total cost of the article a lower figure. The firm can consequently sell the article at a slightly reduced price. The fact that the article can be purchased by the general public at a reduced price will increase sales. These increased sales in turn mean that increased production is necessary to meet the demand. This is the correct definition of the above term, but there is also a further saving in the cost of production which should not be overlooked. In addition to efficient working as regards quantity, a lot can be done to lower the cost of production by efficient handling of the raw materials, thus decreasing the margin of wastage. The amount of raw materials used for the purpose of making a recipe cost is the original amount issued for making the goods. By efficient handling of the raw materials less of this original amount goes as wastage on the floor, and more goes into the manufactured article, thereby increasing the number of hundredweights of the finished article, though in no way increasing the original cost of the raw materials.

E. STEVENS.

* * *

Dancing Notes.

Is It Worth While?

So many people complain these days of the bored and indifferent way in which most couples dance. They say, if dancing is worth while one might as well enjoy it. Surely there is no need to assume that blasé expression which so many couples consider the thing to do. I am **not** suggesting that you wear an inane smile throughout the dance.

Even if you are quite sure that last kick has squashed your toe, try to look as if you enjoyed it. Don't wander back to your seat after a dance as if you were jolly glad that's over. (Ladies are the chief offenders here.) Does it require much effort to say, "Thank you; I enjoyed that"? It may be a "big one" but not very black, and **do** clap for an encore, even if you are praying hard there won't be one.

We do take our pleasures sadly, don't we? Perhaps it is only a phase. Never let it be said that we are becoming a nation of "Poker faces" (however necessary they may be on the tennis court).

One of the recent dance tunes is called "If your face wants to smile—well let it." Evidently the orchestra thinks we require a little encouragement!

RUNDEPE.

"OLD GREY BACK."

I think one of the most commonplace sayings which has come down the ages to the present day is one which anyone may find in a volume of Tennyson. It runs thuswise:—

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

It is a truth; let us face it bravely; we cannot deny that at the coming of the spring, love stirs in the heart of many a youth—but think my friends of the pity of it, ponder it over in your mind.

Love! and in these days of shingled, bepowdered, semi-clothed . . . . but go easy, easy! I venture to suggest that there are some of us to whom the season of spring brings no such heart flutterings. To what then, you ask, does their fancy turn when the days begin to lengthen? Listen, and I will tell you—it's Fishing!!

Oh, the many visions that one word awakens to the true disciples of Walton. One sees the silently flowing river, and the dew-spangled hedges sparkling in the May sunlight. One remembers the hurry to get the rod and tackle together before that wagging tail has disappeared under the old willow where a cast is out of the question. Come with me as I go along to the river this morning; you must keep well back because under that bush there is . . . . Plop! yes, just what I thought. Mark these rings, ever expanding, see that fly on the water? Now just watch it as it floats over the centre of the rings. Plop! and the blue fly has disappeared! Two feet under the water with his great tail wagging with the current, his eyes on the surface of the river, old Grey Back is waiting for more misguided flies to come along.

We reach a spot opposite to a few yards distant from the spot where this old "King" of the river lies waiting. I have a Greenwell on my cast at present—a good fly. Twice I cast the line through the air, just feeling the distance, and now, on the third throw, I drop the line straight and true across the river—two feet above his head.

The fly floats beautifully. Look out! He's coming up. . . . . No, by jingo! He doesn't like it. Once again, a neat cast and a soft one, but no, he knows a thing or two.

We change the fly and put on this time a useful looking Blue Dun to the end of the gut. The cast is made, there is a splash, a jerk, and then the reel gives a sudden scream and down the stream goes old Grey Back with twenty yards of silk line after him!

He is a game one—up and down, twisting and turning he pulls like a mad thing, as indeed he is. Right out of the water he jumps, bending double, like a steel spring. Again and again he tries to jerk out the barbed hook, but after a while he tires. Two more turns and he is mine. I reach for the net and gently pulling him to within a foot of the bank, where I can see his great body turning listlessly in the water, I get the net under him—a quick scoop, a splash, and here he lies as pretty a three pound trout as ever you saw.

And now it is time for lunch. How glorious to eat in the open air, to sit on the bridge rail and see the water rushing over the fall into the mill pond below, knowing all the time that three pounds of trout is lying between two large green leaves on the bank. And so one sits, happy and contented, until another splash, further up stream, bestirs one to go in search of further Grey Backs.

Love after this? No! No!! But if there are any among you who like myself love the open air, the quiet places, the gentlest of all arts, remember—fishing.

MINNOW, DUNMOW.

* * *

"Oh, Bill, I thought you said you could waltz?"

"There now! Blest if I bain't a dance ahead—I thought 'twere a fox-trot!"

* * *

Small Boy: "Please, sir, father wants to know if it's true that there is a tobacco trust?"

Tobacconist: "Yes, my lad, there is."

Small Boy: "Well, father would like to be trusted with two ounces."

* * *

Lady Traveller: "What platform does the London train go from?"

Porter: "Number five."

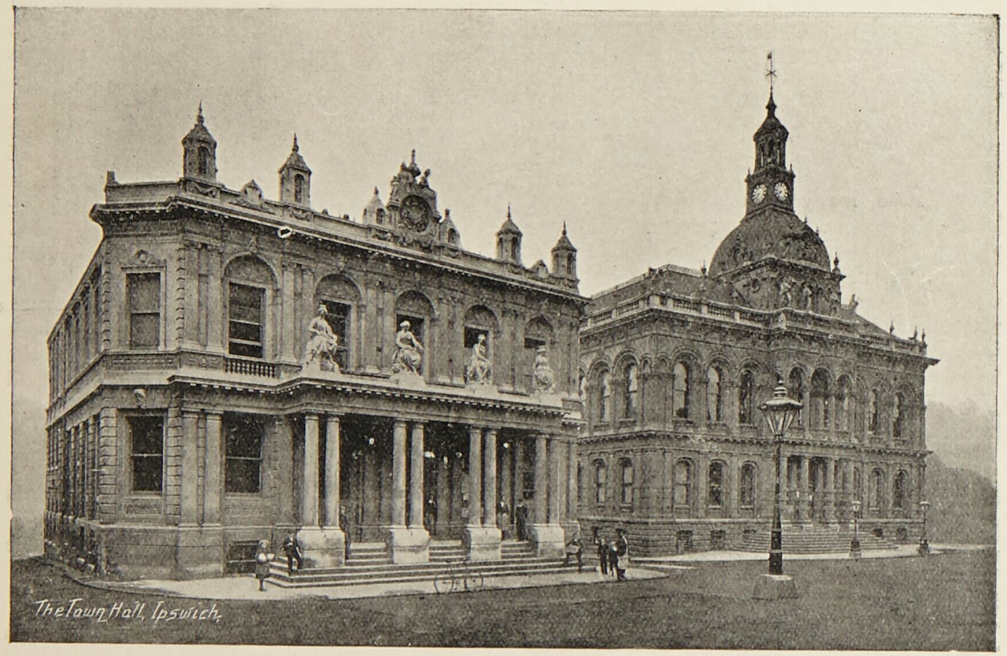
Lady: "Are you quite sure? I've got a tin chest and——"

Porter: "A tin chest, 'ave yer. Well, even if you've got a copper spine, its number five."

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Ipswich.

A good many of the readers of this Magazine have probably heard of Ipswich only from a business point of view, so that a short trip through the town and a second one up the river Orwell will not be amiss. We will commence at the railway station. Immediately on leaving this building one is greeted with an advertisement in the form of an illuminated sign which shows a glass being filled with liquid refreshment from a bottle. This is, of course, being enacted in a practical way in the building underneath, so that a call here would make a refreshing start. We then wend our way up Princes Street, passing Messrs. Churchman's tobacco factory and the Cattle Market till we come to Cornhill. On arrival here we stay a few minutes and glance at the Town Hall and General Post Office, two very important and imposing buildings. The Post Office is built in the Italian style. Next, we pass down a small thoroughfare into the Butter Market, and our objective is the Ancient House, a magnificent example of the pargework plaster decoration and architectural woodcarving of the seventeenth century. At the top of this building towards the rear is what was used in days gone by as a chapel in which King Charles II is recorded to have hidden while the Roundheads were searching for him. Several of the rooms in this building are panelled with carved oak and have decorated ceilings. We now walk on further, turn up Brook Street, and cross the main street to Northgate Street. Here we are sometimes greeted with strains of music coming from the interior of the Great White Horse Hotel, the scene of many dinners and festivities. It was here that Dickens placed the adventure of Mr. Pickwick with the lady of the curl-papers in the wrong bedroom.



(The Block for the above Illustration was kindly loaned by Messrs. W. L. Cowell Ltd., Ipswich).

We carry straight on till we come to that fine rendezvous known as Christchurch Park, which covers 67 acres. This is one of the finest parks in East Anglia, and not many towns can boast of such a fine stretch of park-land almost in the centre of the town. Immediately we enter the gate we are arrested by the sight of an Elizabethan building known as Christchurch Mansion. It dates from 1548 and is now used as a Museum and Picture Gallery. It contains fine rooms with a quantity of Jacobean oak panelling. The statue opposite this mansion is that of Queen Victoria. We wander through the Park and continue our walk through both the upper and lower Arboreteums, and we should end up by saying "What a splendid park." Both Arboreteums are tastefully laid out.

We then make our exit into High Street and visit the Museum, one of the oldest in the country, having been established in 1791 in a single room in the Town Hall. Our tour of the town will end here, but there are many other places of interest too numerous to mention in one article.

H.F.B., Ipswich.

We hope to publish another article by the same author in our June number.—Ed.

* * *

THE PRACTICAL MIND.

How impressive a practical mind is. It is invariably possessed by a capable person, for he is one whose life consists in doing, in getting through things, as the saying is. He seems to have an instinct for picking out just the things that he can turn to use. He reads only what will be useful to him in his business or home life. Aware of his limitations, he never attempts to acquire more ground than he can till, or study more subjects than he can master. For all he does has to be put to the test of daily use. Frills and ornaments he hasn't much use for, for his watchword is "Service," either for himself or others. All that comes to his hand must serve this need. His clothes, his leisure, his amusement, all are chosen to equip him for life's daily tasks.

Such a person often enjoys the reputation of being "a glutton for work." He glories in a perpetual activity, and has an artist's thrill in creating order out of chaos, even though it be in the humblest affairs of life. His mind is ever busy in its achievements, and his practical sense is a kind of advance guard going before him preparing the way and clearing the ground for him to perform his feats of service.

Pig Clubs.

WITH the rapid development of the Wiltshire Bacon trade by the House of Harris and the consequent increase in the demand for bacon pigs, the local cottager and small farmer realised that by increasing his stocks the risk was also considerably increased. To the cottager the loss of a pig was a very serious matter and when such losses did occur they were frequently made good by "passing the hat" round the village.

As a result of this process there came into being in Wiltshire a number of Pig Clubs specially designed for and managed by the members of the village fraternity. Many of these clubs still exist and continue to carry on their very useful work. By careful management they have not only been able to give a feeling of security to their members by insuring their pigs, but in many cases have succeeded in creating quite good reserves for "a rainy day." In the immediate vicinity of Calne there are clubs which were started some 50 to 70 years ago, whilst others have only been in operation some 10 to 15 years.

The membership varies considerably, some having as few as 10 to 12 members, whilst others can boast of 74. In some cases membership is limited to working men but in others it is not so limited. It appears that generally the only people to avail themselves of the club's advantages are the cottagers and agricultural labourers.

The real value of these organisations is best gauged by the number of pigs which they insure and the risks they cover. The smaller clubs cover on an average some 100 to 200 pigs per annum, but there is one which accepts the responsibility for 800 to 1,000 pigs annually, its record number being 1,555.

When the pigs have been inspected by the Club's officials they are then insured against all risks, whether by disease or accident, and all the clubs cover their members' pigs from the time of purchase until ready for the factory.

Several clubs are prepared to insure sows but in that case the premiums are, of course, higher, or the amount of compensation obtainable may be limited.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature is

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the premium charged. This in every case is exceptionally low, in fact so low that one wonders how they are able to finance themselves to the extent they do. While the basis of the premium is a little varied, the actual cost to the feeder amounts to about the same figure in each case, i.e., 1/6 to 2/- per pig.

The following are some examples of the premiums asked by a few clubs :—

Club A. 2/- per pig from 10 weeks until slaughtered.
,, B. 1/6 per pig from 10 weeks until slaughtered.
,, C. 2/- per pig from 10 weeks until slaughtered or 1/- for three months' cover.
,, D. 1/- per pig from 10 weeks until slaughtered.
,, E. 1d. per pig per week until slaughtered.

In the case of Club D. the amount of compensation is limited to 80 per cent. of the estimated value of the animal.

It will doubtless be agreed that having regard to the risks covered that these premiums are exceedingly low, especially when compared with those asked by the large Insurance Companies. It is almost safe to say that no company would quote a premium which would cover every and any contingency and 100 per cent. loss, which is really what these clubs do.

The question of working expenses is one which calls for congratulation. Most of the work is voluntarily done or at least only a nominal fee is charged, so that by these means the cost of running the club is kept at a minimum.

In spite of many heavy claims upon their funds at different times, these clubs have succeeded by careful management in accumulating reserves varying from £100 to £150. Some portions of these balances may be found invested in Government Stock, thus providing a further source of revenue.

The management is in the hands of a small committee of working men, assisted by one or two inspectors whose duty it is to inspect every lot of pigs before the society accepts them.

The writer has at various times come into close contact with the committees and members of these institutions and has come to the conclusion that their success is largely due to the esprit de corps of the members. They willingly pay the amounts asked, and without exception avoid making a claim if it is possible. It is by no means unusual for a member who may be entitled to a certain sum to remit part of it for the club's benefit.

Frequently one finds that business is combined with pleasure by the organisation of an Annual Supper and Smoking Concert, at which the accounts and other business may be transacted.

In the opinion of the undersigned the work that these Societies do might with advantage to all concerned be extended to other pig producing centres.

L. A. Trow.

* * *

CALNE RUGBY CLUB.

10th March: v. Oldfield Old Boys at Combe Down.

A keenly contested game, each team going all out, and scoring in turn.

A feature of the game was the hard tackling of Calne. Final score, a draw, 9—9.

17th March: v. Avon Sports, Melksham, at Northfields.

This was something of a Local Derby, each team being in their first season, and a keen struggle ensued. Calne swamped their opponents in the first quarter of an hour, but could not maintain their superiority. Melksham's score gradually crept up to Calne's, Calne winning eventually by 9—8.

24th March: v. Old Edwardians, at Northfields.

This was the last home match of the season, and was a most enjoyable game, the weather being ideal for Rugby. Some good handling movements were seen, and the game was very open and fast.

Calne again scored a narrow victory by eleven points to nine.

E. C. K.

* * *

He: "'Ere, I've got a paper from me doctor to say I can't work."

Foreman: "That accounts for it then, as I haven't seen you do any yet."

Harris Welfare Association.

TENNIS SECTION.

We are now busy making our plans for the summer and hope to be able to say something definite in the next issue. Meanwhile we ask all our members to bring this section of our summer activities to the notice of their friends. We are looking forward to a bumper season.

D.E.W.L.

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION.

An enjoyable evening was spent at the Pavilion on March 7th, on the occasion of the first dance arranged by the newly-formed Entertainment Committee. Quite a number put in attendance and the evening was voted a success. Special thanks are due to the merry band of musicians who provided the necessary accompaniment.

ORCHESTRA.

This section has now been re-organised; sixteen instrumentalists have already joined. Will any members of inside and outside staff interested and desirous of joining kindly get into communication with Mr. W. S. Griffin. We believe that this section can be made a valuable and useful one in our Welfare Association.

A. G. Kidley.

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

It has been suggested that a Dog, Fur and Feather Section would make a very interesting addition to the Flower Show usually held in August.

As this is an entirely new departure all heads of departments have been asked to get names of probable exhibitors, and the different exhibits which they would enter. If sufficient support is forthcoming the Committee will go fully into the matter with a view to organising such a section.

They welcome any other ideas or suggestions, and would also be glad of further entries from any members who have not already sent their names in.

E. C. Kent.

HARRIS CRICKET CLUB.



WITH the approach of the opening of the Cricket Season I am delighted to take the opportunity offered me by the Editor to say a few words to all our confreres of the willow.

We certainly had a very happy and successful season last year, but I am anxious that this coming season shall eclipse all previous records. To attain this two things at least are essential, viz. : The closest possible co-operation, and for this I venture to suggest we cannot do better than adopt our President's watchword of "Each for all and all for each"; and the second requirement is *Practice*.

We can best realise that we are carrying out the first requirement by seeing to it that our demeanour both on the field and off is a living example of the "team" spirit from every point of view.

Every run saved is going to help the averages of our bowlers and at the same time is going to reduce the aggregate score each Saturday of our opponents, and thus bring victory within measurable bounds of possibility.

Even though any one of us may be unfortunate with the bat, we can always retrieve our reputation by seeing that not a single run is made by our opponents that can be saved.

It behoves each one of us to strain every effort to grasp the elusive ball and bring off a brilliant catch or "put our best foot forward" to overtake it, to prevent it reaching the boundary.

With the bat let each one of us make up our minds to practice during the first few overs of each innings self-restraint and patience, and refuse to be tempted by that tempting rising ball which, if we touch, may mean that we shall succumb to one or other of the alert slips.

These are ideals for us all to aim for, but we can only bring them within the bounds of accomplishment by concentrating on regular practice.

Now, may I make an appeal to *all* playing members of the Club to make up their

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minds to put in *at least* two practice nights each week. We are doing our best to make it more interesting. A slip-catching board has been made and is available to harden our hands and quicken our eye, and if there is sufficient keenness it will be possible to arrange practice for each night of the week.

Quite frankly, I am proud of our team and I am absolutely certain in my own mind that we have the material and the enthusiasm to turn out a really smart and formidable First XI.; and with regard to our second string, there is already much promise of others who are coming along and showing considerable ability for the game.

If any member has any suggestions to make to improve the team I shall be delighted if they will send them along.

Now let us make up our minds that we are not going to lose a single match this year, and that we shall make the 1928 season famous so far as the Harris Cricket Club is concerned.

P. T. KNOWLES.

Editor's Note.—It is "up to" each section to make use of the publicity afforded by the Magazine. Will Secretaries please note?

* * *

Wedding Bells.

Miss L. Slade, on the occasion of her leaving to be married, was on Friday, March 9th, the recipient of a beautiful Wedgwood blue china tea service, subscribed by the staff of the Lacquer Dept. and some other friends. Miss Slade had been three years in the service of the Company, and leaves with our good wishes for her future happiness.

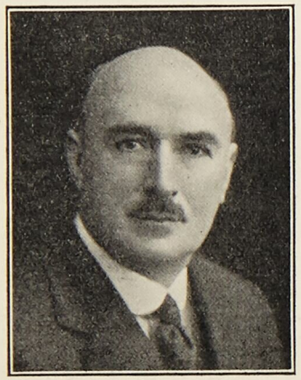
CALNE CARNIVAL—MAY 23-26.

We should like to urge upon all our readers the necessity for creating a Carnival atmosphere. Will everyone make some attempt at house decoration. Apart from the prizes offered, the gaily decorated houses give our visitors a pleasing and lasting impression of our activities in this direction.

Many good things have been arranged by the Committee and it is for us to do our part by making Calne look its gayest.

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. H. LUDGATE.



Mr. H. Ludgate, our present manager of the Ipswich businesses, entered the bacon trade 38 years ago as a junior in the office of Thomas Harris and Sons. He has a very distinct recollection of the amalgamation of the two firms of Thomas Harris and Son and Chas. Harris & Co.

After a few years at Calne he joined the Wiltshire Bacon Co., Chippenham, upon the occasion of that factory's first commencing operations. A few years later he left Chippenham for Highbridge, and after many years at Highbridge he went to Ipswich to take charge upon the opening of the firm of Harris (Ipswich) Ltd. in 1921, in conjunction with which he became manager of the business of Robert Seager, Ltd., which was acquired by the Directors at that time. At Highbridge Mr. Ludgate also had control of the West of England Creamery, and during the war was appointed, under the Ministry of Food, as a member of the Caerphilly Cheese Committee for the control and distribution of Caerphilly cheese. Mr. Ludgate is a very strong believer in success coming to the man who makes up his mind he will be successful, and has complete confidence that there will be a great future before us, in spite of the many difficulties the trade has met and will, no doubt, continue to meet.

He is a member of the Ipswich Chamber of Commerce and also the Ipswich Rotary Club. Mr. Ludgate's chief hobby is gardening, and in this respect he is very lucky in being the happy possessor of a fine garden.

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The Broad Highway.

WE were fortunate in having more bacon available to meet the Easter remand than had been the case for some weeks past. It is at any rate encouraging to note that as soon as we are able to reduce prices to a level reasonably near to the price of imported bacon we are still able to show an immediate increase in orders. We all hope that as time goes on supplies of pigs will become more stabilised, and the whole industry on a steadier footing, to enable Harris Wiltshire Bacon to take a far more prominent position in the bacon market. That position can certainly be attained if we can secure the supplies of pigs at steady prices.

Writing these notes just before Easter, we are in the throes of the holiday rush on the small goods side also. Easter always serves to give us some indication of what is to come later, and judging by this week's demand we should have a very busy season indeed for Harris Cooked Meats.

After Easter we have the Manchester Exhibition, where we have a big stand, and where we are eagerly waiting the opportunity of following up the recent considerable increase in the demand for cooked meats in this area. We are also here trying out the Harris Sample Box, a new departure which we hope will form a valuable means of introducing Harris Wiltshire Delicacies to a large number of the general public. More of this anon.

On the premises of a licensed retailer in Cheltenham we have seen an announcement "Families supplied in cask or bottle," but the dignified firm of Harris were hardly prepared to receive the following telegram: "Send the two sons when ready. Made satisfactory arrangements."

We read with very great interest the account of the Exhibition in Glasgow.

Glasgow is very fortunate in having such a fine Exhibition Hall, which is worthy of a great city. This is just what we lack.

For many years we have discouraged exhibitions in Manchester because of this, many other large firms taking the same action. This year, however, the large hall in Belle Vue Gardens has been secured, and an exhibition will be run under the Northern Council of Grocers' Associations and the Manchester, Salford and District Grocers' Association. The trade have taken this up enthusiastically, and we shall have a stand there.

No doubt our friends beyond the Tweed are familiar with the keen friendly rivalry between Glasgow University Students and Manchester University Students in their efforts each year on behalf of local hospitals. A day each year is set apart by the students for a "rag," and the town is almost given over to them for that day. Pedestrians, motor cars, tram cars, etc., are held up and your money demanded at the pistol point. Glasgow set the pace some years ago as to which city could collect the most on that day. Manchester took up the challenge, and Glasgow's total has been topped each year until this year they (Glasgow) raised the magnificent total of £17,000. While there is the utmost rivalry to beat each other's total collections, the students help each other on their respective "rag" days.

It occurred to me that something of this spirit could be introduced to our exhibitions.

I have no doubt the directors will know, annually, if the results are justifiable. I am therefore throwing out the challege to Glasgow. I have no doubt Mr. Bodinnar would act as adjudicator. Figures need not be mentioned, but the results summed up broadly—total cash sales, number of new accounts opened, and general beneficial results to the firm.

Now Glasgow, what about it?

A.E.K., MANCHESTER.

Pigs.

There is very little life in the pig market. Supplies are short and prices have shown little improvement since we last wrote. We seem to have reached a period which is "between seasons," and our remarks apply equally to pork and bacon pigs.

For the next few months it is to be expected that quotations for the former will be lower, but any increase in price for pigs of bacon weight is not anticipated.

Prices for feeding stuffs continue to be on a high level, though there are signs of weakening in some quarters.

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

In a recent Ambulance Examination held for Bristol Scouts and Guides the following were some of the answers which did not help their originators to pass:—

Treatment of Epileptic Fits.—Prevent patient from biting his teeth with a spoon.

Arterial Bleeding.—If a man cuts both caratoid arteries apply tourniquet which is a key with a pencil in it.

(We might mention that the arteries meant are the carotid arteries, which are in the neck.)

Treatment for Carbolic Acid Poisoning.—Give patient ½-lb. Epsom salts in half-pint of warm milk.

Treatment for Acid Poisoning.—Give an alcohol such as lime water.

A.J.C.

* * *

CHIPPENHAM.

We at Chippenham have read with interest the activities of the "Welfare and Entertainment Society" and especially the account of the annual meeting held on Dec. 9th, 1927, which unanimously decided upon a scheme to provide for one organisation, called "Harris Welfare Association."

We wish this Association every success and prosperity in the future.

It is our regret here that it is not possible for us to associate ourselves with this splendid organisation with its common interest "each for all."

Our circumstances at Chippenham will not allow us to develop our energies after office hours along such ideal lines as at Calne, but we should like our Calne friends to know that our staff here contributes very largely towards the welfare and social needs of our town of Chippenham.

The success of the Chippenham Y.M.C.A. Club is in a great measure due to the efforts of our Mr. Edgar Tucker as Financial Secretary, who has worked untiringly since it was founded in 1921 by our Managing Director, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar. This institution is also supported by a good number of our staff.

On February 20th and 21st, 1928, in St. Paul's Parish Hall, an Operetta was given, entitled "The Royal Jester," in aid of the Boys' and Girls' Cricket Club of that parish. The nucleus of the company who gave the performance was our office staff. Our Mr. John Swayne was the musical director (also secretary), and from other of our members we saw principals, chorus and stewards.

The writer hopes that before the Magazine which contains these few lines is in the hands of our Calne readers the majority of them will have seen a performance of "Iolanthe," given by the Chippenham Gilbert and Sullivan Society in the Neeld Hall in aid of the extension fund of the Chippenham Cottage Hospital. This Society also has a large number of our staff helping to further the good work of the above-mentioned institution. Mr. P. B. Coward is a very able business and advertising manager, Mr. John Swayne has acted as deputy conductor and is also an important member of the orchestra, three of our staff are in the chorus, and another works behind the scenes.

We feel certain our Calne friends will agree that we at Chippenham are using our "after office" energy to the fullest extent in trying to do someone else a little good.

W.H.W.

* * *

DUNMOW.

While conversing with a friend a short while ago I had to be patient while he chatted about coincidences. That life is full of them we know, and most of us can recount some exceptional coincidence or other.

My friend had a "wonderful" one to tell me, which I pass on to those who read this page, wondering at the same time who is coming along to beat it.

How much truth may be coupled with it I dare not say, but here is the sequence of events as they were given me:—

"A short time ago my mother-in-law, after a hurried visit, left behind a gold brooch. I immediately hurried out with it, and the number of the pawnticket was 7002. This number coincided with the number of the local constabulary official who called to consult me about the matter. When mother-in-law arrived I saw 7002 stars. I mollified her by buving her a lottery ticket. Curiously enough, the number of the ticket was 7002. By a strange coincidence, it won the 7002nd prize, consisting of a bag of blue peas. I counted the peas; by a most inexplicable mischance the peas failed to total 7002. The total was 3501. With a view to completing the remarkable cycle of coincidence I sat up all night halving each pea, with the result that the first rays of dawn found me with 7002 split peas."

E.W.W.

Distinction.

Apparently they have no illusions about we "Commercials" in Nottingham. In a window of a house in Nottingham I saw yesterday a card bearing this legend: "Lodgings for respectable men and Commercial Travellers."

Sensitive prisoner (who had been sentenced, to judge): "I 'ave a request to make to your worship."

Judge: "What is it?"

Prisoner: "Can I be sent from here to the prison in a plain van?"

A Scotsman turned up at a wedding with a live fowl under each arm. "Why, Jock, whatever have you brought them with you, for?" asked his pal. "I thought there was sure to be a bit of rice about," said Jock.

E. Pallier.

It was amusing to read of the travelling troubles of poor John (which were passed on for the benefit of readers in the February issue) who alighted at Reading thinking it might be Paddington. Had he not been blessed with a good wife it is most likely that he would have been stranded in the biscuit town for Xmas.

These remarks may convey the impression that the writer is thinking of that great sense "A woman's intuition," and that John is to be congratulated on having a wife to take care of him—perhaps he is—in fact, I feel sure he must be truly blessed. But after crediting Mrs. John for the way in which she helped him out of the mess, we must not lose sight of the fact that had he been a single man the probability is that he would have spent the Xmas quietly in his native town and been quite safe.

In other words I am suggesting that one of the weaker sex not only helped John out of a mess, but also, in the first place, helped him into it.

A woman is like the weather; we meet her at every turn. One day we are favoured the sun shines—another—well, it just hails, and so on. You may depend, whenever there is a story worth telling, that a woman is in it somewhere; she is always the motive or driving power.

Just to further illustrate, perhaps the following true story will serve. Mr. X (who works in this office and whom it concerns) will not mind being used in this way I feel sure. I've had it on very good authority that his leg has already been pulled to its maximum, so he should be hardened by now.

Mr. X, one Saturday morning, arrived at the office looking very nice indeed, buttonhole and so one, perhaps somewhat flushed and excited. Presently he made it known that he would like to get away, if possible, a little earlier as he desired to spend the week-end away, and wished to catch a good train. Of course he did not say why he was so anxious, but I am told it was easy to guess as those who are reading may have also guessed. There was a woman behind it all; she was turning the wheels of destiny and urging Mr. X to risk this adventure for her sake—and he did. That he got out of the train three stations before he really should is by the way, except that he had to finish the journey on foot.

He had a nice enjoyable week-end and Monday morning arrived all too soon. Thinking that another week would soon roll by, and how happy had every moment been during the week-end just gone, he caught a train at Cambridge which was to convey him as far as Bishop's Stortford where a change would have to be made for Dunmow. The train eventually came to a halt at Bishop's Stortford, but when Mr. X awoke from his dreams and visions of the girl he had left behind he found that his station also had been left behind, and that he was at Liverpool Street, some forty miles from where he ought to be.

Instead of arriving in Dunmow at 9 a.m. he turned up something like 4 p.m., and in this little story, as in the case of John, we trace the main cause to a woman. With all the troubles they may bring, however, their charm, kindliness of heart, and devotion, to mention only a few of their virtues, are enough to promote the words, "We wouldn't do without 'em."

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EASTLEIGH.

A.B.C. of "Four Counties."

A. is for Arthur, the engineer's name.
B. is for Billy, the stoker of fame.
C. is for Charlie, new on the tank.
D. is for "Dehair," all rattle and clank.
E. is for Everyone, here on the firm.
F. is for Foreman, who makes slackers squirm.
G. is for "Gut-room," Paddy's domain.
H. is for Horn, all money and brain.
I. is for "Inside" of which we are proud.
J. is for Joe, who will pass in a crowd.
K. is for Killing, the days we enjoy.
L. is for Liver, a digestible toy.
M. is for Martin, I know the name well.
O. is for Offal, the mall-bags do swell.
P. is for Pearce, a butcher so brave.
Q. is for Questions, viz., "Does he behave?"
R. is for Rumour, with which we are free.
S. is for Stanley, a "noble" man he.
T. is for Taffy, who's now an old lag.
U. is for Uses of our Harris' "Mag."
V. is for "Venus," Carter's old flame.
W. is for Water, after beer would be tame.
X. is for Xmas, and Chitty's delight.
Y. is for Youngster, who welcome the night.
Z. is for something, I can't make it rhyme.
"7.30," shouts Freddie, "and be here to time."

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

Our best wishes to Mr. W. A. Emery for a speedy recovery after his operation for appendicitis.

* * *

IPSWICH.

The month of March was heralded by several very fine days, to be immediately followed by a heavy fall of snow, giving us the impression that Christmas was once more with us. The whole countryside was snowbound for the second week-end in March, and all found getting to business on the Monday morning a very wintry affair, the roads being covered by about five inches of snow. Fortunately, however, it very rapidly disappeared, and since then, with only occasional wet days, we have had a really nice month.

The countryside is showing definite traces of Spring, and we really feel that we are at last saying good-bye to a long and somewhat dreary winter.

We have been kept nicely busy at the Factory for practically the whole month, and seeing it is freely stated that a fine summer is before us we look forward to a busy time, which usually goes with a fine summer.

The writer recollects that the only real summer we have had since the Factory commenced operations in Ipswich in 1921 was in that year. He has a distinct recollection of spending his holiday in Cornwall that year, unfortunately choosing a very wet period just before leaving the West of England for East Anglia, and he could not help being struck by the fact that upon leaving Cornwall the whole country was green and fresh as spring, whilst in the Eastern counties a few days later all was looking very parched and dry.

It is generally stated that the rainfall in East Anglia is less than in any other part of England, but we cannot say we have been impressed by this feature so far, and can only state that if the rainfall elsewhere has been in excess of that experienced in this neighbourhood there must be a great deal of fine weather long overdue.

As we write these lines we are all looking forward to a brief break from business at Easter, which will prove most welcome, especially if the weather is fine.

We would take this opportunity of once more reminding our friends in the West that a holiday spent on the East Coast would prove a nice change. True, we have not the scenery of Somerset and Devon, but there are a number of coast towns offering attractions, and being within easy reach of each other, give an opportunity of variety. We naturally hope that any of our friends from the West who decide to visit East Anglia will make a point of calling to see us, as we do not often see old friends this way. To those needing a bracing air, it is particularly attractive.

We have no news of an outstanding nature to communicate in respect to the Ipswich Factory, but all appear to be quite happy, and we are jogging along, doing our bit to the best of our ability.

The photograph of Mr. Roynon in last month's Picture Gallery was of great interest to us at Ipswich, several of us, of course, having known him for many years. The writer's recollection of "William" goes back nearly forty years, when he used to sit side by side with him in the office at Calne.

"William" was always very fond of dogs, and the writer remembers that the first dog he ever possessed was one from Mr. Roynon—a collie called "Skip." "William" will no doubt be interested to learn that all through the years that have passed since every dog the writer has had has been called by the same name, "Skip."

Talking of the time when Mr. Roynon used to be at the Calne Office reminds us that Mr. John Powney was also there at the same time, as well as Mr. Maurice Holley. It is good to feel that after so many years we are still so closely associated with the firm of "Harris," and this should be a source of encouragement to present juniors, as what can be done by one is possible for another. It is well-known that the directors are only too ready, at all times, to encourage those who really take a deep interest in their work and are anxious to rise to better positions.

Our hearty congratulations are extended to Mr. A. E. Webb, of Seager's Carr Street shop, who has become the proud father of a daughter. We have no hesitation in using the word "proud."

* * *

LONDON.

On Saturday, the 17th, I joined the crowd of 65,000 people to witness what most of us regard as the leading Amateur Sports event of the year. I refer to the Annual Rugger Match for the Calcutta Cup between England and Scotland. As one who has always taken a lively interest in the advancement of the Rugger Code of Football I was delighted to know that Calne now runs a Rugby XV. Rugby is almost an essential part of the social life of all great business houses. The big London Stores such as the Army and Navy, Selfridge's, and Harrod's now run XV's, and one of the best of the London Clubs is "Lensbury," which is formed from the Shell Mex Combination and has supplied Internationals to the English side.

The Club of which I was recently an honorary member, that of Harrow, is now so big as to field six XV's into the field in a day. What I like about Rugger Club football is that it is a very hard and rough, but clean game, and is run for the sake of the play almost entirely free from any gate money influence and what gate money influence too often implies.

Where I live, at Watford, we are making great efforts to keep out Greyhound Racing from the town. We have big open spaces given up to Sports, and we think that when men get too old to play Football it is better in every way for them to *play* some milder game such as Golf or Bowls. And as Jimmy Thomas said the other day, when speaking about the spread of this sport, "It is wrong that the kiddies' Sunday dinner should have to depend on whether a dog wins a race."

Reverting to the Rugby Match. Some thousands of Scots turned up to support their side, and a number of them clad in what is alleged to be the national costume. I immediately thought of our Mr. Stewart and how he has promised at the first opportunity to entertain us with imitations of Harry Lauder in the Harry Lauder costume. I do not think this costume is now worn South of the Tweed, and I wonder how often North of the Tweed. There is one thing about the Scottish Rugby Union which we, in the South of England, do not understand, and perhaps some one in the know can explain. It is the custom in these matches that all players shall have a number and the rule is observed by the English, Irish, Welsh and French Rugby Unions, but the Scottish Rugby Union will not have it, and so their men take the field un-numbered, and the spectators are left to find out as best they may who is who.

R. E. H.

* * *

REDRUTH.

We are happy to say that Mrs. Crowley, the wife of our foreman, is now well on the road to recovery, and we hope that she will soon be able to get out and about again.

The "Emerald Isle," a Comic Opera, was presented by the local Operatic Society all last week with great success. Our engineer, Mr. W. Pengelly, was to be seen in the orchestra as usual, helping on the musical side of the programme.

With the near approach of the Easter holidays we are anticipating an increased

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demand for " Harris " Bacon. No doubt we shall have our usual influx of visitors. We certainly think that the slogan the " West is Best " can be amply justified by the wonderful and varied scenery the counties of Devon and Cornwall have to offer. To our friends in other Branches we would say, if you want to see the sea come to "Cornwall." I hope that our Editor will agree to pass this without comment, although our Highbridge friends may be induced to advocate the claims of Burnham and Weston-super-Mare. Our coast line, however, really is magnificent and the sea scenery unexcelled. If you decide to visit our county this year, you will be comforted by the knowledge that a bit of good old " Harris " bacon can be obtained right down to the very extremity of the county.

The benefits of our railway siding, by which we are enabled to unload our pigs direct instead of having to drive them all through the town, were brought home to us by a few stories related by our foreman of the days of long ago, when we had to drive pigs from the station, a distance of quite half a mile from the factory. In a difficult situation in the centre of the town the drivers were compelled to make use of the tails and ears of the pigs to induce them to " Arise and Walk." An irate doctor of the town, who no doubt had a somewhat trying day, asked the men what they meant by pulling the pigs' tails and ears about. He got the reply that they were put on by nature to be pulled. This so infuriated him that he threatened to lock the whole lot of them up, but nothing further was heard about it afterwards.

Another lady would never allow her gates to be closed, with the result that her choice flowers were one day devoured by a herd of inquisitive Baconers.

We hear on another occasion of pigs visiting a Drapery Establishment, to the great astonishment of the ladies employed therein.

No doubt our friends in other Branches could relate similar stories.

Congratulations on the March issue, which we think is one of the best yet issued.

CORNUBIAN.

TIVERTON.

We at this Branch on the 15th inst. had the pleasure of renewing acquaintances with Calne by a visit from Mr. R. P. Redman; our one hope is that his next visit will not be of such a short duration.

We are also pleased to report that our killings for the first three months of 1928 are well up on the corresponding three months of 1927, and we should again like to appeal through the medium of the Magazine to ask all agents to help us to keep this up for the remainder of the year. We know supplies are getting very short in the district, but will all agents do their utmost to obtain supplies.

DUMPLING.

TOTNES.

Our sincerest sympathies are with Miss Edwards on her recent sad bereavement.

A note has been received from our Editor saying the monthly copy is now due for the Magazine, and the problem before us is what can we find to write home about?

We have had a reminder that winter is past (at least officially) in the shape of abnormal spring tides, which have been by far the highest since our factory was built. The land to the rear of the buildings has resembled a miniature lake; the water once reaching across the main street at the lower end during the height of the morning tide. This caused our retail manager some anxiety as to how to get to his shop in time for opening; however, the friendly driver of a passing vehicle came to his aid, and he was soon seen riding in triumph to work, not in a Rolls Royce car, but just an ordinary dust cart.

At a meeting, recently held, we decided the date of our factory outing, this being June 16th, and the programme a charabanc drive to Looe and Polperro on the Cornish coast, via Dartmoor, and returning by way of Plymouth. Everyone is hoping that the weather will prove more kind to us than last year, in which case the day should prove a most enjoyable and memorable one.

W. J. T.

A country boy was stuffing himself at a school feast when a gentleman said to him, " My boy, if you eat so much you'll make your stomach ache "; and the boy replied promptly, " I tell 'ee he do ache, and I means to make he ache a deal more afore I've done with he."

An affable preacher made a habit of having his midday meal at a restaurant where several commercial travellers did likewise. These young men made a regular practice of trying to pull the leg of the Rev. gentleman by asking him a host of ridiculous questions and making fun of his answers. The manager of the establishment observing that this lack of courtesy was always received with apparent indifference, questioned the clergyman respectfully on the point and the latter replied, " Oh well, my dear sir, I am quite used to such proceedings, having been chaplain at a lunatic asylum for a number of years."

* * *

THE HAZEL GROVE.

Nature guards well the secret of this place,
No boisterous winds disturb the water's face
Probing its mystery—but gentle breezes stir
To solemn harmony the drooping fir,
Awaking oft upon yon wooded slope,
Soft resounding echoes born of hope.

Here as we walk the hazel catkins wave
And shake soft pollen over winter's grave.
Here sings the thrush unable to control
The deepest notes of joy within his soul.
Here Nature keeps the things she holds most dear,
There is no room for aught but gladness here.

At our approach a pheasant starts in fright,
Discordant cries accompany its flight.
But had it known the hearts that in us beat
It never would have left this calm retreat;
But here would feel as safe, as much at rest,
As in the thicket that conceals its nest.

We'll gaze a while, and then we'll steal away;
We cannot claim it as our right to stay.
Nothing in all this lovely place is ours;
The water, birds, the trees, and e'en the flowers
Are Nature's own; softly we'll leave this glen
And seek again the common ways of men.

E. HOWSE.

Photographic Notes.

HINTS ON TANK DEVELOPING.

Perhaps the most common trouble in tank development is due to the film not being stuck securely down to the spool paper before it is wound into the apron. Printed on the paper of every spool is the question: " Have you attached end of film?" As this is visible when winding the spool paper on to the flanged reel there is no good excuse for omitting this very necessary detail. If the film is not stuck down, or not stuck down securely, its natural curl will cause it to take the wrong path and it will enter the apron with its sensitive side in contact with the outside of the spool paper, so that the developer will not have proper access to it. In the case of an autographic spool the film will be sandwiched between the two papers.

The gummed end of the paper "sticker" should be moistened sufficiently to soften the gum but not so much as to wash it off; the sticker should then be pressed firmly into contact. Using a damp sponge is risky, as only the gum should be softened, and it is ruinous to allow any water to get on to the film.

It is important that the spool should be correctly loaded into the box. If the spool unrolls from the bottom the apron must unroll the same way.

Be sure to put the spool in the right way up, otherwise the film will unwind with its face to the apron and be spoilt. If the apron unwinds from below, the spool should also unwind from below and vice versa.

Loose winding is a bad fault, which may lead to the film buckling. You should hold back slightly on the free handle when winding the film into the apron. It is a good plan to let your left hand rest on the top of the tank with the fingers over the side, so as to catch on the free handle at each revolution; but you must not hold back the handle with any great force, for this is just as bad as loose winding.

When all the film has been wound into the apron as indicated by the handle turning quite freely, remove the lid of the box and, if the end of the spool paper comes outside

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the apron, gently tighten up the film by taking hold of the paper and giving a fraction of a turn to the handle. Finally, remove the reel and apron, without any squeezing, and keep the apron taut by means of an india-rubber band.

Your developer should already be prepared and measured out into the tank, but it should not have been allowed to stand for any great length of time before use. Hold the apron with the hook provided and lower it slowly into the solution. Move it up and down rather quickly about six times—never out of the solution—to dispel "air-bells". (Air-bells will cause little circular spots in the negatives.)

The film now being in the solution, put the lid on the tank, shake once or twice and, during the development, invert the tank five or six times at intervals.

Never fix the film in the apron. When the development is complete, rinse the film and apron in three changes of water. The film is then not very sensitive to light and may be taken out in subdued light and passed into the fixing bath.

Remember that the apron should be well cleaned after use by washing down with water and polishing with a soft, dry cloth.

When your negatives have been developed in a tank it is necessary that you should use the Acid Fixing Bath recommended, because in tank development there is often a tendency to local staining on the back of the film.

These stains will be entirely removed by a sufficient immersion in the ordinary Acid Fixing Bath, say about fifteen minutes.



"Good Friends"
(Kodak "Snapshot.)

Just Between Ourselves.

NEEDLECRAFT CLASS.

THESE Classes closed for the season on the 15th March, after what may be termed a very successful session.

The numbers kept up remarkably well. On our first evening we numbered 30, and on the last 45, the average attendance being 40.

It was very interesting to see the way in which new ideas were taken up by the girls, and although at first rug-making seemed to be the most popular undertaking very soon raffia work in all its branches and cane basket making were in full swing. In this particular work we were very much helped by Miss Eattell, who kindly gave up her Thursday evenings to the class, and we are very grateful indeed to her for her help and interest.

Plain sewing, too, claimed its devotees, if it could be called "plain" sewing on such very pretty materials, and the girls owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Hudson for her skilful cutting out for them. Her presence and help were greatly appreciated.

The class also numbered amongst its members some very clever embroideresses. I feel quite sure if some of the writers in certain papers who lament at great length on the "incapability of our modern girls" and compare her with our grandmothers who, according to them, sat for hours sewing fine seams and greatly enjoyed doing so, could have looked in at the Company's Hall on any Thursday night during the winter they would have had their pessimism cured by a scene of happy busy-ness which would have for ever put an end to their lamentations over the modern girl. Whatever may be the case in other places certainly in Calne there are girls who are thoroughly capable of doing very fine needlework indeed.

I cannot close this little report without mentioning one member who was most regular in her attendance (she never missed a single Thursday), although that is not my chief reason for mentioning her. I refer to Mrs. Sewell, whose help at the beginning in interesting the girls in the factory in our little venture certainly made it go with a swing which it would not have acquired had it not been for her enthusiasm. Personally I feel most grateful to her for all she did in so many quiet ways to make our evenings enjoyable.

Our thanks are also due to the Company for allowing us the use of the hall and providing fire and light during the winter, thus making it possible for the class to meet under comfortable conditions, and we also thank all our friends who by their interest and practical help have made the season such a success. MARIAN.

LIST OF WELDON'S PUBLICATIONS FOR APRIL.

Catalogue of Fashions.
Ladies' Journal.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Children's Fashions.
Smart Styles for Out-sizes.
Costumes, Coats and Millinery.
Crochet Laces.
First Woollies for Baby.

HOCKEY NOTES.

During March we have played four matches, the results being as follow:—

	Goals F.	A.
3—Avon Rubber Co. ...	5	2
10—Tytherton	0	0
17—Erlestoke	3	3
24—Rodbourne Cheney ...	1	1

The team's play is improving every week, and it is fairly safe to predict that next season we shall be able to turn out a very strong first eleven. W.W.

The Swedish Drill Classes (which have been organised this season by the Hockey Club) were brought to a close on March 27th. The members of the Club took the opportunity of showing their appreciation of the services so willingly rendered by Sergt.-Major Blackford by presenting him with a case of briar pipes. The Captain (Miss M. Fennell), in asking Mrs. Bodinnar to make the presentation, said she was voicing the feelings of everybody in thanking Sergt.-Major Blackford for the whole-hearted way in which he took over and developed the class.

Mrs. Bodinnar, in making the presentation, expressed the hope that the girls had benefited from the exercises and also that they would continue the class next season.

Sergt. Blackford expressed his thanks for the gift, and said it had been a pleasure to him to have been of service, and he would be only too pleased to help the Club at any time.

A very pleasant little ceremony was concluded by the captain tendering Mrs. Bodinnar the thanks of the members of the Club for her kindly interest in all the activities of the girls, and asking her acceptance of a bouquet. M.F.

* * *

"REMEMBER THE GROTTO."

I wonder whether the boyhood pastime of grotto building is known in the West? As a boy, living at Tunbridge Wells, it used to be my delight in building, with the assistance of others, an edifice which we called a grotto. The material for its construction varied. We used to use small shells, pieces of rock, moss and so on. In London they were usually constructed of oyster shells. Sometimes they were built against the wall and other times a complete cone. Completed, they were not unlike the shape of kaffir huts one sees in pictures. The interior contained a piece of candle which, as dusk fell, was carefully lit. Patience was required in the building and when it is realised that the wall consisted of rows upon rows of oyster shells and the like it will be readily understood the infinite care which was exercised. The most careful builder was selected to light up at eventide. We all held our breath as slowly and steadily a few shells were taken from the wall to permit of the insertion of the lighted taper. The suspense during the unplacement of the shells was terrific. With gasps of relief and the murmurs of delight one stepped back to admire the result.

"Please remember the Grotto," was usually written by our expert draughtsman, on the pavement, and passers-by, with a smile of encouragement, often rewarded our efforts. The policeman on duty always turned the blind eye to our activities, and with a kindly smile passed on.

It would be interesting to learn the origin of this custom of childhood days. If any of the readers of the Magazine happen to know the "how and why" it would make interesting reading. G.A.W.

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Our Post Bag.

SPRING CLEANING.

The Editor, Harris Magazine.

Dear Sir,

The ladies are now well to the fore, and I was wondering if they could solve a problem that has puzzled me for some time now.

Just about this time of the year male folk are harassed by frenzied ladies stricken with a disease called by the polite name of "Spring Cleaning." Cherished pipes and so on are not to be found. Furniture in odd corners have a knack of finding the weak spots in one's anatomy. The mere man has to accept the murmured "Spring cleaning, my dear," as an all-satisfying excuse.

The object of this letter is to discover, if possible, the origin of the peace destroying vice. Can any of our ladies tell us who invented Spring Cleaning, and why it was done?

There is another point, why is there not an Autumn Cleaning? The summer with its brightness (if we are lucky) has a knack of showing the worn places, etc., hence one reason of indulging in the pleasure (?) of turning one's belongings upside down. Do the ladies consider that as the dreariness of winter hides the worn places, etc., there is no need to indulge in the "Spring Cleaning" rites? If so, it is a reflection on the honesty of purpose one associates with the fair sex.

"PIPELESS."

* * *

The Editor, Harris Magazine.

Dear Sir,

May I be permitted to express one or two thoughts in our Magazine on an Association which I am sure is very largely in the minds of most of us. The Welfare Association is now an accomplished act and although there are bound to be troubled waters to sail over before its inception becomes another milestone in our social history I have every confidence in our skipper and his merry men.

Criticism—This is evitable, but let us all strive to see that when it is used that it shall be of the constructive variety and not the destructive sort.

Committee Work.—To the members I would say don't let one or two have all the talking to do. Do your bit and voice your own opinion on each question. Only then is it possible for the Chairman to know the mind of his committee before putting questions to vote.

"ONLOOKER."

* * *

RUGBY IN THE WEST.

As Rugby appears to be taking hold of the sporting element of Calne, a brief history of our Redruth Rugby Club may be of interest. The Club was started in 1875 and in those days a team consisted of 16 forwards, 2 half backs and 2 full backs and was mostly a forward game. There being no referees, upon the Captains fell the responsibility of maintaining order and discipline and rarely did they fail. Members of the Club provided their own kit and paid their own expenses as gate money was unknown.

In 1892 J. Longden, the famous Swansea three quarter, took up residence in Redruth and threw in his lot with the local club. His coming revolutionised the style of play, not only in Redruth, but throughout the County. From thence onwards Cornwall made rapid strides and in 1908 they secured premier honours amongst the Counties of England and included five internationals in their team. Mention of internationals brings the reminder that Redruth is the only town in Cornwall that has produced three of these distinctive players. It also claims the present international referee, Mr. Jackson.

The "Reds" have had a wonderful season this year and at the time of writing have only lost one match. Amongst their victories should be mentioned that over Newton Abbot, inasmuch as it was the first defeat that team had suffered on their own ground in five years.

County Rugby in Cornwall has reached a high standard. The "Cousin Jacks" have the proud distinction of being Champions of the West, and at the time of writing have qualified by a splendid victory over Middlesex at Twickenham to meet Yorkshire in the final for the County Championship.

W.B.F., REDRUTH.

* * *

We noticed in our local paper that a Flappers' Club had been started in Ipswich. To quote a learned judge, "What are flappers?"

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2. —— NO. 5.

MAY, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

WE are far enough into our second year to indicate to our readers that the interest in our Magazine is maintained.

We should be glad to hear that the few who are not regular readers are now taking in the Magazine regularly.

After all, the price is extremely low and the cost of producing is considerable. It is only by the good office of the Firm that we are able to finance the Magazine, and we do ask for the wholehearted support of everybody.

Our Distributors still maintain their enthusiasm and keenness. To them we tender our best thanks. On them falls the burden of seeing our Magazine is in everyone's hand. Will all our friends see their names are on the Distributor's book and will our Distributors see that *everyone* in their Department or Branch is a regular reader. We have no reason to complain of the quality or quantity of contributors. There are just one or two things where improvements could be made. The chatty and interesting paragraphs that appear under "By the Way" should be greater. We hear of incidents long after they have happened. Do please send in your paragraphs early and *often*. We should like to hear more frequently from our "Friends Elsewhere."

Our readers will remember a suggestion being made regarding articles of a controversial nature. We publish this month one that has been written expressly for this purpose and we do hope a number of our readers will respond. We would also welcome further articles of a similar nature. One title occurs to us and is this: "Is present day education worth while?" Think well round this question and send along your views.

Finally we do ask all our readers to take an active interest in our Magazine and so keep up the standard we have set ourselves.

Between Ourselves.

FIRST I must express my thanks to many who have written in regard to my article last month. I should like to hear from many more, and in particular I should like the views of those who are actually operating in our factories; so far I have heard from none of that portion of the staff.

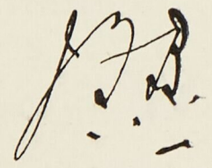
Next month I hope to summarise the various suggestions and criticisms which I have received, in the hope that we may be able to draw some useful inferences from them.

Many of the older members of the Staff will have heard with much regret of the death of Mr. Edmund Frayling. In his younger days he was associated with the work of the No. 2 Factory Office. When the West of England Bacon Co., Redruth, was taken over in 1901 he went to Cornwall to manage that Factory. His kindly, thoughtful disposition quickly won for him the confidence of all those who were in the Redruth business, and he was held in the greatest respect up to the time of his retirement in 1913, by the sections of the public life into which he entered so whole-heartedly in the Cornish mining town. The writer of these Notes has lost one of his best friends through the passing of Mr. Frayling.

Calne seems all agog these days, with preparations for the Carnival, and following it, our own Welfare Association's Flower Show and Exhibition. The more we all get together in these ways of social activity and service, the better will it be for the other relationships in which we are so closely engaged.

Most of you who read these lines are engaged in planing your summer holiday. It is a mistake to look forward to a holiday merely for the purposes of a "laze." A definite plan as to the spending of the period will give a sense of satisfaction when the time comes to take up work again.

Some people indulge their hobbies on these occasions, and earn the laughter of their friends. It is very certain that the mind will not be idle, so that one would suggest for the ideal holiday a well-exercised mind, and such use of the physical powers as may be possible, so as to get an all-round development, which will enable a return to duty with a clear vision and taut muscles.



* * *

WHEN.

When things are dismal do not weep
Or try by song from care to keep;
If from emotion you refrain,
And act, the more shall be your gain.

When things are bright don't lose your head,
Do foolish acts in wisdom's stead,
But pick your way where paths are clear,
Or joy, short lived, will disappear.

View everything, what e're may come;
Not meet with act, regret as done;
Thus you may find the joy of life,
For such example calmeth strife.

THOMAS H. HARVEY, TOTNES.

* * *

It is not the length of life that is important. What does matter is that it should be happy and useful.—*Sir Edward Clarke.*

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By The Way.

We all heard with deep regret of the passing of John Ogilvie on Monday, April 23rd. All knew him as a true sport and a man's man. The sympathy of all members of the Firm, we feel sure, is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie and family, in their sad bereavement.

"Greater love hath no man than this."

* * *

The sympathy of all our readers, especially those at Ipswich, is with Mr. and Mrs. Baldry in the sad loss of their little girl.

* * *

The mystery of the "Very Fresh" cheddars is now explained. In re-invoicing the cheddars to "G.W.B." the department at Calne interpreted "V.F." as being "Very Fresh." We must consider the department in question as being "T.F."

* * *

The reply given by a youngster to an enquiry after someone's health was "She is worser, miss." "Now, Johnny, 'worser' is not right." "I mean, miss, she is iller." "No, no, that is worse still, think again." "Well, miss, she is badder." The teacher gave it up after that.

* * *

Much indignation was felt amongst those people who did not appear on the list of possible culprits in connection with a recent accident to an article associated with wet days. They felt that in spite of their years they did belong to the "Dangerous Age." Too old at forty, forsooth!!

* * *

Mr. H. W. Stevenson has left us to take an appointment on the Technical Staff of the Shell-Mex Petroleum Company, Ltd. We are sure that all our readers will join with us in wishing him every success and all prosperity in his new venture.

* * *

This is the adventure of the bad lad and the bad shilling. They were desirous of parting company as the baseness of the one was discovered by the other. The bad lad, in company with the good lad, attended a Cup tie. The turnstile was the spot chosen by the bad lad for the parting of the bad shilling. Joy! the innocent lad at the receipt of custom accepted the bad shilling. The good lad following tendered a florin and received the bad shilling as change! Let us draw a veil over the subsequent proceedings.

* * *

"The sky as red as a ball of flour." This is not ours but one of our reader's description of a sunset.

* * *

We are pleased to note the success with which Miss Fennell met in a Singing Competition held at Southampton on April 12th. Miss Fennell was first in the Soprano Class, gaining 75 per cent. of the marks, thereby qualifying for the semi-final which is to be held at the Caxton Hall on May 11th in the afternoon. The final competition takes place in the evening at the Albert Hall. We wish Miss Fennell every success and hope she will win through to the Albert Hall.

* * *

Our first venture into the realms of fiction appears in this number. The author is one of the younger members of our Staff and writes under the pen name of "Sundowner."

* * *

The "Fur and Featherites" had been canvassed regarding their possible entries in the forthcoming show. One "possible" through a lack of consideration on the part of the exhibit has been converted into a "most improbable." We are unable to discover whether the dog was of such a shy and retiring disposition that he dreaded the ordeal of public exhibition. We shall never discover the true facts of the case. All we know is that our friend intended discussing the proposition on his arrival home. The animal, we believe, had so many points that pointed him being appointed a winner, but this is beside the point. On his arrival home he discovered that his dog had committed suicide by hanging himself in his kennel.

We understand the Committee responsible for the Show are anxious for the Fur and Feather Section to be a success. To prevent tragedies similar to the above we ask all "possible" entrants to break the news gently to their pets.

"Invoicing Without Tears."

One year's *Quick* Rent.
18 Polonies—*Unstuffed.*
5 *Sides* Glasses Boars Heads.
Hire of two horses *for rolling.*

A "Scarecrow."

A farmer caught some crows and strung
Them up upon a string.
And there, where in his field they swung,
Entranced I watched them swing.
Said I "Oh, Farmer, what are those?
Why are they hanging there?"
He answered "They? Why they be crows,
And crows, you know, b'aint rare."
"I see," said I, "A crow scarecrow"!
"Yes, that be it," said he,
"If crows were scarce, sir, as you know,
Crow scarecrows need not be.
With crow scarecrows the scare, sir, grows
And scarcer crows ensue.
Crow scarecrows scare, sir, scarcer crows,"
Said I, scared, "That will do."

C. S. R. COLLINS, EASTLEIGH.

"—practice with the slip cradle will be arranged"—a recent cricket notice.

We know that cricket produces leg byes, does the slip cradle produce lulla-byes?

Does the slip cradle provide the "bawls"?

Do they sing the "Willow Song" to the slip cradle?

* * *

"MESS ROOM CHATTER."
By a Modern Shakespeare.

Away down south, near Southampton town,
Stands a modern factory of great renown;
"Harris" by name, unharrassed by nature
For "Smithfield" does this factory cater.

Amid the roar of machine and steam
A man, face immobile, can be seen;
He wields his knife, like a man possessed,
Yet never stops till the pigs are dressed.

Wait! another man has joined the rank—
I see him working on the tank:
What glorious muscles. Alas! their bones
I must confess, it's Taffy Jones.

Now Taffy, fair as a lily flower,
Is miking every half-an-hour,
Until his heart begins to sag,
And shouts out "Sid, give I a fag."

A third man steps into the fray,
A butcher from his very first day:
A winning smile, but neck too thin,
So I'll introduce you, Paddy Flynn.

Now, Paddy, a true-born Irish son,
Is very tight with the old "Bar One"
But on the whole he's quite O.K.,
And like a trooper, talks all day.

A face I see, all care and worn,
The money lender, old Sid Horn.
A Crowd Hill man, as quick as night;
He would be if he caught alight.

Flash! A moving streak, handsome and nippy,
The man of the moment, "Sir Frederick Chitty"
His old dial moves in fits and starts;
By gum! The old dog can play darts.

Ah ha! Here's another that I know,
The mon from Yorkshire, "Old Black Joe"
He's courting strong, so I'm told,
And goes round Stoneham wet or cold.

The chug-chug of a bike I hear,
A man rides in, stern, and in top gear.
A wireless fiend, all valves and globles,
Marconi's valet, "Sir Stanley Noble"

Hail! Here comes my pal the old waste rag
Who'd sell his soul for a measly fag;
He does nothing all day, with right goodwill
His ticket will read "Stoker Bill"

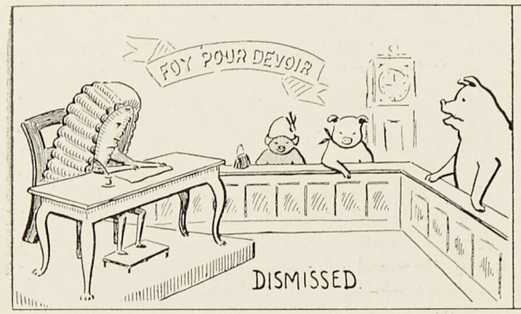
A portly figure the "engineer"
The boys think him a perfect dear,
But often his engine fails to go.
Why is this? We want to know.

His learned colleague "The Manager"
Of whom we stand in awe and fear.
When work and business is not just so
Two bits of cardboard and "Cheerio"

EASTLEIGH.

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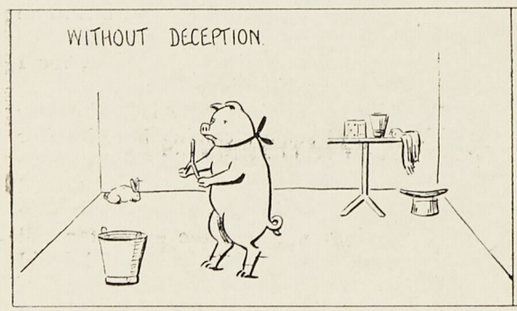
GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



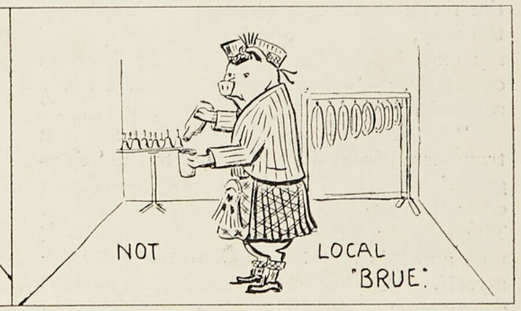
1.--Justice Cheddar says he will act up to the County Motto and acquit Grunter, having faith he will brighten Highbridge.



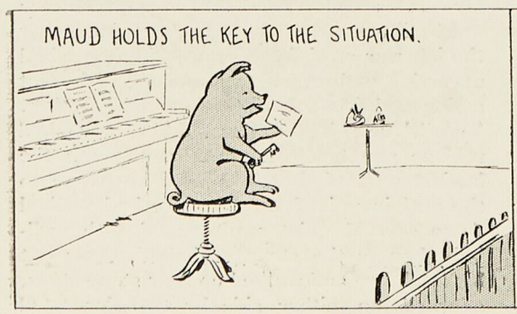
2.--The "Trio" organise a concert in true Calne style, Percy singing lustily to the accompaniment of the banjo.



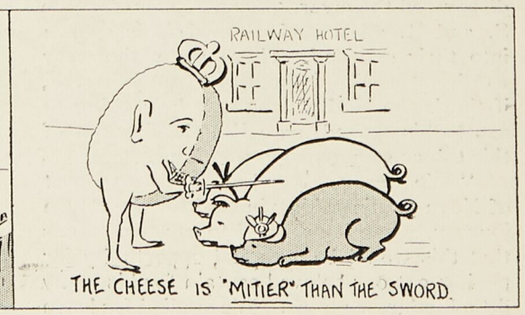
3.--After producing the rabbit, Percy shows them how to find water with the aid of a bucket and hazel twig.



4.--Campanology being a forbidden entertainment, Grunter relates the History of the "Brue' in good spirit.



5 --Maud gives a piano solo and reads a message calling her home at once to lock the meadow gate - the Cuckoo has arrived.



6.--Before their departure, King Caerphilly makes them all "Knights" of the "Brighter Highbridge Movement."

The Adventures of Riland.

(By "Sundowner.")

PICTURE the scene: The low, monotonous sound of the tom-tom and the boom of the temple bells. An occasional firefly floating in on the fragrant night air looking like a tiny star in the sky, and two friends dreaming of their friends in the Old Country.

As Riland, the taller of the two men, tossed his cigarette on to the stone-paved verandah a green lizard darted out of the skirting and clawed at the still burning fragment. Finding that it was hot it quickly withdrew only to attack again, and then scuttled away.

Suddenly Riland's gruff voice broke on the thrall of that Eastern evening. "By the way, old fellow, did I ever tell you of my experiences when I and two shipmates deserted the 'Rangoon'?" "No, I don't remember," replied his chum, "fire away."

"During the latter half of 1912 I was transferred from the 'Plassey' to the 'Rangoon.' On boarding her I heard from the crew that we had struck a very bad patch. The skipper was not one of the nicest of men and this fact I very soon found out for myself. Nothing pleased, he gave no encouragement, and he'd curse the men from sunrise to sundown for the smallest offence. For instance, one morning I was out in a calculation; it was only a matter of about .0005; anyhow, he said to me after he had discovered the error, 'I don't know why the S. and R. allow such darned fools as you into their service.' Those were the very words he used. I thought to myself, well, if that's the kind of language he's going to use to his second mate I'm clearing out of this tub as soon as I get the chance.

"We were anchored off the West Coast of Nova Scotia taking in coal for the return journey, when it occurred to my two chums that this would be a capital opportunity for paying out our beloved captain for his many little kindnesses to us. We applied for leave to go ashore, which was granted after much hesitation.

"Once ashore, with our money and a small bundle of clothes, we bought three horses and got clear of the port. The best thing to do was to strike into the hinterland so that we could get quite clear of any seaport town, because as you know, if we had been caught by any of the authorities we were liable to imprisonment for desertion.

"For three or four months we managed to keep alive by procuring jobs from various farmers that we came across during our wanderings. Our clothes, by this time, became little more than rags, and my friends began to get absolutely fed up, until at last they decided to go to sea again. I vowed that I wouldn't under any circumstances, so we disposed of our three mounts for ninety dollars and divided the sum between us.

"The time came for us to part; I was very sorry indeed to see the last of them, for we had been a loyal and happy party. The only thing for me to do was to go on alone, wandering about wearily looking for work. Employment came at last, but in an extremely funny way indeed. I happened to enter a seaport town by accident, for I hadn't the ghost of an idea where I was.

"While gazing longingly into a pastry cook's shop at some steaming hot pies (for that was all I could do as I did not possess a cent.), something touched my arm. I turned round slowly, for by this time I was sore with tramping, and met the eyes of a tall well-dressed man. What he wanted I did not know. He stooped down to the level of my ear and whispered, 'Would you like to earn £20?'

"I was dumbfounded at the question; in fact, I wondered whether I had heard aright. At last, when I was able to collect my senses and replied that I should very much like to earn the £20, provided that the job was straight. Up to this time I had never lowered myself to perform a dishonest action and I had no intention of beginning. 'Well,' he said, 'follow me.' We walked up one street, down another, through the busiest part of the town until we came to the outlying district. After we had walked down several quiet roads caged with well-built houses the stranger halted, drew out his latch key and walked up four stone steps, adorned on either side by two decorated stone pillars, to a massive door. This house was slightly irregular in design compared with the others in this road. Instead of having a room on either side of the porch it had a very large bay window to the left hung with heavy chintz curtains, which gave it a very sinister appearance. He opened the door and led me into the room which I have just described and bade me seated.

Just as he was about to leave he swung round and told me that he was going out for ten minutes; I was to sit still while he was gone, and on no account touch anything in the room. After he had made these remarks he drew an automatic pistol from his hip pocket and said, 'If when I return I find that you have touch a single thing in this room I will blow your brains out.' He left the room after I had given him my assurance that his property was safe from me.

"I had sat perfectly still for quite a while, but soon began to feel restless. My eyes wandered around the room until they settled on a tightly-strapped portmanteau. I could not, try how I would, lift my eyes from this bag to some other object. It seemed to hypnotise me. I felt compelled to ascertain the contents of that bag.

"Very steadily I arose from my chair and crept stealthily across to the thing that fascinated me. With shaking fingers and thumping heart I managed to undo the two leather straps that encircled it; I pressed the button and it sprung open. Shall I ever forget what it enclosed? A cold shiver ran down my spine, I hardly know how I kept from fainting, for the glassy eyes of a woman that had been foully murdered and dissected met my gaze as the two sections of the bag sprung apart. With perspiration dripping from every pore of my skin I snapped the bag to, buckled the straps as well as I could with trembling fingers, and got back to my chair about a minute before the door opened. By this time I was in a blue funk. The door opened very slowly, indeed it seemed hours to me, and framed in the doorway stood the stranger concentrating his gaze upon me. 'I told you not to touch anything in this room; you have disobeyed my command, therefore you must died.' I looked desperately around the room in search of a weapon, but what was the use; the fiend had me covered even if a six-shooter was a yard away, I could never have reached it before he plugged me, so I sat perfectly still expecting every moment to be my last. Suddenly he rasped out, 'I'll give you one more chance; grab hold of that bag and follow me, and if I see you make the slightest attempt to betray me I'll shoot you like a dog.'

"Only too thankful to think that I had escaped murder in cold blood I obeyed instantly. From one crowded street to another we passed, the whole while changing the bag from one hand to the other as the weight was staggering. After turning a corner we came in full view of the sea. Straight ahead was an ill-lit pier jutting out several yards into the dark expanse before us. He led me along this pier until we reached the end. 'Now,' he said, 'throw that bag as far out into the sea as you possibly can.' Bracing my muscles, I swung it rythmatically, one, two— and just as I was about to let go of the handle I felt somebody grasp my shoulder. Dropping the bag I turned round and looked up into the face of a policeman. At that moment there was a vivid flash, followed by a sharp report. Of course, you can guess what had happened. The murderer, finding himself cornered and knowing the penalty that awaited him, had blown his brains out with the same automatic that he had threatened to slaughter me with. Thus supplying ample proof of his guilt.

"My own experience at the exhaustive enquiry into the affair, my brush with the Crown attorney and the greater adventure which arose out of it, I will reserve until another time."

* * *

They were only just joining the local troop of Boy Scouts, and the Scoutmaster—who for lack of a man for the job happened to be a woman—was attempting to teach them something of the ten Scout Laws on which the whole movement depends.

Endeavouring to elucidate the first Scout Law: "A Scout's honour is to be trusted," the Scoutmaster put a question or two to her eager listeners.

"Now, Tom," said she, addressing a youngster of eleven, "suppose I were to put my hands into someone's pocket and take out some money, what would I be?"

There was a pause, and after some seconds' deep thinking the answer came: "Please, miss, you'd be his wife."

* * *

A loving woman will keep her heart warm as long as she lives, and her hair black as long as she dyes.

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Recreation.

WITH the advent of Spring, heralding new life all around us, and the approach of longer days, it is a good opportunity to think over our free time from the point of view of literally re-creating. Just as rest, sleep, food, etc., are doing this literally, so what we generally call recreations, should re-create us in body, mind and spirit. The great ambition of the Greek and Roman was—the sound mind in the sound body. It is a fine achievement if we are the fortunate possessors of both. Let us beware of overdoing it. Time spent on Sport in our Country to-day is excessive, and in the long run cannot be conducive to the National good. Moderation is the touchstone, and all our recreations should be considered as a means to an end. May we now consider a few general observations.

If your work every day is physical and involves bodily energy, you would not chose a heavy form of recreation. A mechanic does not usually feel attracted to an evening gymnasium course. A girl who has been standing at her work almost all day does not want to walk six miles every evening, as a rule.

On the other hand, if the daily work has been indoors, the claims of an outdoor recreation are sound, and that is why so many hardworked people whom you might easily feel would be "too tired to move," are attracted to an hour or two on an allotment, or little garden, or a run out on a bicycle. Frequently, however, some other form of effort would be a sounder recreation, and so you often see the manual worker become in his spare time the field-naturalist, the botanist, the photographer, the reader, the chess-player, the musician, etc. It is a wise plan to let the guiding principles be these. If your daily work calls for vigorous physical activity, let your hobby be one demanding mental energy rather than further physical efforts. If your daily work confines you within doors, choose an outdoor recreation if at all feasible. A somewhat necessary reminder in these days when many people's recreation is connected with some kind of sport is that it is better to be a *poor* performer in any game than to be an *expert* looker-on, for after all the game is the thing.

There is no effort and no result in *always* being a looker-on. This brings me at once more especially to our own playing grounds and other sections under the auspices of our Welfare Association, and we should do well to make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with this Association's aims and objects. Opportunities for recreation, education, and sport are offered to all, at a very cheap rate, and some sections at practically no charge at all.

Juniors especially cannot do better than link up with this Association in order to spend congenial as well as profitable leisure.

But what of the girls and young women? There are very few opportunities open to-day to the young man that are not equally available for the young girl, and if her tastes in her free time direct her, too, in the way of sport, she has the same chances to realise her wishes. Link up with the Association, and all sorts of new opportunities will come your way directing you into a right use of leisure and giving you recreation in every sense of the word. Not long ago there was held an Arts and Crafts Exhibition in which exhibitors were all between the ages of fourteen and twenty. There were to be seen magnificent results of the right use of leisure and education—all recreation.

There were sections in plain needlework, various kinds of embroidery, utility combined with art in the "fancy work" section, dressmaking, millinery, lingerie. Pewterwork, classification of wild flowers (in the botanical section), photography, painting on glass, wood and china, bread, cakes, jams, marmalade, puddings, etc., in the cookery section, fine laundry and quite a number of other sections as well. The varied interests of the Association caters for all tastes. Get yourself acquainted with it, and make your playing grounds this summer—with cricket, tennis, concerts, etc., a real live place.

But where does all this tend?

In making yourself worthier in body, soul and spirit, you have made yourself of more value to yourself, to your family, to your employer, to your nation, and to the world. You are more fitted to be a real help to someone in more need than yourself if you have taken yourself in hand like this. You are creating and helping to foster that fine spirit of mutual co-operation and good will, which make the wheels of life run smoothly.

W. S. GRIFFEN.

Digitisted by Calne Heritage Centre

Photographic Notes.

WHAT IS A GOOD PICTURE?

"That's a good one." Someone says that as you slowly turn the leaves of your album. Do you—does she—ever pause to consider why "that was a good one," and why many of the others called for no comment?

It is not only a matter of correct exposure and other obvious technical considerations (we will go into those in a subsequent article); of course, a good camera picture is much more than a good photograph.

What is a good picture then? A good picture results when the camera man has first thought of something worth getting and then succeeded in getting it right.

How obvious! But do you always think of that before you snap? Do you pause and say to yourself, "One—what is my idea? Two—am I going to do it justice?"

For instance. It is a lovely afternoon; perhaps the best you will have on this year's holiday. You want to remember it long afterwards. Practically any scene you take will show some sunlight and will vaguely remind you, at any rate, of the day. But is the scene you are about to take typical, essential, quintessential of the mood that moved you to record it? Will any friend afterwards feel, when she comes to that page in your album—"that must have been a lovely day; I know just how you felt." If she would not, then it is not really a good picture that you are about to take. Your idea was a good one, because nothing is more comforting than to recall a day of exceptional beauty and well-being. But you have failed to put the idea into a picture, and your picture will not recreate, even in you, the mood of happiness that you wanted to perpetuate.

Again, an ancient castle strikes your imagination: its grim strength and hugeness are as redolent of the brutality and ugliness of life in the Middle Ages, as is a Gothic Cathedral of mediæval spirituality. Will that mood frown out of the picture you are about to take? Or will your album show a lump of soulless stone with Fred, munching something, at the foot of it?

Perhaps it was really Fred you wanted. Think, even for him. Is that pose typical, or could it be anyone-in-general munching? Is it Fred, the whole Fred, and nothing but Fred? Or has a castle, or something Fred was never really king of, crept in beside him? Of course a full-face of Fred, and nothing but, is not good enough. They can do that, better than you can, at any studio. You must get him doing something, something he does do, in the way that only he does it. That is a good picture.

Is it the beauty of the scene—the shapes, and the lights and shades, and the patterns and rhythms you see—that has caught your heart? Then think once more. Decide exactly what it is that makes the scene so striking, and then how you can get that effect on to (gas-light) paper.

This pictorial or "purely" artistic quality is present in all pictures, and is closely bound up with the means you have at your disposal for making your ideas into pictures. We will discuss these means in a succeeding article. They are, broadly, Selection and Emphasis; more immediately, Composition, Key and Definition. Do those words sound "highbrow"? They are only short labels for quite easy ideas. You will see.



Bookworms
Kodak Snapshot

Gardening.

Simple Remedies for Pests.

HOW often have we during the spring time observed a friend in the garden or on his allotment with frowning face and whole attention rivetted on one particular patch of ground; perhaps we have smiled and asked him what might the trouble be, and been rewarded with an indignant look from our apparently injured acquaintance as he explains that yesterday the now bare patch of ground had a fine crop of green seedlings in it, but since then the birds (and at the mention of birds we begin to feel the growing warmth of the atmosphere) have either eaten or destroyed the whole of them. Later in the summer we may see another disciple of the spade contemplating a row of peas on which the majority of the pods have been ripped up by the birds, or perhaps it is a bush or tree bearing the best fruit, from which the winged robbers have taken toll. Mournfully our neighbour asks what is the best means of scaring away these garden pests and perhaps we go to a great length in explaining some method we may have used for the purpose with more or less good results; whilst our plans may be agreed with quite heartily we should probably find if we passed the place a short while afterwards that he, like most enthusiastic gardeners, has arranged some scheme of his own, and often as not quite contrary to that which was advised.

If the matter is studied closely it will be found that all of the devices we may use, whatever the effect they produce, are not so efficient as those which Nature provides, and which are freely at our disposal if we care to search for them and utilise them for our purposes. Observation of Nature and all its innumerable subjects, both large and small, will teach us many things, some of which are undoubtedly of great value, and the knowledge obtained will be found very serviceable in the garden. Nature provides many simple means for both the protection and destruction of its ever-increasing population, and these can often be used to our advantage. For instance, the larva of the elephant hawk moth, although ordinarily a handsome silky creature, becomes a fearsome thing when it raises the fore part of its body in a snake-like manner, as it does to any creature that might otherwise eat it; birds give it a wide berth, probably thinking it some sort of reptile; such is one of Nature's protections. From a gardener's point of view the colour protection may be of the greatest interest, and might be made to prove very useful. This protection can be observed in beetles, moths, butterflies, wasps and bees. Most of these species of insects have some of Nature's protecting colours, such as black, yellow and orange blended together in varying degree, also a peculiar shade best likened to mahogany. Birds will not touch anything with these colours intermingled, as instinct tells them such are either poisonous or distasteful; they are therefore avoided, and this is where we get a lesson which may be of service in assisting us to combat the destruction of our garden products.

Pieces of coloured wool or cloth could be used which would stand the elements of weather and simplify the means of arrangement. The same could be tied in a bow on a stick, or suspended in such manner that at a glance it would have a winged appearance; or some pieces of cloth might be cut and shaped into an insect-like design by sewing one on the other in sizes to show up the different colours, using the shades mentioned herein, and placed near or over the plants or objects to be protected from birds, and it is believed that the results will be found satisfactory; certainly one of our readers has very successfully applied this remedy. It must not be forgotten that single colours are often attractive; this is particularly so with those mentioned; each attracts when alone, and black, yellow and orange must be mixed together to become a warning to birds.

A study of the laws of Nature is an aid to horticulture, as one may find in them something more suitable than man's brains alone can provide.

The Alum Cure for Slugs, etc.

Probably the greatest nuisance in the garden is the prevalence of slugs and grubs of all descriptions. It has been said that all things exist for some good purpose, but such an argument would meet with a very cold reception from the enthusiast who sees his favourite plants or flowers eaten or disfigured by these creeping pests. The antidotes on the market, or suggested for use against them are very numerous, but it is very doubtful if any of them are really of any great value. Most aim at their destruction, and even when this is accomplished it will be found that in a short space of time some more have found their way to the same part again. There is also the danger that in destroying the vermin, damage is often caused to the plants. In view of this it may be best to endeavour to render the objects distasteful, and this is where alum will be found useful, and it is considered to be an unfailing remedy. Ordinary commercial alum in powder form is recommended, and it can be used either by dusting the foliage or in liquid form by dissolving in the proportion of a large tablespoonful to a gallon of water. The first is perhaps best for grown plants and the latter for seedlings. It is admirably suited for the flower beds, and has the great merit of being cheap, costing about 6d. per lb., a quantity which will go a long way. It is quite harmless to vegetation whether young or mature; if anything it is rather an aid to growth.

Try it and you will not need to prowl at night amongst the flowers with a candle looking for your enemies.

AMATEUR GARDENER.

Ashprington.

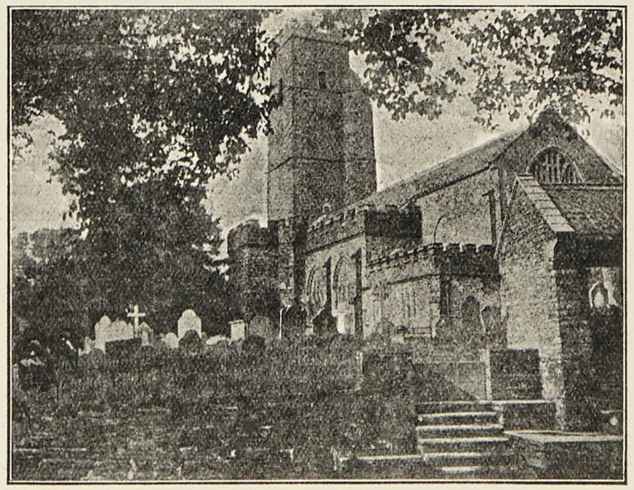
Ashprington is a typical Devonshire village about three miles from Totnes, and pleasantly situated at the head of a creek leading from the River Dart. It can be reached either by road or by boat from Duncannon on the river, at which point visitors are landed by the steamers when desired. Lying somewhat out of the beaten track it retains its old-world charm, and those fond of a country ramble will be amply rewarded with the beauty of the surrounding scenery and glorious valleys for which the county of Devon is so justly famous. The parish church, of which an illustration is shown, is built of dunstone and red sandstone in the Decorated and Perpendicular style with a lofty embattled tower, and it contains many interesting features, including a circular font of Norman date. In 1605 a spring was discovered in the parish possessing medicinal properties, and for a time the locality enjoyed great popularity.

* * *

You don't need to fear to-morrow if you have done your level best to-day.

* * *

The deadliest poison of all is from a plant of the common buttercup family.



The Parish Church, Ashprington.

Digitisted by Calne Heritage Centre

Harris Welfare Association.

Since the formation of the new Association, things have progressed extremely well, and all the different activities have been very busy mapping out their respective programmes, and from what has so far been seen, each Committee is putting in a lot of spade work to give our employees even better results than they have had in the past.

The Sports Field at Lickhill is in exceptionally good order, and with the addition of the new Tennis Court, which now makes three in all, the General Committee are hoping during the Summer months to see a good number at Lickhill each evening to take full advantage of what has been provided for them.

There are several other schemes on foot, which if they materialise should offer an increased inducement to our friends to visit the Sports Field.

Two rooms in the Pavilion have been set aside for the use of the ladies, and the Catering Committee are hoping to make arrangements to have refreshments on sale every evening.

A very pleasing feature is the evidence of goodwill shown by the various sections towards the parent Association. This has done much in assisting the General Committee to arrange many matters to the best interests of all.

Several very useful suggestions have been made, all of which are being given careful consideration.

We feel that amongst our employees there must be many who would like to see various other activities started, and the General Committee hope that any employee who has ideas of this kind will not hesitate to pass them on to the Joint Hon. Secretaries or any member of the Committee. Their one desire is to make this Association a real live organisation, catering for the social and sports requirements of our employees.

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

The schedules have been issued for the Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Classes; if no member has obtained any, the Hon. Secretary will be pleased to supply one on application.

Great interest has been aroused in the new section for Dogs, Fur and Feather. Anyone who has a dog will be able, even if he is the veriest mongrel, to find a class that will appeal to him, either in the ugliest dog, the handsomest dog, the most intelligent dog, the dog with most spots, the dog with the shortest head, legs and tail, and the dog with the longest also.

Poultry, Pigeon, Cage Bird and Rabbit Fanciers will all find classes to suit them.

Mr. G. Gough will be pleased to give all members any further information if they will apply to him.

It is hoped by opening up these new features the Show will be even better patronised than it has been in the past.

E. C. K.

TENNIS SECTION.

At the time of going to press we are all looking forward to our opening date on Saturday, 5th May. Let us hope that old Pluvius is kind to us on that day.

Since the close of last season we have been busy laying down a further grass court at Lickhill. This additional accommodation for players will, we feel sure, be much appreciated.

It is hoped that all employees will again support us not only with their subscriptions but with their presence on the Courts. It has been found possible to arrange for one court to be available for play whilst a cricket match is in progress, so that our members will be able to play on Saturday afternoons, on which days tea will be obtainable.

We are looking forward to a really pleasant and successful season.

D. E. W. L.

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION.

The item of interest under this section is that the idea of summer concerts has now been put into operation.

Mr. MacLean was entrusted with the task of forming a costume party and by the time these lines appear it should be well on the road to commencing the season.

Great hopes are entertained of the success of these outdoor entertainments, which will take place at Lickhill, and we look to our readers to give them every support.

The newly formed party takes the place of the Nigger Troupe, but this does not necessarily mean that the niggers write "Finis," as no doubt at some future date they may be reconstituted and entertain us once more.

The Orchestra is now in full swing under the guidance of Mr. W. S. Griffin. The members are full of enthusiasm and we look forward to their first pubilc appearance. Here again we ask for the full support and encouragement of our readers. Those musically inclined are urged to swell the ranks and help make the orchestra a successful concern.

A. G. K.

PASTIMES & LECTURE SECTION.

We note with interest the very useful information given in the April number regarding the development of photographic plates.

No doubt a large majority of those who take snaps have their films or plates developed and printed for them, but the real interest of photography lies as much in the subsequent operations as in the actual exposure, and in so far as the above mentioned article encourages beginners to develope and print their own exposures it will greatly increase their interest in this fascinating hobby.

Would it not be possible to form a Camera Club amongst our employees under the auspices of our Pastimes Section? If so, and arrangements could be made to let the members see the current photographic magazines and to hold in the Autumn an exhibition of the work of the Club during the season, the interest and usefulness of this pastime would be greatly enhanced.

Will any employees interested kindly communicate with Mr. J. Carpenter, Secretary to the Sectional Committee.

A suggestion has been made and has been favourably received by the General Committee that a Putting Green be provided in the Sports Field as an additional attraction to the summer sports of Cricket and Tennis.

This pastime has become very popular and a green is now provided for the use of the public by all up-to-date municipalities.

We hope to make a more definite announcement in our next issue, and in the meantime we shall welcome suggestions from any interested employees.

CRICKET.

On looking over last year's figures I find that 1927 was the best year since the formation of the Club. This is very encouraging to the Committee, but they do not want you to rest on your laurels. Progression is a very good watchword, and if the playing members will only remember that practice nights are Tuesdays and Thursdays, with other evenings if desired, I feel sure that last season's record will be equalled, if not surpassed.

There is no game that I know of which does more to promote good fellowship than cricket, and I am confident that with all members pulling together we can put up a record of which we can all be proud. Need I say that we are very desirous of encouraging the juniors? The subscription up to 18 years is only 2s. 6d., and any member of the firm who cares to pay a visit to Lickhill can be sure of a welcome. Our fixture list is as under:—

1st XI.

May	26	Stothert & Pitts 2nd XI....	Away.
,,	30	Calne Town	Away.
June	2	Swindon Imperial	Home.
,,	9	Saltford	Home.
,,	16	Devizes 2nd XI.	Home.
,,	23	Stothert & Pitts 2nd XI.	Home.
,,	30	Saltford	Away.

2nd XI.

May	26	St. John's 2nd XI., Swindon	Home.
June	2	Seagry	Away.
,,	9	St. John's, Bath	Away.
,,	20	Derry Hill	Home.
,,	23	Derry Hill	Away.
,,	30	Okus C.C., Swindon	Home.

W.P.

* * *

"Columbus was a prophet as well as a discoverer," said the American tourist, glumly.

"Why?" asked the Englishman.

"When he saw America, didn't he shout 'I see dry land'?"

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Something New under the Sun.

WE have all heard the saying that there is nothing new under the sun. True, it is relative; and, while an experience may be quite new to one person, it may be fairly familiar to somebody else. In this sense many of my readers are closely acquainted with the history of the Dunmow Flitch, which is offered to happy couples who have never quarrelled. Some doubters will accept the evidence of the aspirant with the proverbial "pinch of salt." I am one of these. Where there is controversy there is life. After all, dull cattle live peacefully in a mental void, and are doubtless happy enough. Have you ever noticed the blissful vacant stare of a bullock? On the other hand differences of opinion are a sign of alert intelligence. Controversy is the spice of life, be it in the realm of the church or politics; and what of the married state? I shall answer the question by another. What type of man would wish his wife to agree with him always, in everything, developing thereby a slavish mental outlook? The spirit of the times, the recent conferment of the vote upon our womenfolk, are all against that view; and I would add the hope that long may couples agree to differ and yet be happy.

But it is not always the men who exercise dominion, strange as it may seem. There are such people as hen-pecked husbands, at least in Yorkshire, and in the Halifax district there is actually a "Hen-pecked Club" for these individuals. Perhaps the happy Dunmow Flitch competitors will refuse to believe it, yet it is a fact. And every Easter Monday these "Brethren of the Yoke" assemble on the heights of Blakedean, Hepstonstall, some miles west of Halifax, to ratify their bonds.

The Society has existed from time immemorial; the records give its birth as 3980 B.C. It is therefore the oldest organisation in the world. This is how one member of the Brotherhood describes it—

"No wives or daughters with them stood,
They seemed all of one Brotherhood,
Inaugurated at the Flood
When Noah went a sailing.
They smiled, they laughed; 'twas plain to see
That they on this one day were free,
While all the rest repeatedly
Were spent in bitter wailing."

If their resolutions are not better than their poetry, preserve me from ever becoming a member. But that is in passing. John Ackworth has described the members of this remarkable society as "being a bit better than common." He is right. In fact, they are the salt of the earth, so much so that had it not been for the Hen-pecked Husbands there would have been no British Empire, and the seas that roll round our shores would have been ruled by some other nation. The reasons given were divulged privately during the climb from the valley to the mountains of peace at Blakedean:—

(1) The H.H. is a boon to his family, bringing home wages and performing countless domestic tasks. He may be poor, even despicable, but he is reliable as gold—a model husband, a real dad.

(2) He is a boon to any neighbourhood because in him the neighbours see the finished product—the model husband, the faithful father.

(3) He is a boon to the state by reason that he never gets drunk, so needs no policeman; yet he pays his income tax and dog license regularly.

If you look upon these merely as negative virtues let me ask you, "Who made the British Empire?" Who founded Colonies? Surely, the hen-pecked husbands. In the early days he was driven from home, my informant states, just as he is to-day—and he sought strife in order to gain peace. Quite evidently these heroes have qualified for O.B.E.'s. The afternoon was spent in transacting the general business of the day, presentation of badges of loyalty and initiation of new members. Meanwhile certain individuals were chafing because time was flying and they were not getting the "glimpse of the heavy swell of waters on the Walsham reservoirs." The explanation offered for this unrest was that they would be unable to "take in the glories without some accompanying distraction for another twelve months."

These builders of Empire, these men of many parts, who know how to make the best of every situation, certainly showed that they were very pleased with their condition to-day. No one with a trouble in the world would sing, eat, laugh and smoke as these men did.

As there is no branch of this noted society south of Wainwright's Tower it is with regret that I cannot forward an entry form; and I refrain from telling the history of the famous tower before-mentioned so that you may not judge all the good people of the North by the standard either of the famous Wainwright or of the pitiful specimens of humanity whose tale of woe I have related. "And so to bed."

G.S.C.

* * *

POTTED PROVERBS.

I wrote in March about some of my preliminary gardening experiences and in response to numerous "special requests," I thought we might pursue this absorbing subject a little further.

As this is my first season as a budding japonica, and the weather having been what it has been, I have been concentrating solely on theory, and I find that I have made surprising progress.

Having survived the ordeal of wading through my seed catalogue for the twenty-ninth consecutive time, I have decided that there are two items I can dispense with; this will leave me with a selection of sixty-eight different kinds of flowers and vegetables.

I am beginning to feel sorry for any poor blighter that enters our local flower show this year; the cups will look nice on our sideboard, and the photograph of self, accompanied by colossal marrow, will look well over the fireplace.

Perhaps my chickens have been counted before reaching maturity, which reminds me that as proverbs go there do not appear to be any that prophecy for or on behalf of this gardening business, unless we take the worm that turns, or the early bird that catches it.

In my opinion this all goes to show that the subject has been seriously neglected and that we stand in urgent need of some 1928 model gardening proverbs, fitted with modern improvements.

Encouraged by our success (?) so far, let us try our hand at a little synthetic prophecy, for example:—

"Let sleeping gardeners lie, for they lie worse when awake."

This one should prove very useful to work off on some of our competitors on appropriate occasions:—

"A brick in the hand is worth two through the conservatory."

Probing the subject further, and touching on a rather sore point, I suggest:—

"Too many cats spoil a good temper."

Another priceless gem which has its appropriate occasions would be:—

"You can lead a fellow to your plot, but you cannot make him dig."

And in conclusion, one for the fellow who was so engrossed in his slug-hunting that he forgot the "rent in a rear(s)":—

"A stitch in time saves your reputation."

I am sure now we have warmed up to it, that we could pursue this fascinating subject for weeks, but enough is as good as a feast.

W. GREENHALGH, DUNMOW.

* * *

Our Money Box.

Stamps are still being sold in the Calne Factory at the rate of about £20 weekly, and the new silver coinage makes a brave show on the cashier's table on Saturdays, and on Friday afternoons the secretaries are kept busy entering the completed £1 cards in the depositors' pass books.

It seems evident that not many of us intend to potter about Calne when holiday week comes round.

Will Calne depositors please note that, to suit their convenience, one of the secretaries attends in the Time Office at 12.30 whenever necessary for the purpose of paying out withdrawal cheques in respect of which due notice has been given.

SAVINGS SCHEME QUERIES.

How is the interest on Deposits calculated?

Interest is allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on every **complete** £ deposited. Money deposited making up a complete £ bears interest from the beginning of the month following that in which it is received. In the case of money withdrawn, this ceases to bear interest from the beginning of the month in which it is repaid.

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Wedding Bells.

Quite a merry peal this month. To each and everyone we convey our good wishes for their future prosperity.

Miss Annie Pearce, of nearly 11 years' service, was married to Mr. Bishop on April 7th at Avebury. She enjoyed the confidence of her fellow-workers to the extent of being elected by them as a member of the Works Council. We remember her as an interested distributor of our Magazine. Mr. Gunning presented, on behalf of her numerous friends, a very beautiful basket of cutlery.

Miss Ivy Simmonds was married to Mr. F. Lugg at Bromham on April 7th. Both the bride and bridegroom were members of the House of Harris, and were the recipients of tokens of goodwill from their fellow-members. Miss Simmonds received from her friends in the Sausage Department a carving set and Mr. Lugg from the Kitchen a very handsome clock.

Miss Ethel Smart was presented with an oxidised fire screen, companion set and cauldron by Mr. F. Gale on behalf of her friends in the Sausage Department. Miss Smart's length of service was nearly eight years, and she has served on the Works Council. As one of the original "niggers" she rendered useful service in the Nigger Troupe and also in the orchestra. The bridegroom was Mr. H. Lindsay, of Devizes, and the wedding took place on April 14th at the Parish Church, Calne.

Miss Lily Gingell received a case of cutlery from her friends on the occasion of her wedding on Apirl 14th to Mr. Hector Gumm. The presentation was made by Mr. F. Gale.

Mr. E. Cue, of No. 2 Factory, was married to Mrs. Burden at the Parish Church, Calne, on April 9th. Both were employed by the firm, and their fellow workers expressed their good wishes when making them the presentation of a handsome clock.

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. W. V. LONG.



Our Manager, Mr. W. V. Long, A.I.S.A., commenced his business career with Messrs. Chas. & Thos. Harris, Ltd., Calne, on January 25th, 1892, leaving to take up a position with The Wiltshire Bacon Curing Co., Ltd., on March 25th, 1895.

He was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Company in 1913, and Secretary in 1918.

These bare facts can only give us a vague idea of the stress and strain through which our friend passed, especially on the death of our Managing Director, Mr. Geo. Sydney Gillett, in 1919, and of necessity the enormous work entailed in relation to the passing of the old Companies and the formation of the new, and the whole as we well know, successfully carried through.

One well remembers Mr. Long coming to us in those far off days, from the old Firm at Calne, and although he had only given just over three years' service, he had earned the esteem and regard of the Staff there, who presented him on leaving with a handsome gift and testimonial, and without doubt in his thirty-six years of united service has won the esteem and regard of all who know him. There is not a worker in the Firm who does not look upon him as a friend, and especially as a friend in their time of need.

He has grown grey in the Company's service, but he can still play a first class game of tennis, and has been Captain of the Corsham Tennis Club for many years. In his younger days he was a keen cyclist and won several prizes in both long and short distance events. E. W.

The Broad Highway.

IN the last issue we mentioned that we were exhibiting at the Manchester Grocers' Exhibition this month. This Exhibition opened on the 17th and closed on the 26th April. We had a large stand, which attracted a great deal of attention. The attendance throughout the Exhibition was excellent, and the experiment with the Harris Sample Box was fully justified, all consignments being sold out at an early hour each day. During the middle days of the week it was difficult, even with the large staff in attendance, to keep pace with the enquiries from the trade, and the results from the Exhibition should justify the trouble and expense. The Cooked Meat trade is getting a grip in Manchester, so that the Exhibition could not have come at a better time of the year to secure the fullest benefit. It was good to see our representatives again in the far away North; they now form quite a considerable party in this densely-populated area.

We welcome Mr. Patrick to our London Van Sales Staff.

We are very glad to hear that Mr. Charles, of Cardiff, recently admitted to the Royal Infirmary, has now been able to return home. We wish him a speedy recovery to full health once again.

We all sympathise with Mr. John Cole in his troubles, and wish him a rapid recovery from his second operation.

A gentleman of the Chosen Race was showing a colleague over his new warehouse. After expressing his admiration the friend said, "Vat are those schmall red bottles on de vall for?"—"Dey are fire extinguishers."—"Fire extinguishers? Vat is in dem?"—"I don't know vat vos in dem, but I know vot is in dem now."—"Vot is dat?"—"Petrol." G.S.G.

"How is your son Ikey getting on, Isaac?"

"He vas get on vell and vill go far."

"Why do you think that, Isaac?"

"I vill tell you. Last veek I send him to the chemist for sixpennyvorth of poison, and the chemist ask him vat he vanted it for and Ikey tell him 'Threepence'." A.G.P.



Our Stand at the Manchester Exhibition.

Pigs.

The keenness of present day competition renders it essential that we should pay particular attention to the elimination of unnecessary expenses, and we feel that an examination of the railway charges on pigs may give examples of the various ways in which these charges may be kept at a minimum or utilised to their full value. On January 1st there came into force certain alterations in railway charges and the chief alteration affecting live stock is the abolition of Head Rates for small consignments.

This alteration means that the minimum charges for the conveyance of live stock by goods train is that for a part truck load, so that it now costs to send by ordinary goods train as much for one or two pigs as it does to send twelve.

The passenger train service, however, offers us an alternative which, while being higher than the old Head Rates, is lower than present goods rate for small consignments. There are several ways in which this service can be used and care is necessary in consigning in order to secure the lowest rate. It is not possible here to say which is best as much depends upon the number and size of pigs and the distance, but if our friends will give us prior information of what way they wish to send we can advise them the best method to adopt.

A second alteration affects those cases where a pig is loaded behind the partition. In this case the following charges are to be made when one or more animals forming part of one consignment are separated by means of a moveable partition :—

Total consignment chargeable as :	Charge to be made :
Part Truck Load.	*Part Truck Rate plus 2/6.*
Small Truck Load.	*Small Truck Rate plus 2/6 or Medium Truck Rate if lower.*
Medium Truck Load.	*Medium Truck Rate plus 2/6 or Large Truck Rate if lower.*
Large Truck Load.	*Large Truck Rate plus 2/6.*

From the above it will be seen that unless consideration is given to the way loads are made up unnecessary charges may quite easily be incurred. It is therefore very desirable to load as closely as possible up to the limit of each truck and to avoid consignments of 13 or 14. In the latter case if it is not possible to increase the load to about 25 then it would be better to reduce it to 12, for a part truck.

In the case of a part truck load of 12 pigs it is important to remember that the part truck rate only applies when the animals, not exceeding 12 in number, can reasonably be carried in a small truck space. If the animals are so large that it is necessary for their safety in transit that a medium space be used, then in spite of the fact that there may only be 12 animals, the Railway Company are justified in charging as for a medium truck. In view of this ruling our friends should be careful to see that when only 12 pigs are sent that the partition is in the small truck position.

L. A. T.

* * *

Dancing Notes.

One of the newest dances of to-day is the Baltimore. It is likely to become very popular amongst the average dancer because it does not contain tricky steps which are only successful when danced by an expert. Like most dances of to-day the Baltimore began as an eccentric stage solo dance, but unlike most dances it is not a product of America. It is British !

It is not an entirely new dance, rather a mixture of existing favourites. The Tango, Charleston, Black Bottom, Blues, and just a suspicion of the Waltz. The steps can be simplified to become within the scope of dancers with only moderate skill and can be danced to almost any fox-trot.

The steps consist of the Balti-Walk, the Collegiate, the Blues Rock, the Chassee Walk, the Reverse Turn, the Baltimore, the Drag Stomp, and the Balt-Chassee. Take heart, it is not so complicated as it sounds !

"Rundepe."

* * *

The Judge : "Where do you live? "

Tramp : "Nowhere."

Judge (turning to second tramp) : "And you? "

"Me? Oh, I live on the floor above my pal here ! "

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

Now that summer seems to be approaching many readers will no doubt be arranging picnics, and it is with this in view that one of the staff here has consented to write a series of First Aid Hints. Of course, we are not so pessimistic as to think that our friends will be involved in any accidents, but we hope that should any be so unfortunate they will benefit by these hints.

When camping or picnicking it is quite a common occurrence to burn one's self. Of course, the correct thing to do is to carry a small first aid outfit, in which case for a burn one would simply take a piece of Picric Lint or Burn Dressing, place it over the affected part and bandage. Of course, we do not all possess a first aid outfit, in which case the chief point to bear in mind is the exclusion of all air from the wound by applying anything greasy, such as butter, dripping, lard, cold cream, and bandage firmly. This may be done with a handkerchief, either torn in strips or folded. Never prick a blister, leave that for a doctor to do.

Should a serious burning accident occur at home the first thing to do is to send a written message to the doctor. A verbal message is not so reliable. Meanwhile place the affected part in a bowl of warm water, to which has been added, if possible, a heaped dessertspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda. This will keep the air from the wound and will also loosen any adherent clothing. Either place picric lint in strips on the wound or cut lint or linen in strips and soak in carron oil, cod liver oil, olive oil, or spread boracic ointment, vaseline, soap, lard, or dripping thickly on the lint or linen and place on the wound. Envelop the affected part in cotton wool and bandage. Place the injured limb at rest. Shock is often more dangerous than the burn itself, so never forget to keep the patient quiet and warm. Cover him with blankets or coats ; give hot coffee, milk, tea, oxo, etc., to drink. Put the patient to bed between blankets, and have plenty of hot water bottles, being careful to test the heat of same, and await the arrival of the doctor. For a scald the same treatment may be applied as for a burn.

CHIPPENHAM.

We very much regret to report that our genial cashier, Mr. Watts, has had to be taken to the Forbes Fraser Hospital at Bath to undergo a somewhat serious operation, which was performed by Dr. Terry on the 25th April. At the time of writing Mr. Watts is progressing as well as can be expected, and we sincerely hope that ere these lines are in print he will be well on the road to a full and complete recovery.

Mr. Watts has hitherto enjoyed particularly good health and has a wonderful record, this being the first time for over thirty years he has been absent from business through illness.

Our sympathy is also extended to Mr. Geo. Farmer, of the Factory Staff, who was recently removed to the Bath Royal United Hospital for treatment, and in his case, too, we regret to hear it is feared an operation will be necessary.

Owing to advancing years Mr. Chas. Collins, who had been a member of the Factory Staff for some twenty years, has now retired. We understand he will shortly be leaving Chippenham to reside with his son in Bristol, and we hope he may be blessed with the best of health and spared for many years to enjoy his well earned rest.

"Charlie" was quite an original character and very popular with everyone, as is evidenced by the fact that a testimonial list, which was put into operation with a view to presenting him with some little parting gift, has been contributed to by the management and every individual member of the Factory and Office Staffs.

W.V.L.

(We should like to associate ourselves with our friends at Chippenham in wishing "all the best" to Mr. Collins in his well-earned retirement.—Ed.)

* * *

DUNMOW.

In the March issue we read with much interest a few paragraphs concerning "Hantzog." His poem, "The Pig's Doom," or rather that portion the compositor was able to set up before his collapse, was enough

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in itself to bring Hantzog right to the front of publicity without our using him as a subject again this month. We feel justified in doing so, however, for on the same page we also read of his "sleeping for many months amongst the grass and weeds, and that it was not at Ipswich he slumbered."

As Dunmow happens to be the intermediate between Ipswich and Eastleigh the suggestion is obvious, so obvious in fact that we cannot permit it to go by without offering a little defence, however feeble it may be. There is one great factor overlooked by our Ipswich contributor which makes all the difference, and which puts a different complexion on the case altogether. This factor, which we would strongly emphasise, is, without saying what Hantzog may or may not have done whilst with us, that early training and youthful discipline affects very greatly one's conduct and later habits.

To say more would be quite unnecessary, therefore readers are left to do the "summing up" for themselves.

In connection with the local news it is very interesting to note that the Rev. E. N. Mellish, V.C., M.C., Vicar of Wangford, Suffolk, has been appointed to the Vicarage of Great Dunmow.

It is also suggested that the last official act of the late Lord Cave, as Lord Chancellor, was this appointment.

Mr. Mellish served in the Great War as a chaplain, and for "conspicuous gallantry in rescuing wounded under fire" at St. Eloi, in March, 1916, was awarded the Victoria Cross.

He is the second clergyman to win this honour since its foundation, and Dunmow feels honoured to have him in their midst.

E.W.W.

* * *

EASTLEIGH.

After such a prolonged and cold winter no doubt everyone is feeling happy that summer is fast approaching; with us, however, it means the closing of the "pork season," and in this particular line our activities will no doubt be somewhat less.

During operations we have been particularly struck with the type of pigs handled. They have been of an exceptionally high standard throughout; though ideal for pork, we fear that many of them, if left to mature into bacon, would have added a goodly crop of grey hairs to the head of the bacon selector. In these parts, and no doubt in others, farmers are having renewed confidence in pig farming, and we hope that all our friends elsewhere will soon be able to report increased numbers.

There is nothing like being an optimist. It radiates hope and confidence. We have one here, a local railway goods clerk. He told us that **five years ago** he applied for a rise, but it was shelved owing to insufficient work. Now that we were here he was looking forward to it being granted. A few days ago an officer from a near-by Air Force camp came along with a load of pigs. He introduced himself, then said, "I want to go into the town for a while, what time must I return to see the 'corpses,' in other words the 'bodies,' weighed?" Shades of the Great War!

HANTZOG.

* * *

IPSWICH.

No event of an outstanding character has occurred during the month of April to record at Ipswich.

Business has been fairly steady, and although in this area pigs are always to be found there has been a certain amount of shortage, which is attributable to the fresh pork trade, but we think we have received our full share of the supplies becoming available.

We still hear a good deal of the unprofitable side of pig feeding, but we have found two or three of our suppliers state they have found it possible to feed pigs at a reasonable profit.

As we write pig prices are higher than at the commencement of the month, and this will no doubt create more confidence.

The Easter holidays, which fortunately were favoured with perfect weather, although perhaps a little cold, brought large numbers of motorists to the East Anglian resorts, whilst we understand the railway service was also very heavily taxed with numbers of visitors.

This welcome change from the lifelessness of the last few months was a source of great satisfaction, to feel that we had quite definitely left the dreary winter months behind, and may now look forward to a general improvement in the weather and business.

Immediately after Easter, however, we experienced a very cold spell of weather, with strong and bitter east winds, and when the wind is in the east at this time of the year there is no uncertainty in the matter, as they are very piercing, coming as they do direct from the North Sea.

We are afraid that much of the early fruit blossom, especially plum, will have suffered as a result. The apple blossom, however, does not appear to be affected, and it is to be hoped that we shall not have a similar check with the apple trees when they are in full blossom, as will shortly be the case.

* * *

LONDON.

Readers seem to think it about time that something was reported about the progress of our trade in Cowcross Street. I can report that 1927 was the best year we have had. It was a near thing because our good summer months were ruined by the dreadful weather conditions. July-August were very bad bacon months and we naturally fell victims to the depressed markets. However, a record good December set us ahead of previous years. The New Year opened all right with January, but February was quite bad. During March we went ahead again and I think the first quarter of 1928 ought to show up fairly well. Trade, too, has been good this Easter, and so I think we really ought to establish a fresh record in 1928. It is indeed time that the law of averages began to get busy and afford us a decent summer. If this prove to be the case and we get favourable opportunities in July and August then we must finish 1928 showing a forward movement. It seems to me now that all that is wanted is that everyone concerned in the Cowcross Street sales should "row his weight in the boat" and then all must be well.

And the near approach of daylight saving which will be with us before these lines appear in print remind us of George Robey's song, "We *must* have a little bit of fun." To me life would not be so very interesting if I did not get a bit of sport. When the war ended and things in that line began to open out again I was confronted with a difficulty. I felt myself too old to resume cricket and had to look about for a substitute game. Golf! Yes, but I know just enough about Golf to recall a picture which not so very long ago appeared in "Punch." It showed a Scottish minister playing golf. He had just made a dreadful stroke and given expression to his feelings by using a wicked word. He turns repentantly to his caddie, "Ah Jock," he says, "I must gie it up." "What mon," replies the indignant caddie, "What mon, gie up golf." "Nay, nay, laddie," says the minister, "gie up the ministry." Fearing that if I played golf I might share a similar fate to that of the minister I have turned to the far less interesting game of Bowls. And I should like here to recommend Bowls to men who like myself have passed on to latish middle life. I believe, indeed I am sure, that it is a game which by the action required has a bracing and tonic effect on the frame and keeps elderly men supple and so ensures to one of reasonably good health a continuance of well-being in mind and body, for Bowls can be a highly scientific game, affording not only a mild and bracing form of exercise but also requiring the use of gumption and brains. But I am one of those who think it frankly an old man's game, and personally I object to play against youngsters who ought to be playing a young man's game such as cricket or tennis.

R. E. H.

* * *

REDRUTH.

Easter has come and gone and on the whole we were favoured with fine weather for the holiday period. There was a fair number of visitors and the excursions were well patronised.

The outstanding attraction during the holidays was the annual London-Land's End Motor and Motor Cycle Reliability Run. Several members of our staff went out to the notorious Blue Hills Mine, where, on a stiff climb with a hair pin bend in the middle, a number of competitors came to grief. It is a fascinating sight to see the hundreds of cars and cycles following one another in rapid succession.

We are hoping with Easter over and the better days coming along to increase our

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sales of "Harris Bacon" in the county. It seems evident that when on holiday people appreciate a bit of good bacon, and we hope to keep the name well before the public during the holiday season.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. W. Oliver on the occasion of his taking the plunge into the sea of Matrimony. We sincerely trust that his venture will prove a thoroughly happy one in all respects.

Much alarm was manifested by the ladies of our staff the other afternoon when a scratching noise was heard to proceed from the invoice files on one of our shelves. One lady was even observed to hurriedly perch herself on the top of a stool. Investigations proved that a hole had been eaten in the boarding by mice, and they had evidently just commenced a dainty meal of invoices when they were disturbed. Our head "*Mouse Exterminator*" was speedily on the scene with some dainty little tit-bits, and we have no doubt that his bait will prove successful in its purpose. Meanwhile peace once again reigns in our office.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Edmund Frayling, who was Manager of this branch for a period of 12 years, retiring in 1913.

Our sympathies here go out to Mr. Pengelly, our Engineer, in the death of his brother, Mr. J. Pengelly, who was well known in Cornish circles as an accomplished flautist. He will be greatly missed in local musical circles.

It is rumoured that a well-known gentleman on the staff of the Redruth Branch is contemplating the purchase of a motor bicycle. Being now a married man, we trust that he will endeavour to ride round the corners and not into them, and hope that these observations will be seen by his wife.

We are authorised by the Scoutmaster on our staff to say that the *emery paper* ordered was *not* for his knees.

Our Calne Rugby enthusiasts will be interested to see the final result of the matches played this season by the Redruth XV., which reads as follows: Played 39, won 31, drawn 3, lost 5. It has been one of the most successful seasons the Club has ever had, five of the players being picked to represent Cornwall in the final of the County Championship at Bradford.

CORNUBIAN.

* * *

TIVERTON.

Accuracy is of great importance and an invariable mark of good training in a man. Accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done; for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work, than to half do ten times as much. A wise man used to say "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."

Too little attention, however, is paid to this highly important quality of accuracy. Yet in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted that often decides men for or against you. With virtue, capacity and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again; and he thus causes an infinity of annoyance, vexation and trouble.

DUMPLING.

* * *

TOTNES.

The restrictions imposed upon the movement of pigs from Cornwall into Devon consequent upon the recent outbreak of Foot and Mouth Disease there, has greatly affected our killings, particularly as a large percentage of our supplies are usually drawn from the bordering districts. We have therefore been passing through a quiet period, and as there have been no outstanding social events of any real interest to record we shall not require a great deal of space for our remarks in this issue.

W. J. T.

* * *

If life is a sea of troubles, is it due to the hardships?

* * *

The wise woman never cries. She merely threatens to cry.

* * *

Everything comes to him who orders hash.

Just Between Ourselves.

I wonder how many of my readers have ever considered making a herb garden of their own? It is one of the most fascinating ways of having an interest in a garden. A woman's life is usually too fully occupied to be able to give the time or attention to the requirements of flowers, etc. (that is so necessary to successful cultivation) even if we were allowed to so far encroach on what is usually looked upon by the male members of a family as their special prerogative. A herb garden, however, can be given as much or (within reason) as little attention as one wishes, for, having once planted it, the herbs will practically look after themselves, and often the only thing needed is to keep them within reasonable bounds.

In olden days every countrywoman had a herb garden of her own, wherein she grew all the herbs necessary for making the herb teas and possets which were such a feature of the house-keeping abilities of those ladies. I am sure many of you must have noticed in old cottage gardens big clumps of herbs growing (possibly you did not know what many of them were) which were probably the remains of an old-time herb garden. For in those days the lady of the house was expected not only to be able to prescribe herbal medicine for all minor ills to which the members of her household were subject, but to be able to brew or concoct the necessary medicine to give relief to pain. Many plants that are now thought little of were then used in all sorts of ways, and even to-day there are certain people who say that if we trusted more to Nature in the way of medicine and less to drugs we should be very much better, both in health and pocket! Be that as it may, in the days when doctors were often many miles away, and drugs were unknown, the housewife's herb garden was a very necessary and important part of the home. All flavourings, too, used in the culinary department of the house were prepared out of the garden, for it was not then possible to buy little bottles of essences at the grocers, such as we can now, for a very few pence; but apart from spices, which were introduced into general use in England in Queen Elizabeth's reign or a little earlier, all flavourings used came from our home-grown herbs, flowers and fruit.

Although nowadays herbs are no longer used to so great an extent as they were then they well repay a little time and care by giving us a spot in our garden where we can revel in their delicious scent, and I feel sure that if you ever have the opportunity to pass a herb bed after a shower of rain you will agree with me that it is one of the most delicious scents possible.

Next month I will try and tell you how to plan out a herb garden, together with some of the uses to which these plants can be put, even in these modern days.

"MARIAN."

LIST OF WELDON'S PUBLICATIONS FOR MAY.

Illustrated Dressmaker.
Jumpers, Skirts and Blouses.
Knitted Woollies for Men.
Cardigan Suits for Girls.
Ladies' Journal.
Summer Dress.
Children's Fashions.

HOCKEY NOTES.

On April 7th we met the Marlborough team on their ground, and although we did not manage to win we enjoyed a thoroughly sporting game.

Our last match was played on April 24th against the Avon Rubber Co., at Melksham, the score being 3—2 against us.

Considering that this has been the Club's first season, I do not think that we have any reason to be disheartened. Next season we hope to have a strong second eleven, and several matches for this team have already been arranged.

* * *

An examiner asked a class of boys the following question: "What do you know of the 'Ages of Man'?" This was the answer given by one precocious youth:—

"There are three ages of man. (1) When we are young we think of the sins we shall commit when we grow up. This is the Age of Innocence. (2) When we grow up we commit some of them. This is the Prime of Life. (3) When we are old we are sorry we committed them. This is Dotage."

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Our Post Bag.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Some time ago I was reading a book in which the following was sufficiently interesting to me to make a note of same. It would be interesting to hear your readers' views.

There are four kinds of people in business to-day :—

1. The lazy and indifferent, whether competent or incompetent, who go and come by the clock when they move at all. Their living is a poor one.

2. This class includes the faithful and honest who move slowly and by rule, who have little ambition. They do in a mechanical way what they are told to do. Most people in this class are able to earn some kind of livelihood.

3. Includes those who are conscientious, honourable, honest, faithful and painstaking. They have some ambition, a desire to better themselves, and to make full return for what they receive. To a large extent they do their best as they see it. They are on hand to receive orders and execute them to the best of their ability. They never reach the flush of success, and are seldom subject to adverse criticism.

4. This class carries very few members. Each one is a marked man or woman who is at the top or near it. They are ambitious to the extreme, always faithful, although their success is not due solely to those two qualities. They have reached their present positions because they did a vast deal of what they were not told to do, what they did not have to do, and what was not a regular part of their duty. They used their spare time in familiarising themselves, not only with ordinary conditions, not only with the particular job they were engaged in, but with everything pertaining to the business inside and out.

H.S.B., IPSWICH.

Industrial Sunday.

The observance of Industrial Sunday in the Recreation Ground at Calne was again attended with success this year, the arrangements being carried out by a local committee comprising the Ministers of the various Denominations and representatives of Employees and Employers in the Town.

The attendance at the meeting seemed to indicate in some measure the extremely happy relations which appear to exist between the employers and employees in Calne.

The procession, which formed on the Strand, marched to the Recreation Ground, headed by the Calne Town Band under Bandmaster C. Blackford, followed by the Mayor (J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P.), members of the Calne Town Council, and other Corporation Officials, the Calne Troop of Boy Scouts under Scout Master F. Gregory, and the Girl Guides under Captain Miss M. O. Pound. The address, given by the Venerable Archdeacon Coulter, M.A., was based upon the text "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy." The Archdeacon stressed the importance of good relationship between employer and employee and stated that justice and mercy should be the basis on which all that is best in national and industrial life must rest. We must get back to God as the source of all justice and all mercy and strive to walk humbly with Him since this is the only lasting bond of brotherhood.

The Archdeacon was supported by the Rev. A. B. Browne (Church of England), the Rev. A. E. Johns (Baptist), Mr. A. J. Rawlings (Salvation Army), the Rev. R. G. Wheeler (Calne Free Church).

* * *

A butcher, hearing a boy whistling outside his shop, said :—

"What are you making all that noise for, you young scamp?"

"I've lost my dog," answered the boy.

"Well," the butcher asked, "do you think I've got your dog?"

"I don't know, guv'nor," replied the boy, "but every time I whistle those sausages move."

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2. NO. 6.

JUNE, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

OUR own industry is so closely allied with agriculture, that the problems which assail it cannot fail to arouse our keenest attention. Perhaps too much implication has been made that the problem of land production is one peculiar to this age and has never before arisen. A recognition that this same problem has thrust itself on almost every generation, and that the difficulties have been swept away by the investigations and experiments of keen and enthusiastic men, throws a strong ray of light on what would otherwise be a very sombre picture.

The prolific return of virgin soil, except in one or two favoured spots of the earth, becomes a diminishing quantity and requires the help of the chemist and expert agriculturalist to maintain an economic yield. In the past, pioneers without the accumulated knowledge which we now possess, have by patient endeavour and occasional flashes of genius, discovered fresh methods of fertilizing the soil, re-arranging the rotation of crops and improving the strain of livestock and grain.

It is difficult to realise that many of the vegetables which we now enjoy daily were unknown two centuries ago and that the various green stuffs, so valuable to health, have been evolved by patient and clever men from root crops of the turnip variety. The same story of evolution and progress also applies to cattle, and the indifferent breeds of two centuries ago would make a poor comparison with the fine flocks and herds of to-day. Of one of the progressive agriculturalists who brought about this state of affairs, it has been stated that he gave England two pounds of mutton where it had one pound before.

That this spirit of enterprise is not dead is shown by an exhibit at one of the county agricultural shows this spring. A new brocolli was staged with leaves which curled over the flower to keep it clean, firm and white. The appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the subject of pig production in this country shows that the particular branch of agriculture which affects us is not forgotten. We have no doubt that the sittings will result in a report of constructive value, giving as it will, the deliberate views of public spirited experts and business men.

The fact that men and women in laboratories, Universities, and on the land itself are carrying on the torch of agricultural research, should make us realise that there are still some enlightened people who recognise in Agriculture one of our greatest industries and assets.

Between Ourselves.

MR. AND MRS. A. E. MARSH.

I GLADLY devote my page this month to a report received from Brierley Hill, indicating as it does the existence of some of the happy relationship between principals and staff of all descriptions which we so happily enjoy in all the factories under the immediate control of our own Harris organisation.

All our readers will join in spirit with all at Brierley Hill in our tribute and congratulations to our friends who have celebrated their Silver Wedding.

To most of those concerned in the Harris Group Mr. Marsh was a complete stranger six years ago when we joined forces with him. Those of us who had the privilege of knowing him for many years prior to 1922 knew that in all our dealings with him we should not only find everything fair and square, but that there would also be the exhibition of those qualities for everybody concerned which had already developed into a very real friendship between Mr. Marsh and the writer of these notes. We have never had cause to regret our "link-up" in 1922, and with sincere regard we wish Mr. and Mrs. Marsh every possible happiness in all their days to come.



REPORT FROM BRIERLEY HILL.

The affectionate regard which the employees of the Brierley Hill Factory of Messrs. Marsh & Baxter, Ltd., have for Mr. A. E. Marsh, the head of the firm, found expression on Monday evening in a manner which, to Mr. and Mrs. Marsh at any rate, was most unexpected. It was the occasion of the First Annual Meeting of the firm's Sports Club, which was held at the Pavilion on the Sports Ground—itself a monument of the thought and care of Mr. Marsh and the firm for their employees,—and Mr. and Mrs. Marsh were present as much to show their interest in the success of the Sports Club as to avail themselves of the opportunity of meeting as many as possible of the employees in the pleasant surroundings of a recreative institution.

Little did they suspect that it had already been realised that this year they celebrate their Silver Wedding, and that the opportunity was to be taken of making a presentation to them. Never was a gift more spontaneous or a secret better kept. Indeed, it was not until the business of the Annual Meeting had been concluded, and Mr. William Gould (Manager) was halfway through the pleasing speech, in which he expressed the feelings of the employees, that Mr. and Mrs. Marsh realised that anything out of the ordinary was afoot. Mr. Gould had spoken of the pleasure with which it was realised that 1928 marked the 25th anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, and had congratulated them on behalf of the employees, and had referred to the fact that the hope had long been cherished that some opportunity might arise when they could "show in some practical manner our attachment to your person and our pride and loyalty in your service"; when, amid loud and prolonged applause, a party of ten of the oldest servants of the firm entered and deposited upon the table in front of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh a magnificent collection of silver ware. It was a splendid climax of a movement in which every employee at the Factory had participated, and in which each had had a real and personal interest.

Something of the happy and spontaneous character of the gift was indicated by Mr. Gould in making the presentation, when he said: "The spirit which inspires this presentation knows nothing of department or grade, veteran or recruit, but is the spirit which binds us together in one harmonious whole."

When Mr. Gould had finished speaking, Miss Gladys L. Pitt stepped forward, and on behalf of the lady members of the Staff, presented to Mrs. Marsh a bouquet of flowers similar to those used in her original bridal bouquet, namely, Harissi Lilies, Lilies of the Valley, and White Roses.

Mr. Marsh, when he rose to reply, was most cordially applauded. He said:—

"Mr. Gould and all you good people,—I do not know how to find words to thank you sufficiently for all your kindness and generosity. I do, however, want to say this, that I do not want you people ever in the future to feel that anything that I or my brothers in the firm may do for you—and I hope we shall do many things,—ever need make it incumbent upon you to do something for us in return. I do not want you ever to feel that. Of your kindness and loyalty I see much, and I have many opportunities of judging. My wife and I will value this all our lives. For 25 years we have been very happy, we have been the best of pals, she has helped me in my work more than any of you could possibly have any idea, and I am proud and thankful to say that never, in the whole of those years, have we had the slightest misunderstanding or misword (applause). I think she will treasure this splendid gift even more than I can, as being some appreciation from you of the work I have tried to do during the past 30 odd years for you all. The service I have given to the firm has been given with the idea that it was going to help others, and if one goes along those lines it brings a vast amount of happiness and enables one to laugh at the difficulties and trials which might have discouraged, and troubles galore, but if we do not have one difficulty we have another, and we have tried our best to take it all with a smile, knowing and believing that God, in His great kindness will show us a way through. This very noble presentation which you made to us makes it so much easier to battle with all these things, and will send me along my way, struggling with all our difficulties, with the knowledge, if I ever require it, that all you good people are at the back of us in everything we do. I am afraid that I feel too deeply moved to say all I ought, but from the bottom of our hearts, my wife and I thank you."

The Silver given was a beautiful Silver Tray and Bowl, and on the Bowl was inscribed the following inscription:—

"Presented to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Marsh, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding, as a token of affection, from the whole of their employees at Brierley Hill, 1928."

* * *

The blood of the human body travels 61,320 miles during a year's beating of the heart.

By The Way.

We introduce a new feature this month. The "Motor Corner" should appeal to a large number of our readers and the writer is fully qualified to deal with any problems you care to send along.

* * *

Did you hear of Fred's adventure in the bus? We did, except what he said when the conductor said the fare was a "bob." Did the girls "brass up"?

* * *

In the forthcoming Show we notice classes for the handsomest dogs, intelligent dogs, etc. Several of us feel hurt that the "powers that be" have not considered a class for the "gay dogs." Surely they do not consider we are no class!

* * *

Suggestions are asked for in connection with the new Putting Green. Here is ours. We consider that, as an inducement, the committee should offer to all intending members a suitable vocabulary.

* * *

We understand that the hope expressed in last month's Tennis Section report did not materialise, as each member as usual had to pay for his own.

* * *

The following is an extract from a recent circular from the P . . F . . . . . C . . . "The Committee hope that all members of the Club who fat pigs will make an endeavour to enter at least one of the classes." We would suggest a separate class be held for members as we believe that one of the conditions of the existing classes is that the exhibit must be slaughtered.

* * *

A good number of entries in this special class and the creation of a "Gay Dog" class in the Fur and Feather Section should brighten up our Flower Show.

* * *

A recent newspaper headline reads: "Rheumatism prefers Blondes." This, coupled with the "Gentlemen prefer Blondes," prompts us to remark "of the two evils choose the lesser."

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Bacon Order No. 16,760 contains a request for "Stick Streak." We might have understood Strick Theak, but not Stick Streak!

* * *

Another epitaph discovered by one of our Representatives :—
Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder,
She burst while drinking a seidlitz powder;
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,
She should have waited till it effervesced.

* * *

"The idea of summer concerts has now been put into operation." This does not mean that they have been "cut out."

* * *

We are puzzled as to the locality of our new department. A transfer was made the other day to the "Official Scale." As we have actually seen the document our readers can accept this as being "official."

* * *

Who bought the "Daily Sketch" on June 2nd expecting to find therein photographs of the opening of the Carnival which took place on May 24th?

Oh! Charlie, take it away.

* * *

THE FLORIST'S WOOING.

Dear *Rose,* I'm in an *orchid* plight,
A rum position, really funny.
I'm told that I must *marry-gold,*
Because I hav'nt *any-money.*

I fear such *thrift* would me enslave,
But *honesty* will keep me free.
When you are mine, nought I shall *li-lac,*
The *fuchsia* will be bright for me.

When you caress *or-chis* me dear,
When *two-lips* vow we ne'er will part,
I know you will *for-get-me-not,*
And then *sweet peas(e)* comes to my heart.

CHARLES R. S. COLLINS.

* * *

Old Lady: "I want to send these trousers by book post."

Postmistress: "We cannot send trousers by book post."

"But I understand anything that's open at both ends can be sent by book post."

MORNING.

The splendour of the morning drapes
The Eastern arch with light;
With deeper power the dawn now holds
Dominion over night.

The cottager has left his bed,
And in this early hour
The humming bee forsakes its hive
To seek the waking flower.

Fair Heaven hallows this sweet time
And fills earth's longing breast
With something more than earthly love
And more than earthly rest.

Oh! could I be yon farmer's lad,
At work upon the hill,
Singing alone my solitary song
When all the world is still.

Or could I be the little thrush
While yet the morn is gray,
Chanting upon the hazel bough
A prelude to the day.

My heart would burst with love and joy,
And on the morning air
Would steal a truly heart-felt song,
Its every note a prayer.

E. HOWSE.

* * *

AN ACROSTIC.

I'm very, very good to eat;
I stroll in pairs up Calne High Street.
I have two ends—I'm white or brown;
I come in dozens to Calne town.
But here please place me upside down.
We twain meet once—then never part,
Tho' millions place us near their heart.

I pass in scores along our street
To meet my doom—my doom is meat.
On trotters two I lightly tripped,
Fearing my head might off be snipped.
Four of us were baptized the same,
But this is not my real name.

FROM A V.C.

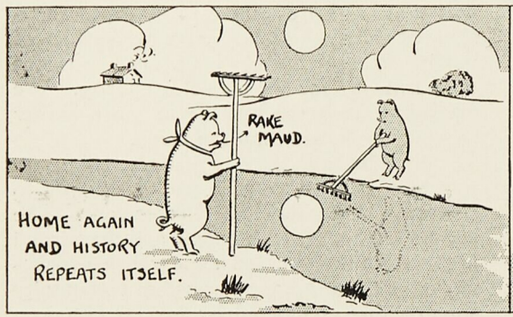
(To the sender of the first correct solution opened on July 4th we will present a bound volume of this year's Magazines.—Ed.)

* * *

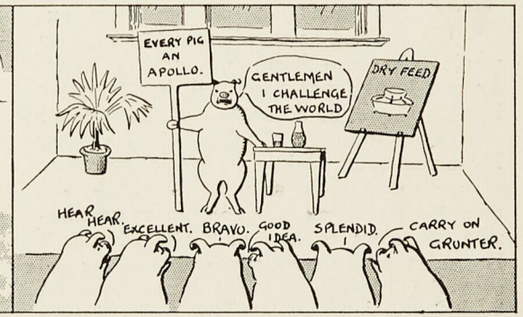
Teacher: "A biped is anything that goes on two feet. Bobbie, can you name one?"

Bobbie: "Yes, miss, a pair of shoes."

GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



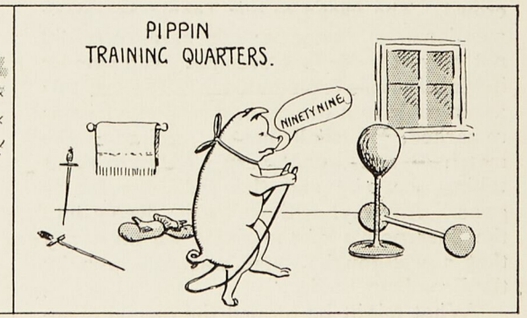
1.--Percy and Maud having acquired the taste for cheese in Highbridge, rake the Marden for a "Caerphilly."



2.--Grunter objects to the large quantities of Bacon being imported and suggests matching Percy against the foreigners.



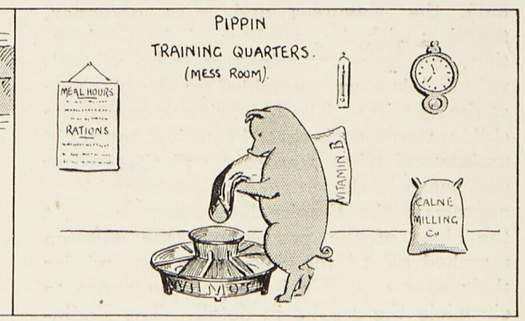
3.--While training quarters are being prepared in the Pippin, Percy takes mild exercise at the Lickhill Courts.



4.--Amongst other things, Grunter puts Percy on skipping to keep him agile and cultivate quick foot movement.



5.--Percy leaves an opening, and Grunter gets one home with his left (Why go to Chippenham for boxing?)



6.--Maud in her motherly way pays special attention to Percy's meals, which are so important.

Calne Carnival.

WEATHER forecasts were anxiously considered and doubts were expressed as to whether the weather would take unto itself the Carnival spirit. As our local press described it, "Jupiter Pluvius stayed at home." In passing, we should like to know who this Mr. Pluvius is. If we remember rightly the genial secretary of our Tennis Section is intimately acquainted with him, as in last month's Magazine he refers to him as "Old Pluvius." However, all we need say is that, if we except the Ladies' Football Match on the Wednesday, the weather for our Carnival was quite good.

The Ladies' Football Match between Calne and Bromham was keenly contested. Both teams are to be congratulated on the game, which was played before a good crowd. The friend of our Tennis Secretary mentioned in the preceding paragraph did not stay at home that evening. We wonder if Mrs. Pluvius came out, too. We ask this as, in reply to a question, one of our friends remarked, "I shall not be going to the match as one cannot very well go without taking the wife and then half the fun is gone." Anyway, without going deeply into the finer points of the game we must say that a well-fought game was well won by the Bromham Ladies.

What might be termed the official opening of the Carnival took place on Thursday, May 24th. A large crowd of people gathered outside the Town Hall to join with the children from all the schools in celebrating Empire Day. The Mayor (Mr. J. F. Bodinnar), the Mayoress and Miss Bodinnar, together with the members of the Corporation, the clergy and ministers and the Carnival officials were assembled on the platform at the opening. The Mayor's address to the children was such that the tiniest tot could understand what was said and the veriest greybeard in the crowd was equally able to appreciate the Empire Day message. At the close of the proceedings the children marched off to the Recreation Ground for their sports. We have not the space to chronicle the results in detail. The Bodinnar Cup, which was presented by the Mayoress, was won by the Calne Boys' School with an aggregate of 37 points. The children, who numbered about 700, were, at the invitation of the Mayor and Mayoress, entertained to tea. Our one regret this day was that we were unable to secure a snapshot of Mrs. Bodinnar coaxing strains of music out of a barrel organ and coins out of the Mayor for the cause of charity. We are told that of the two it was much harder to coax the music than the coins.

Thursday was the day of days. Speculation was rife as to who and what was to comprise the Carnival Procession. The streets were lined with people and the Strand presented an animated appearance consisting as it did of a happy crowd of community singers ably conducted by Mr. J. Haddon. The procession was led by the "King Carnival," and Messrs. Morement and Bridges are to be congratulated upon the work they put into this excellent tableau. The Welfare Association were successful in the "Tableaux on Cars" Section and gained first place. The car was tastefully decorated to show some of the activities of our Association. Happily enthroned in the Christmas Carnival portion was the genial and youthful Henry Carpenter. Another of our successes was in the Decorated Advertising Car Section, illustrating the excellence of its products for pigs, the Calne Milling Co.'s representation of a mill was most ably done by Mr. J. F. Edwarde and his band of helpers. The ever-popular live wire, Herbie Webb, was again successful with his comic band. Throughout the Carnival this band was instrumental in raking in the shekels for the good cause.

The evening closed with a confetti battle on the Strand and a dance in the Town Hall. With regard to the former we were in the thick of it and a right royal battle it was. We do wish however that the "battlers" would always use brand new confetti. We saw many scooping the confetti from the ground, and if there is one thing we hate more than another it is second-hand confetti. The Corporation employees had quite a job the following day gathering up the fragments.

The Dance the same evening was attended by something like 200 people, and the Town Hall presented a very animated appearance. As there were five hours' dancing one cannot say that Calne takes its pleasure sadly. The outstanding events on Friday were the Baby Show and the Wiltshire Flitch Trial. The number of entries for the Baby Show was not so great as last year. The cup was again given by the Mayoress, and Mr. R. Dare was the proud father of the champion, and has our hearty congratulations.

We look to the Flitch Trial to provide us with plenty of fun. Instituted by Mr. Bodinnar, we hope that it will become an annual event, as it is one of the most enjoyed and remembered events of the year. We should like to give an account of the trial in full for the benefit of our friends elsewhere, but alas! space will not permit. We noticed a photograph in the local press of this trial labelled "an applicant addressing the Court." As the "applicant" in the photo was the foreman of the jury we imagine the humour of the proceedings must have affected the photographer somewhat. The first pair of applicants were Mr. and Mrs. Little. Mr. Little is our chimney sweep, and his occupation provided points regarding soot-ability. References to Black and White created quite a thirst. The two love-letters quoted were gems, and it would not surprise us to learn that the spinsters and bachelors of the jury have obtained copies for possible future use.

Our old friend Mr. Cleverly and his wife were the next to stand their trial. To observe "Keble" illustrate the "glad eye" was well worth seeing. We were glad to learn from the evidence that he doesn't suffer from cold feet, but we marvel at the capacity of 32 pints. We must confess that we were in doubt as to whether he left the Marines with a clean sheet or shirt. Mr. and Mrs. Truckle were the last couple to unfold their past. His point that his son was a Major in the Navy was fully appreciated. It certainly scored over the counsel when it was divulged that Major was the lad's name. The admission that they still keep their basinette prompts one to ask if their ambition is to boast they have one son in the Navy and another in the basinette. The jury were unable to make up their minds and finally decided that as all the tales were curly ones, the Flitch should be divided amongst the three applicants. Judgment was entered accordingly. We have not much space left, but mention must be made of the Football Match on Saturday afternoon between the two rival political clubs. It was in fancy dress and played with a Rugby ball. Mr. Denyer, of Swindon Town, was an ideal referee for such a game, and his antics in the garb of Charlie Chaplin kept the crowd rocking with laughter.

The Fun of the Fair in the front yard of the firm brought to a close a jolly, happy and successful Carnival.

We cannot close this brief account without referring to and thanking all those who helped to make the Carnival a success. We can do no better than quote the Mayor's letter:—

> "There were so many who contributed to the great success of all our Carnival events that it is impossible to thank them individually. May I take this opportunity, therefore, of expressing the appreciation of the whole town and district to the Secretary, Mr. F. C. Hunt, the Committee, and all who took part in the organisation of each section of the activities.—J. F. Bodinnar, Mayor."

ONLOOKER.

* * *

YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

When on your summer holidays will you please remember the Magazine?

A description of the various interesting spots you visit will perhaps interest other readers. You may have some amusing adventures, or hear some of the local legends.

Whatever it is please share it with us.

* * *

THE MORNING AFTER——?

It was in a back street I met him early one morning strolling slowly along. Perhaps he was aware of his dishevelled appearance (his stiff white collar and front were unfastened) and therefore shunned the main thoroughfares. If I had not been due in the office two or three minutes later I should most probably have shadowed him out of curiosity. He was evidently a gay dog.

Yes, a dog! And as far as my knowledge of the species goes, a sheep dog; but whether he himself placed the collar and front about his neck I cannot say. He might have been incapable.

M. E. S., CALNE.

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A Trip up the River Orwell.

FOR our next trip we take advantage of a fine day and board a trolley 'bus for the L.N.E.Rly. steamers, and prepare for a splendid trip up the river Orwell to Felixstowe. The gangways are hauled in and away we go. The first scenery of note is Wherstead Park, once the home of Lord Justice Coke. Next we see a tower known as Freston Tower. This is a building of six storeys, probably designed as a kind of look-out, but said by local tradition to have been built by a Lord Freston as a study for his daughter, one of the most learned women of her day.

Beyond this, and on the same side, is Woolverstone Park, a fine wooded estate. The wooded slopes of this majestic park gives to this reach of the river a charm which few English rivers can compare. Situated in a small clearing of the woods is the church-like building popularly known as the Cat House, because the east window contains the picture of a white cat, a lamented pet of the Woolverstone household. Directly opposite, and almost hidden in summer by woodlands, is Alnesbourne Priory, better known as the Priory Farm, where Margaret Catchpole, famous in local history, was first engaged as a servant. In this neighbourhood ends Gainsborough's Lane pictured in Gainsborough's "The Market Cart," which is in the National Gallery.

We are now passing Orwell Park. Near it is a prominently situated water tower built in imitation of Freston Tower. The Orwell Park Mansion contained so many art treasures of extreme value that this water tower was made necessary as a precaution in case of fire. The dome-shaped building seen from the river is an astronomical observatory created by a former owner of Orwell Park.



(The Block for the above Illustration was kindly loaned by Messrs. W. L. Cowell, Ltd., Ipswich).

The next point of interest is Pin Mill Bay, off which the steamers usually wait to land or embark passengers by small boats. Almost opposite is Broke Hall, famous as having been the residence of Admiral Sir Phillip Broke, who was commander of the "Shannon" in the memorable fight with the American "Chesapeake."

Next we pass Levington Creek, an inlet much frequented formerly by smugglers, as all readers of "Margaret Catchpole" will know. We are now nearing the mouth of the river where the "Stour" joins the "Orwell," and the steamer calls a halt at Harwich to alight and take on passengers. The trip across the estuary from Harwich to Felixstowe is an enjoyable one, with sea view stretching in a picturesque sweep from Landguard Fort across Dovercourt Bay to the Naze, variety being lent by the war vessels at anchor in the harbour.

We now disembark at Felixstowe, and rather than incur the wrath of the Editor and possibly some of my friends by continuing this "ramble" I will end by saying that Ipswich and district is well worth a visit.

H.F.B., Ipswich.

* * *

MOTOR CORNER.

HONK! Honk! Crash! ***—There you are, right into our new "Corner!!" "Didn't you hear my horn?"—"No."—"Thought so. What's that? Didn't I hear yours? Why, bless me, no! But cheer up, we're all here and no bones broken, and we are going to hear quite a lot from each other in the future; our Editor has just given us a column. Also remember we *expect* to hear *your* 'horns' quite a lot, so roll up with topics, queries, or arguments—they will be attended to."

Plenty of subjects arise which are not dealt with in text books, and lots of us have "wrinkles" picked up from experience, at home or in the war. Send them right along to me c/o The Editor.

Given sufficient support there is no reason why we should not form a Harris Motor Club. Now then, the H.W.A.—what about it?

I hope to contribute, periodically, short paragraphs giving Maintenance Hints.

At the time of going to press it is Derby Week, and conversation centres round the "two Derbys"—the "Horse Derby" and the "Horse-Power" Derby—Epsom and the Isle of Man.

I wonder, how would Alec Bennett, Simpson or Handley care to "swop" mounts with Gordon Richards, Jellis or Geo. Duller? The two latter would be quite as much at home on a "hotted" bike or car as on a Derby favourite. (George Duller holds car records at Brooklands as well as being a "crack" hurdler "over the sticks.") But I contend that the winner of the "T.T." has earned a much greater distinction than any Derby winner. The laps (over mountainous country) of 37½ miles each being a test of endurance, super-mechanical experience and the like.

I remember going round in pre-war days and thought myself a hero in covering four laps without "konking out." Physically I was absolutely "beat," although in my own estimation I started as "fit as a fiddle."

I am to-day more "staid," and run a small 8-h.p. two-seater, which gives me joy at 45 m.p.h.!

We had "sand racing" at Port Talbot early in June, but I was unable to attend. We get some really keen racing at Pendine, Swansea, Port Talbot and Cardiff, and personally I think it a better and cleaner sport than the much boomed "dirt track" events, which, to me, appeal solely to "sensation mongers" or bored minds, also to pure and simple gamblers. When the gambling enters, sport disappears.

My particular week-end "laze" comprises a short run to a "bathe" and return through country at a slow pace studying Nature. Last week-end, in a two-mile area, I saw deer, salmon, badger, stoat, weasel, and brought home a young blackbird and thrush. This was at Morgam (near Porthcawl). It is surprising also, what lovely historic old castles, etc., are scattered all over our countryside; this district abounds with them. It is only lack of time, historical data, and art of journalism that prevents me "writing them up."

This Month's Tip.

The easiest way to clean a car or combination is to get the wife to do it for you.

Recently, when returning from a sand race here (I was side-car passenger on a 1000 c.c. Brough Superior), a policeman took my pal's name and address for keeping a "noise" (exhaust). When asked his height, my pal replied "6ft. 2in." The constable sympathetically advised him to join the "force" and get his own back!

"Ex-Don.R."

Digitisted by Calne Heritage Centre

Harris Welfare Association.

It is very pleasing to be able to again report this month that things are progressing very favourably throughout the Association, and all sections, especially those whose activities are prominent during the Summer months, are doing all that is possible to give their members the maximum amount of pleasure after work hours.

During the past month the Tennis Courts at Lickhill have been very well patronised, and the field has been converted into a real Pleasure Ground. With the advent of the Putting Green it is hoped that a great many more members who have not yet availed themselves of the Lickhill Grounds will do so. It is sincerely hoped that this game will be taken up wholeheartedly by a big percentage of members, because there is real enjoyment in it.

This Putting Green is eighteen hole, and the advantage is that no player need wait, because the holes are arranged in such a manner that immediately the first couple starts, the next can follow on.

We were very pleased indeed to see that the Pastimes Section were championing the cause of photography in the last issue of the Magazine, and we hope that our members will take this up as there is no doubt that a great deal of pleasure can be derived from this hobby.

There is one matter which we should like to take the opportunity of mentioning to our friends, and that is with regard to the farm road leading from Lickhill Road to the entrance of the Lickhill Ground.

This lane, as many will know, belongs to the Wiltshire County Council, and in granting the Company a right of way over it to enable them to reach their Sports Ground, a very definite undertaking had to be given to the County Council that no vehicular traffic, such as motor cars, motor bicycles, etc., would be allowed to go over the road.

May we ask for the co-operation of all our friends, therefore, to enable us to adhere rigidly to the undertaking which it has been necessary to give.

Motor cars and cycles may be parked on the lane on the opposite side of the Lickhill Road, which is adjacent to the south boundary of Elmfield House.

FLOWER SHOW.

The date of the Annual Flower Show has now been fixed for Saturday, 18th August; this is rather later than usual, as it has been a cold spring, making the gardens rather backward. This should give all exhibitors a good chance to get their produce to perfection by then.

The replies from the branches have been very gratifying, and the competition in the open classes arranged for their benefit should be very keen. Local growers will have to look to it or else the branches will take away all the prizes.

FUR AND FEATHER SECTION.

Will all intending exhibitors in this section kindly send in their entries as early as possible?

We ask all our friends to make the Show a success by sending an exhibit. Do not think your domestic pet is not good enough for the Show; send it along. Your Barn Door Fowl, Cage Bird, Rabbit, etc., etc., will be welcomed. You will be doing your bit to make the Show a special attraction. So much depends upon your interest to give this venture a good start.

We have a class for Dogs in fancy dress, and as this is the first item to be shown in the class we should like a good number of entries, as we think this will prove interesting to **all** our visitors.

The Fur Board are making a special display of garments and furs, and you will be surprised to see what can be produced from a rabbit skin by scientific breeding; the skins produced give beautiful shades of colour.

Mr. R. J. Peake, Westwells, Corsham, Poultry and Rabbit Fancier, is giving a demonstration with blowing and clipping machines, also on view there will be some of his specially constructed labour-saving hutches.

Mr. Peake has kindly presented a pair of Angora rabbits to the Committee for a prize, and these rabbits will be disposed of to the person who judges the weight of the best cockerel in the Show.

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ENTERTAINMENT SECTION.

The great attraction next month will be the first appearance of the new Concert Party under the direction of Mr. Alex MacLean. The party is billed to appear at Lickhill Pavilion on Wednesday, 11th July, when we hope to see a first-class turn-out. Mr. Griffen, who has been very busy getting a new orchestra together, has promised a few numbers. We feel sure all will look forward with interest to this, the first entertainment to be given under the auspices of the Harris Welfare Association. Will you please remember the date, July 11th, and roll up in your hundreds. All our readers will join in wishing them a great and lasting success. The best way to do this is to show them personally that you **want** them to succeed and to turn up and give them every encouragement. On the success of this our first venture depends whether the idea of summer concerts can be maintained. It is for the members of the Association themselves to decide. Come and give us your verdict.

A.G.K.

TENNIS SECTION.

At the time of writing we can truthfully say that we have already had more summer weather in one month than we had during the whole of last year. This spell of fine weather has enabled us to keep the courts open for several consecutive weeks and, judging by the attendance at Lickhill, members are certainly making the most of it.

Enthusiasm amongst the beginners is as strong as ever, and we feel that the time is not far distant when our present accommodation will be insufficient to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing membership.

D.E.W.L.

CRICKET.

With the 1st XI.—Although our first match at Swindon with Wills Imperial was lost it was only by a very few runs, and with a little more energy shown in the field we should have turned defeat into victory. The same remark applies to our game at Castle Combe, which was also lost by a small margin. The game at Lickhill with Chippenham 2nd XI. was thoroughly enjoyed and we gained our first win by 2 runs. On May 26th we paid a visit to Bath and succeeded in beating Stotherts & Pitts, Nash (21), Hill (17 not out), Ashman (12) being our top scorers. Taylor came out with the best bowling average, getting 3 wickets for 15, Hill 4 for 24, Nash 3 for 27 were the successful bowlers.

On Wednesday, May 30th, our annual home match with the Town XI. took place at Lickhill. This game was drawn.

Forthcoming matches :—

June 23.—	Stotherts & Pitts ...	Home.
,, 30.—	Saltford	Away.
July 7.—	Devizes 2nd XI.	Away.
,, 14.—	Swindon C. Church...	Home.

With the 2nd XI.—The opening match was with Garrard's, played at Lickhill. Although the game was lost, a very creditable show was made by our juniors against a much stronger side.

To assist the Carnival Committee on Saturday, May 26th, our match with St. John's 2nd XI., Swindon, was postponed.

Forthcoming matches :—

June 23.—	Derry Hill	Away.
,, 30.—	Okus, Swindon	Home.
July 7.—	Seagry	Home.
,, 14.—	Garrard's	Away.
,, 21.—	Derry Hill	Away.

W. P.

PASTIMES AND LECTURES COMMITTEE.

As announced in our last number, the Pastimes Committee have got to work and an 18 hole Putting Green has been laid down in the Sports field.

The first match over the Course was played on Tuesday evening, June 5th, by Mr. W. G. Gunning and Mr. P. T. Knowles, the former winning by two holes.

The course was then declared open and some 18 couples put their skill to the test during the evening. The opinion was very generally expressed that, considering the short time at his disposal, the groundsman had got the course into excellent condition, and that the Pastimes Committee had made a very welcome addition to the activities of the Welfare Association.

The course is open for play to any mem-

ber of the Association on every evening except when a Cricket Match is being played.

Golfing experts tell us that the correct pronunciation of putt is "putt."

A golfer once sighed "Oh, tut, tut,
When I putt, my putt it goes 'phutt.'
I stand on my 'vut'
And carefully putt
I'm a Mutt, but I do put my putt."

* * *

WHICH JOB WOULD YOU CHOOSE.

A post in an office, or as a salesman on the road. It would be interesting to hear from some of your readers which they would choose if they had the opportunity, *and the reason why.*

I have heard office folks talk like this: "So-and-so has a jolly good time, running about in a car, seeing different places of interest, has practically a free hand to go where he likes," etc., etc., etc.

On the other hand, I have heard representatives say: "It is all very well for so-and-so to sit in his chair and give orders. He wants to come out and have a try himself," etc.

The man on the road, perhaps, has more freedom of action than the man in the office, yet his difficulties are great. He often has to put in a great deal of work and see nothing for it. He, perhaps, travels mile after mile without getting an order, instead of which he has to put up with humiliating experiences. Customers are not waiting on the doorsteps to give orders to the first representative that comes along.

Here are a few qualities which, I understand, helps to make a man successful on the road:—

1.—He has to know the goods he is selling thoroughly.
2.—He has to be good at diagnosing the customer.
3.—Take a keen interest in his work.
4.—Must be well read. Be a student of trade papers, etc.
5.—Be witty and humorous. Genuine wit and clean-cut humour are profitable commodities in any market.
6.—Has to be courteous and polite to a marked degree.
7.—Has to be very tactful.

How many people working in offices today have these seven qualities necessary to make a successful representative on the road. There may be many.

H.S.B., IPSWICH.

* * *

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The attendance of the Mayor and Corporation at an open air performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was very encouraging to the youthful actors and actresses of the Calne Secondary School.

The setting at Woodlands was such that the audience were able to see and hear the play in comfort.

Of the performance itself it would be unfair to single out any particular character, as each one played his or her part thoroughly. The one thing that stood out was the team spirit, each one taking a part, but it was a part of the whole. The dignity of Hippolyta (F. McQuie) and Theseus (F. Morgan) and the air of courtliness on the part of their attendants; the quarrel between Hermia (P. Duck) and Helena (E. Watson); the lovers Lysander (J. Edwarde) and Demetrius (R. Palandri), all helped to make the play delightful. Titiana (M. Parkhouse) and Oberon (R. Parkhouse), together with their band of Elves and Fairies, made a very pretty picture whenever they occupied the stage. Puck (D. Morgan), that imp of mischievousness, gave a very animated performance. The humorous antics of Philostrate (J. Wiltshire) and his fellow workers, including Bottom (R. Matthews), in their attempts at rehearsal and performance of their play delighted the audience.

We venture to think that the role the audience adopted at the close was that of Oliver Twist and their attitude indicated they would be glad of "more" at a future date. If our opinion were requested, we should say that "The Merchant of Venice," and, as a complete change, Dickens' "Christmas Carol" would be quite within the possibilities of such talented performers.

G. H. H.

* * *

It is the privilege of few to have their faces on coins. Most people are content to get their hands on them.

An Advertisement Censor?

IT is a splendid suggestion in the February Magazine that correspondents should write on a subject that would invite criticism from others. Even though politics and religion are barred, there is nevertheless a wide scope of items that might be called controversial.

My theme in this instance will be advertising, and I would submit "that it is quite time that some control was put on advertising, the form of control being public opinion."

Why should the countryside be marred by a hideous advertisement hoarding, as is so often the case, obstructing the view of landscape and beauty, and giving in exchange a mass of colour and paste of no beauty whatever, and if there is any art in the production of the designs what a travesty of the inspiration of the artist.

How hideous are the electric signs of our large cities. Compare this with the natural silhouette of the magnificent buildings by moonlight. What an insult to the architect and builder.

The worst misapplication of advertising zeal, to my mind, is the sandwich man. It is most humiliating for him to walk the streets jammed between two paste-boards simply to record the fact that "Mabel is here" or that "So-and-So's" raisins have been reduced a half-penny. An advertisement of this nature is repellant to me, as I believe it is also to the general public. Would you like to do that yourself? This is not work in its clean and elevating sense—its very nature is demoralising—an admission to the public that he is down at the heel, and worse still, searing that fact into his own mind and consciousness.

When reading a story in the Magazine it is most annoying to find that the reader gets switched over to a page in the advertisement section. The reason is obvious, such an advertisement commands a higher fee. We cannot help thinking that the publishers are more concerned to please their advertising clients than those who buy the book.

One drops into the cinema in order to lose one's self from the business activities of the day. You are soon faced by the irritating fire-proof screen like a patchwork quilt, so full is it of nondescript advertisements, reminding you of the best place (usually the worst) to get your hair permanently waved or to buy a pork chop, followed later by a succession of reminders of what is likely to be shown in successive weeks, as if the local press were not already sufficient.

Our principal railway termini are not so bad as they used to be in the arrangement of their contract advertisements displayed where they should not be. Travellers are hastily looking for signs directing them to various trains or platforms. They want to see the clock or find the booking office. They are denied this information until they have read that "Express Pills" are good for sluggish liver, or that "Yeast Hops" is the best beverage to train on.

Are not railway companies keen enough to see that the income lost to them from this source would be amply repaid if they advertised themselves. Take down these hideous signs and replace in suitable positions photographic views of various places of interest and beauty (a collection of Ipswich views hanging in Calne station waiting room would attract many of the Calneites to these shores).

If advertisements cause resentment, their commercial value diminishes. It is in this way, I maintain, that public opinion will control, to some extent, the enthusiasm of advertisers. If we carry advertisement to extremes, we shall live to regret it.

We shall hear that our magnificent ocean liners have let their sides for a large sum to placate someone's tooth paste, or that floating letters in the sea will announce a safety belt for mal-de-mer.

Sky-writing by the "Daily Mail" was interesting, but let us hope that popular opinion at least will prevent the heavens from ever being exploited by the advertising enthusiasts.

* * *

"By the way, Gibbs," said the old gentleman who was engaging a valet, "are you a married man?"

"No, sir," replied Gibbs steadily. "Those scratches you see on my face were caused by a motor-bike accident."

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A Home Tragedy.

JUST picture the little mother and her tiny family living in the lovely country, away from all the rush and din of town and city life, enjoying a warm and comfortable home, such good living, so wholesome and sweet, such as only the country can give and townsfolk would scarcely understand. A lovely orchard where even the babies could play, and there was more than one of these (although I have not heard that the King's Bounty has been sent to this delightful home); and the anxious little mother, so devoted to the care of her offsprings, and then all is tragically and suddenly changed!

Some big strong men appear on the scene of happy contentment one morning (while the little ones are sleeping after a big breakfast), and seize the kind little mother, hustle her into a waiting car, rush to the Railway Station some few miles away, push her forcibly into a train that is waiting, fastening the door securely upon her, and in defiance of her heart-rending cries, she is swiftly carried away, miles and miles from her loved ones and without the slightest idea where these thoughtless and hard men are sending her. It really seemed as though no one in the wide world cared for her or her darlings at home.

But oh! you will be delighted to know someone did really care for her,—a big, strong, kind man he must have been—he seemed to divine where she was being so cruelly and swiftly sent, and the terrible fate awaiting her. He also knew the telegraph was quicker than the train. So a kind friend knew, even before she arrived, all about her and just what to do. On her arrival she was carefully and kindly received, a lovely meal provided for her, and with all gentleness she was helped into a special compartment on a fast passenger train, en route for home and babies. This very day the gentleman who looked after her so very carefully has received the following message: "You will be glad to know that the little Black Sow has arrived safely and well at 5.35 this afternoon."

Note.—And all this serious loss in valuable time, money, and temper, as well as suffering for the Sow and her litter, could have been avoided by the exercise of a little care on the part of someone.

E.W., CHIPPENHAM.

* * *

ACCUMULATION.

He who hath nought
Can nothing lose!
How hopeless this refrain!
Many such are,
But have they sought
Something which they might gain?

No man had got
When he was born
Aught but a given lot;
Some have nothing
But what God gave
That much they may obtain.

He with talents,
His Master's gift,
Who added to his store;
Worthy servant
He was called,
His Master gave him more.

Nothing you bring
Into this world,
Nothing can take away;
Much can be left
With memory fond
To lighten others' days.

Gain and increase
What you possess
By just and honest means;
Not idle now
Thy time to-day
With thoughts of morrow's scenes.

No man shall write
Upon thy stone:
"Nothing he ever did"
If thou dost try
Ambition's strength,
And fail by circumstance.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

* * *

Little May: "Oh, mummy, I'se got such an ache!"

Mother: "Where, dear?"

Little May (with dignity): "In the pwoper place, of course."

Wedding Bells.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Pegler and Mr. Victor Angell took place on May 28th at the Primitive Methodist Church.

The Bride had been a member of the family of Harris for 11 years and was chiefly engaged in the Sausage Department. The Bridegroom is one of the staff of the Pie Department.

The good wishes of their friends took a practical form in the presentation of a Kerb with Box Seats and a Rug.

* * *

Miss Elsie Chivers, with a record of over five years' service in the Kitchen Department, was married on May 28th. The ceremony took place at Calne Parish Church, and the fortunate Bridegroom was Mr. Frank White, of Devizes.

A beautiful oak overmantel, to decorate their home at Swindon, was presented to the Bride, who thanked all for their kind expressions of good will.

* * *

On Saturday, April 28th, at the Christ Church, Swindon, the wedding took place of Miss May Oland and Mr. Reginald Brewer.

Both were employed in the Kitchen Department, and the esteem in which they were held was expressed admirably by their coworkers. Together with their good wishes was a beautiful tea service and a rug.

* * *

She: "I won't even consider marrying you. You are the most stupid, idiotic creature on earth. You are repulsive, abhorrent, and miserable. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. I hate you; you are despicable."

He: "Do I understand that you are rejecting my proposal?"

* * *

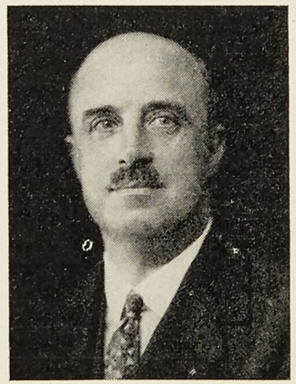
A small boy was told that when visitors came to the house it was his duty to pay them some attention.

Shortly afterwards a Mrs. Daniel called, and the small boy shook hands with her politely and exclaimed in his best drawing-room manner:—

"How do you do, Mrs. Daniel? I've just been reading about your husband in the den of lions."

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. T. W. PETHERICK.



Mr. Petherick can claim to have spent the whole of his years since boyhood in the bacon trade. He was a junior in the office about the time the original Highbridge Bacon Company commenced operations, and he has seen many changes in the history of the company, and those with whom he has been brought into association.

We are quite sure if Mr. Petherick could be persuaded to write a book of reminiscences it would provide very interesting reading.

In whatever he has undertaken he has always been an enthusiast, and his present position as Manager of the Highbridge Bacon Company is entirely due to his having successfully mastered all the technical details of the working of a factory, both in the manufacturing section and in office organisation and control.

Mr. Petherick has always been a devotee of music, and has for many years been choirmaster at the Highbridge Parish Church. He is also fond of sport and has many times proved his prowess in cricket and tennis.

We have heard rumours of a certain gentleman at Highbridge being likely to take part in public life, and we strongly suspect Mr. Petherick of being the individual referred to. If so, we can only state there will be nobody more competent than he to take a hand in local affairs.

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The Broad Highway.

AS we write at the beginning of June, once again after a considerable lapse we have H.P. Bacon prices within a reasonable margin of those for Imported Bacon. This is bound to have an immediate effect on trade, and it is to be hoped that it will be possible to maintain the margin for a prolonged period. Continental Bacon appears to be tending to higher prices from the reduced killings of the past few weeks.

The trade for summer cooked foods continues to grow, and is likely to with the evident continuance of the servant problem and high speed modern life. We must keep pace with the public demand, and that is why we are always so anxious for our representatives to write us, with any suggestions.

We congratulate Van Salesman White, of Bournemouth, on his marriage on May 26th.

Congratulations and best wishes will also be with Mr. A. S. Browne, of Burnley, whose marriage takes place on June 16th.

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves, and write what is in you." Accordingly one bright boy turned in the following: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of candy, and my dinner."

A.G.P., HEREFORD.

A Jew's office boy entered his boss's room one morning to ask for a rise.

The Jew: How long have you worked for me?

The Boy: A twelvemonth, Sir.

Jew: A twelvemonth. Well, how many days is that?

Boy: 365 some years, but this year 366.

Jew: Well, how many hours per day do you work?

Boy: Eight, Sir.

Jew: Eight hours is a third of a day, so a third of 366 is 122 days. Do you work on Sundays?

Boy: No, Sir.

Jew: Fifty-two Sundays in a year. 52 from 122—70. Saturdays I close, don't I?

Boy: Yes, Sir.

Jew: Fifty-two Saturdays in a year. 52 from 70—18. How many Bank Holidays do you have?

Boy: Four, Sir.

Jew: Four from 18—14. What holidays do you have?

Boy: A fortnight, Sir.

Jew: Fourteen from 14—0. Why, boy, you don't work for me at all.

I have received to-day the 1st Volume of Harris Magazine after being bound. I am delighted with it, and believe it will be a welcome addition to my library. There are many places of interest around here, and I hope very shortly to be able to send you particulars of some of them. For instance, Kidwelly Castle and an old bridge called Shudders Bridge. W.J.C., LLANELLY.

* * *

Our Money Box.

The annual holiday season has commenced and money is now quite frequently being transferred from the Savings Scheme Money Box to the coffers of the Railways and the Seaside landladies.

We are confident, however, that the depositors get "value for money" in health and vigour as well as pure enjoyment, and will benefit in strength and efficiency during the year in consequence.

We are pleased to state that the total Fund has not been reduced by these transfers as the withdrawals have been more than counter-balanced by new deposits and the bank balance continues to grow.

Will depositors please note that withdrawal forms must be in the hands of the Secretaries before noon if payment is required the same day.

SAVINGS SCHEME STAMPS.

As a sign of appreciation of this method, our May purchases are equivalent to five stamps per member for the total membership. Whom have we to beat?

H.F.G., HIGHBRIDGE.

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Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

We have not received the usual contribution from our friends at Bristol. We sincerely hope they are not too busy practising the first aid hints given in last month's number. We believe the subject was burns, and if our memory serves us correctly Burns was an author of renown and at times warmed up to his subject. We appeal to our friends to render first aid on the void created by their failure.

* * *

CHIPPENHAM.

On behalf of Mr. Watts we beg to convey to our many friends the expression of our sincere thanks for the kind enquiries and messages of sympathy which we have received, and he has asked us to say how very much he appreciates the kindness which has been shown to him. We feel sure everyone will be pleased to hear that he made such excellent progress after his operation that he was able to leave the Forbes Fraser Hospital at Bath on Wednesday, May 30th, but it will necessarily take a week or two for him to build up sufficient strength to resume business again.

We are very pleased to receive from the Secretary of the Harris Welfare Association (Carnival and Flower Show Section) details of the various classes for the annual Flower Show to be held later in the summer, and to find that a separate section had been formed, consisting of ten classes for fruit and vegetables, which will be open to all branches and subsidiary companies as well as to the parent company.

Particulars were at once posted on our Factory notice board, and we hope all our amateur gardeners and horticultural enthusiasts will decide to compete, thus helping to stimulate the spirit of friendly rivalry and good fellowship which already exists between all those whose pleasure and privilege it is to be associated with the house of HARRIS.

W.V.L.

* * *

DUNMOW.

The welcome change in the weather has made us all feel in much better fettle, and all are now hoping that the warm spell will continue so that, as the holiday times come along, an ideal rest and change may be enjoyed. We hope that there will not be a single co-worker who will be disappointed in this respect.

The 23rd and 24th May saw us at the Essex Agricultural Show, which was held this year at Chelmsford. We staged an exhibit, which was patronised exceptionally well, and a great many complimentary words were expressed, not only concerning the very pleasing and effective display but also as to the real usefulness and help that both feeders of pigs and consumers of bacon obtained from the exhibit.

On both days we were besieged by patrons, all of whom had innumerable questions to ask. We were able to demonstrate very clearly the right and wrong type of pig for our industry, which types were strongly emphasised by showing the meat actually cured.

As so much interest was shown, there is no room left to doubt as to whether we may credit our endeavours with any measure of success. A lot of good, we feel sure, will be the ultimate outcome, more particularly perhaps because the Exhibition being held in our own district naturally resulted in attracting a great many of our own feeders, and we may feel assured that many of them will study the requirements of the bacon industry far more than hitherto.

Many times since the show we have heard that our pamphlet which we distributed was the easiest to understand and most helpful to farmers.

We are very sorry to miss contributions this month from one or two of our most consistent helpers. Their efforts are always appreciated and we would ask them to redouble their energy and help to make the next issue one of the best so far.

There are still a few readers (who receive their copy from Dunmow) who have overlooked sending along their subscriptions. To politely jog their memories is the object of this paragraph, and we feel sure that it will "fetch their two bobs."

Things we want to know.—Who it was in the Dunmow office, having an earnest

desire to give a garden-like appearance to a somewhat drab office, most carefully planted in a box filled with nice selected mould some seeds, which the planter firmly believed to be sweet peas.

It has been interesting to note the daily devotion which these seeds have received—how carefully they have been watered and protected from the strong sun—and woe to any one who inadvertedly might go a little too close and risk upsetting the box.

The water, care, and attention has had its due reward—the young green shoots, which were to be a thing of beauty, presently appeared. To-day, the box looks very green—but alas—the seeds were not of the sweet pea variety but of the tare, and the lot of the planter is not a happy one.

E. W. W.

[This evidently explains the term "transplant." "Trans" means across, so a transplanter must be "a cross planter"—one in a "tare-ing" rage.—Ed.]

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

As the man said when he cracked the shell of the second doubtful egg. "This is too bad." Nothing again this month and from the good number of copies we send to Highbridge each month we are certain they are interested. Do please let us hear from you.

* * *

IPSWICH.

As we write these notes, the month of May is drawing to a close, and although we have certainly had a little fine weather, we cannot say it has been by any means ideal.

During practically all the month we have had very cold winds, which have retarded growth, so that everything is in a very backward state, although the country is commencing to look very lovely, and it is inspiring to feel that we can look forward to a few months of summer, which is generally forecasted to be a fine one.

At one time it was felt that the fruit crops, especially plums, would be very severely affected by the cold winds and frosts, but it now does look possible that there may be an average crop.

The outlook for Whitsuntide is by no means promising, and gives cause for anxiety to those at the sea-side resorts relying upon visitors, but although our weather forecasts are, generally speaking, very reliable, we do at times find them astray, and we are hoping that in spite of all, a fine spell will synchronise with the Whitsuntide holidays.

The sea-side season in East Anglia is not an early one, and there is not a great rush of visitors until the month of July, unless perhaps we make an exception in the case of Frinton-on-Sea, which has a fairly good season at Easter. Such places as Clacton, Felixstowe and Yarmouth do not fill up until the schools break up in July, and then for a short period they usually have a very heavy influx of visitors.

The writer was at Felixstowe recently and took the opportunity of taking a walk round the extension of the gardens, which was formally opened by the Lord Mayor of London only a week or two ago. This extension is a wonderful improvement, and will undoubtedly add much to the attractions of Felixstowe.

The Urban District Council in a very enterprising manner have introduced a number of chalets into these gardens in such a way that they blend very well with their surroundings, and have all the benefits of the tastefully laid out gardens in which they stand, and at the same time have a perfect outlook to the sea.

These were let by tender, and were very sought after, the highest price for one reaching £27 for use during the season.

These chalets are actually on the style of large summer-houses, and provide excellent day accommodation for those who secure them.

Business during the current month, both in the Factory and in Ipswich generally, has not been very brisk, and we are sorry to have to record that the works of Messrs. Petters (Ipswich), Ltd., adjoining our Factory, are being permanently closed at the end of the year. It is generally hoped, and in some quarters quite confidently, that by that time others will be found to acquire the Works, when there will be no unfavourable results to the town. It has been suggested that the works lend themselves very suitable to an artificial silk factory, and this reminds us that at the neighbouring town of Stowmarket, only twelve miles away, a factory

for the manufacture of artificial silk is assuming substantial proportions, employing many hands. It is good to think that new industries are coming to the neighbourhood to give increased employment.

A movement is in hand for what is described as a "Boy Week," commencing on Wednesday, the 30th May, when the Rotary Club of Ipswich have undertaken to arrange a series of events of particular interest to the boys of Ipswich and neighbourhood. It has been arranged that many of the local works will be visited by upwards of 500 of the boys, in medium sized parties, and these include the Town Hall, Public Health Departments, Power Station, and several of the local engineering works, also the works of Messrs. Cranfields, flour millers.

There is also to be a parade of all the Boy organisations, such as Boy Scouts, Boys' Brigade, etc., etc., for which a number of bands have been secured.

There will be an aquatic event at the St. Matthew's Baths, for which we understand there are a very large number of entries.

For the Saturday afternoon, sports have been arranged, and for these also there is a very large number of entries.

On Sunday the various religious denominations are assisting by holding special services, in which subjects particularly appealing to boys will be dealt with.

The Rotary Club has the reputation of being very thorough in anything it undertakes, and it is anticipated that what has become known as "Boy Week" will be one of the outstanding events of the year in Ipswich.

We note that in a recent issue of the Magazine, reference is made to the fact that a "Flappers' Club" has been started in Ipswich, and although we make no attempt to answer the question "What is a flapper," we would like to take the opportunity of stating that what is referred to as the "Flappers' Club" is an exceedingly good thing, and has been inaugurated under the auspices of the Ipswich Rotary Club.

This Sunday night Club is intended to meet the requirements of so many young people who are at a loose end on Sunday evenings. It is quite usual to find the main streets of Ipswich packed with young men and women parading the town, apparently with nowhere to go, so with a view to seeing whether a Club was needed, it was arranged that a portion of the Public Hall should be devoted on Sunday evenings for the reception of these young people, when refreshments also could be obtained.

This gives us an excellent opportunity of stating that Magazines and periodicals are always needed, and made full use of on these Sunday evenings, and any reader of the Magazine having a stock of these on hand, for which he or she has no use, by simply addressing them to the Police Station, Town Hall, Ipswich, for use of the Sunday Night Club, will be serving a good cause. Needless to say, the Club is crowded each Sunday evening, and as all services rendered are purely voluntary, one does not hesitate to invite outside assistance.

* * *

LONDON.

One of the peculiar things about London is the fact that so many people who have lived in, and around, London for years have never been known to explore the historic buildings of our great City. People pass Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Tower, and never dream of having a look round, and so it happens that there are many Provincial people who really know London better than Londoners do, for these Provincials come to London on holidays and take good care to view all the big things.

I suppose I know my London better than many people, and in going around one of the things that has often struck me is the great number of Memorials erected to the memory of men who have passed away and the very few memorials erected to the memory of women. In quite recent years a memorial has been put up to Florence Nightingale (the Lady of the Lamp) and more recently one to Edith Cavell. Sometimes one comes across a monument put up to a fellow years ago, and one asks "Who on earth was this cove, and what did he do?" And no one knows. One supposes that for some brief hour he crossed the stage of our National life in some effective way, but what he actually did and who he actually was is lost in the mists of time. About the finest site in London—apart from Trafalgar Square which enshrines the memory of the immortal Nelson—is occupied by an unsightly erection to one Duke of York. And if one asks what this particular Duke did to warrant such a

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memorial no one can say. Some have a sort of notion that he did fight, and lose, a battle, and one ingenious soul, on being asked the question, replied "Why, do you not know he was stuck up there to escape from his creditors?" I do not think the time will come when English people will stand in front of the memorials to Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell and ask "Who was she, what did she do?" For, surely, both are firmly fixed as bright particular stars, and shine with a glory all their own.

For my part, I would that the memorial to the mysterious Duke of York were scrapped, and upon the vacant site I would erect a monument to perpetuate for ever the greatness of Mr. Willett, the wonderful man who thought out, and in the teeth of fierce opposition passed through Parliament, the great scheme of daylight saving. Perhaps only those who live in cities and in city suburbs can fairly calculate how deep is our debt to Mr. Willett. What happens in country places like Calne is, I presume, that the office closes and off one goes perhaps a few minutes' walk down the street or jump on a bike and before one can say "Jack Robinson" be home and in the back garden looking about after the strawberries and the rose bushes that are certainly going to give the material for a prize at the coming Flower Show. The contrast with London life is vivid. Here we shut down in due course and make our way home hanging on to a strap or after a rush to secure a place in 'bus or tram—so the long trek home to the suburbs. But now Willett's extra hour of daylight comes to us as a great blessing; we, too, can now find time for a bit of recreation in our gardens and even get in a game of tennis or some other sport.

Well, the longer we live the more we see, and the year 1929 will see a revolution in our Political life. We shall introduce what some people call the "Flapper Vote." Those memorials I have mentioned to great women should be an incentive to their sisters not lightly to regard the heritage of Empire and Home which has been handed down to them. The great burning patriotism of Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell must surely find an echo in the outlook of that new host of voters who, in the coming years, are to help to frame the destiny of the Nation and to secure that sureness of Home life which plays so great a part in the well being of the English people.

R. E. H.

* * *

REDRUTH.

Alas! nothing from "Cornubian." Why this silence? We hope the Mouse Exterminator has not been working overtime and changed his victims.

* * *

TOTNES.

The removal of the restrictions imposed on the movement of pigs from Cornwall into Devon was a very welcome boon to us, as the position in the matter of supplies had become very acute. Although killings are comparatively greatly improved, we are still far short of our requirements in this respect, and are finding bacon pigs difficult to obtain, probably due to the relatively high costs of feeding stuffs having made many feeders very reluctant to fatten out their pigs. We are pleased to notice, however, that there now appear to be definite signs that corn prices have reached and passed the apex, which should have the effect of increasing the number of pigs, thus enabling us to resume normal killings.

The annual balance and audit of the books having been duly completed, the staff are now contemplating the holiday season, particularly as during the past few days we have been favoured with real summer weather. This genial warmth is also greatly appreciated by our gardening enthusiasts, as the icy winds and cold nights of the past few weeks had caused many of them to become quite pessimistic, and some very lurid remarks have been heard about our spring climate. However, one ardent disciple of the spade has been seen proudly strutting around with some new potatoes which he dug on his allotment on June 1st, but doubtless our Cornish friends can easily beat this feat.

Visitors are now appearing in considerable numbers, so there is already evidence that this part of the country still retains its great popularity among those on holiday. We anticipate that our bacon sales will now rapidly increase in quantity.

The brilliant sunshine of Whitsun week assisted in making the Devon County Show at Exeter a great success in the matter of attendance, the figures being the highest recorded for some years. The Ministry of Agriculture hut which contained the Calne exhibit of suitable and unsuitable types of bacon pigs, and contrasts in cured sides of bacon, attracted great attention and was a striking object lesson to the farming community of what is really required by the bacon curer, and we are hopeful that the old adage of "seeing is believing" will have been brought home to the feeders who visited the Show.

W. J. T.

* * *

TIVERTON.

Supplies this month have been short, so we thought it a good opportunity for giving annual holidays, and the staff being agreeable we closed down for the second week in May and all had their holidays. It was perhaps rather early, but the weather was good and we think all had an enjoyable break.

DUMPLING.

* * *

Photographic Notes.

LIGHT VALUES IN SHORT EXPOSURES.

One of the earliest and one of the most important lessons one has to learn with a camera is that the light is sometimes bright enough for snapshots, and that sometimes it is not bright enough.

You can take a photograph in almost any light if you give sufficiently long exposure. But you can only take a snapshot



—"Kodak" Snapshot.—

—a photograph taken with the camera held in the hand—if the light is reasonably good. You may complain that "reasonably good" is not a sufficiently accurate definition; it is not, but a sufficiently accurate definition is given in the exposure guides printed in some of the photographic papers. If you follow these instructions you will not go wrong.

One of the points it is desired to emphasise here is that it is the light falling on your subject that you have to consider, not only the general brightness of the weather. For instance, you may have been taking snapshots on the open downs, where the light is quite brilliant enough to give you well-exposed negatives; you ramble into a wood, the light outside is as brilliant as ever, but so much is lost in filtering through the foliage that considerably longer exposure is necessary.

Then in portraiture or figure studies, "against the light" effects, when the most important parts of your subject are in shade, longer exposures are required than in the case of normal lightings, when shadow detail is not so important.

If you use an exposure meter, or if you judge visually the value of the light, it is the light falling on the darkest part of your subject in which you want detail to appear that you must estimate.

Do not be afraid that by exposing fully for the shadows you will be over-exposing the high lights. The long scale of modern film and its great latitude will look after the high lights, if you will look after the shadows.

Cases have been known of amateur photographers attempting to take snapshots in a dark cathedral, because the sun was shining outside. Once more it must be insisted that it is the light falling on the subject that matters.

WHOSE FAULT?

Whenever something goes really wrong with a photograph the question arises, "Whose fault was that?" To judge by the experiences of the technical men in the big photographic firms the last thing the average amateur suspects is that he or she has committed some photographic misdemeanour such as "camera-shake," setting the focussing scale wrongly (or forgetting it alto-

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gether), photographing into the sun without shading the lens, etc. Yet probably 70 per cent. of the "what's happeneds" are due to bad photography. There remain bad developing and printing technique, and camera defects. It is the latter that the amateur usually diagnoses and sometimes he is undoubtedly right. What should he or she do about it?

In the first place there is reasonable care of the camera. The lens should be inspected every time the camera is taken out. If it is not clean, clean it with an absolutely dry and clean water-colour paint-brush. A clean handkerchief will also do; wrap the linen round an orange stick. To clean the back of the lens in a folding camera, close the bellows and remove the back. Both lens and shutter, and indeed the whole camera, are spared by taking a carrying-case out always and keeping the camera in it except when actually photographing. Beware of sea-spray and sand, both can ruin a costly shutter. By the way, don't oil the shutter. Many people have home cinema projectors now-a-days which must be oiled, but cameras and cine cameras must not be oiled.

Leakage of light into the camera "fogs" the negative, and in the case of the tiny pin-holes that wear can produce in the folds of the bellows the fogging is not always in the same part of the photograph nor of the same shape or size. These pin-holes can nearly always be spotted by removing the back of the camera, letting a bright light shine on the outside surface of the bellows, and then examining with the eye as nearly inside the camera as you can get it. Better still, remove the back, take the camera into a dark-room and examine from the outside with a lighted electric torch inside the bellows.

Light leaks are sometimes caused by misfitting camera-backs, the misfit being in most cases due to rough handling by the owner. If the camera is new or has been recently overhauled it is safe to say that when force seems necessary it is only because the closing, loading or whatever it is, is being done wrongly. If the camera has not been overhauled recently, rough handling, or some accident, in the past may have distorted it. In this case or in any case of real doubt the only sensible thing to do is to avoid wasting film, or doing further damage of any kind, by taking the camera and the disappointing negatives, at the first opportunity, to a competent photographic dealer, who will diagnose the real trouble.

But do not be hurt if the diagnosis goes against the owner rather than against the camera. Above all, don't blame the film; it is practically never at fault.



"Kodak" Snapshot.

Mistress: "Shall I send for your luggage?"

New Cook: "No, thank you; I usually leaves it at the station for the first week."

* * *

Scotsman: "Do you know the difference between a taxicab and a tramcar?"

Girl: "No."

Scotsman: "Good; then we'll take a tramcar."

* * *

Farmer: "How do you come by that black eye, Sam?"

New Farm-hand: "That old brindle cow had a way of flicking her tail in my face. So I tied 'arf a brick on to it."

Just Between Ourselves.

LAST month we discussed Herbs in general; this month we want to know how to set about making our own Herb Garden.

I expect, judging from various experiences of which I have heard, the only part of the garden that the "master of the house" will allow us to use will be a spot that is either useless to him because it is in perpetual shade, or else an odd corner which he has not had time to look after, and so it has become overgrown. If the former should be your lot, I am afraid herb growing is out of the question, but if you are lucky enough to be allowed to use an odd strip of ground which gets plenty of sunshine there is no end to its possibilities.

First of all comes the question of the clearance of the ground, and for this purpose I should advise you to hire a man to do the rough work. It is far too heavy for any woman to undertake, and not only that, but probably you will gain many useful hints from your odd man, especially if he be of the old school, who always like to "put the missus right about her bits of flowers," as I heard one old fellow say once.

Having got your land prepared, it is advisable to give it (if it be land which has lain idle a long time), a good dressing of lime, soot and salt, which will help to clear it of all the unpleasant crawly things which work so much harm. May I at this point, however, suggest that you should find out which insects are harmful and which should be allowed to live because of the good they do. Centipedes, for instance, in spite of their unpleasant appearance and many legs, should never be killed, for their food is entirely on grubs and eggs which hatch out into some of the garden's worst enemies.

Having thoroughly worked in your dressing, leave your land for some time, just clearing off the weeds that will certainly spring from the seeds left in the ground, and then next spring you will be able to definitely make your Herb Garden.

First of all, sketch a plan of what the garden will be looking like when you have finished it, allotting so much room for each section of herbs, so that you may make the most of the space at your disposal.

Supposing it is a fairly long, not very wide piece of ground (and this is one of the best lay-outs), I should suggest that you first of all plant a screen of lavender and rosemary bushes at the back. These will make a fine shelter from the north or east wind, for you must be sure to have your garden facing south or west, preferably south.

To form the ends of your garden plant dwarf bay trees. You will probably need only four of these, but they are very strong, hardy little shrubs, and you will find their leaves most useful in various cookery requirements.

With regard to the use of lavender there is no need for me to say very much about this, for all of us know how to make lavender bags and pokers, and how delightful it is to find one's sheets and pillows redolent of this delightful old-fashioned perfume.

Rosemary—"that's for remembrance"—is too well-known to need any description. This shrub is often quite a fine one, and its leaves, when boiled down, make a delightful hair tonic.

If you have room enough I should suggest in front of the row of lavender and rosemary bushes you should have a row of that sweet old plant, Boyslove (or Ladslove as it is known in some parts of the country). To make a nice, bushy plant with plenty of branches you must "layer" it; that is, put two or three inches of the original slip in the ground quite flat, and you will find it will repay you for the little extra trouble. Moths dislike its scent very much, so you will be able to make quite good use of the foliage.

Having now got a background of sweet-scented plants (though I doubt very much if a true herbalist would allow these to be numbered amongst his herbs; but after all we are out to get the greatest amount of scent in a small compass) you can devote the remainder of your border to the low-growing herbs. The best plan is to divide the border into sections, like laying small boxes one alongside each other, and to plant each "box" with whatever herb you fancy. The space will soon fill up and you

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will have a continuous growth of plants. Here are a few to go on with :—

Sage.—We all know this plant, with its velvety, silvery green leaves, and its use as a savoury concomitant of roast duck! Another use, however, which is perhaps not so well-known, is that if bees frequent the flower of the sage bush it imparts a delicious flavour to the honey, so if you have bees anywhere near you will see them always fluttering about this plant. Do not be afraid of the little creatures; they will not hurt you so long as you allow them to go on with their lawful business.

Mint and Thyme are too well-known to need any description. These will fill two more of your little "boxes."

Musk will fill another section; a lovely perfume attaches to this, and its little yellow flowers will look up smilingly all the season.

Tansy, too, is another very old-fashioned herb, at one time used for making tansy pies and puddings. It was also used as a medicine, but is seldom seen now.

For the border of your garden I suggest you should use Parsley, that most useful of all herbs. Its bright green, curly leaves give a very charming finish to what would be a unique and delightful way of using up an odd bit of ground.

Nowadays, of course, herbs are not put to many of the uses for which they were required in olden days, for apart from being used by the highest as well as the lowest lady in the land for the concoction of various possets and simples, as I told you last month, it was an old custom for the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Judges in London (and indeed anywhere else) to carry bouquets on to the Bench of the Old Bailey between May and October, 1786, onwards. On the site of the present Old Bailey the gaols at that time were in such a dirty condition that a Lord Mayor, Alderman and about 50 others died of gaol fever. It did not seem to occur to the authorities to make the gaols sanitary, but they gave the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Judges bouquets of flowers and strewed the bench and court with sweet herbs.

Charles Dickens makes reference to this custom in the trial scene of the returned convict Magwitch in "Great Expectations," when he tells his readers that "the prisoners went out chewing the fragments of herbs they had taken from the sweet herbs lying about."

It is a happy thing that our herbs will not need to be introduced to any such terrible scenes as those, but will delight us in our own garden where we can wander at will, enjoying their beautiful perfume.

"MARIAN."

* * *

WELDON'S PUBLICATIONS.

Ladies' Journal.
Catalogue of Fashions.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Washing Frocks.
Knitted Vests.
New Crochet Series.
Knitted Jumpers.

* * *

"That girl in the opposite flat is quite a promising singer."

"Well, get her to promise she won't sing any more."

* * *

Doris: "My dear, you should have seen her face."

Joan: "Why?"

Doris: "Oh! It was funny enough to make a cat laugh. I can tell you I laughed till I nearly cried."

* * *

A little girl was taught to close her evening prayers during the temporary absence of her father with: "And please watch over my daddy."

It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amazement may be imagined when the child added: "And you'd better keep an eye on mummy, too."

ALTERATION OF DATE.

THE CONCERT

advertised to take place at Lickhill on Wednesday evening, July 11th, has been postponed until the following

FRIDAY, JULY 13th.

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2.——————NO. 7.

JULY, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

OUR SUMMER SHOW.

IT will not be out of place to have a word or two about our Summer Show. In the first place we all want to make it the best we have had. From what we have seen and heard there is not the slightest doubt that every effort is being made by the Committee to ensure its success. This we fully appreciate and tender to them our thanks for their strenuous labours. We want, however, to stress the importance of the support of all members of the Firm. We may be wrong in our way of thinking but it does strike us that we all have a tendency to visit these functions with the sole idea of enjoying *ourselves*. Let us this time pay our visit with the idea of *personal* enjoyment relegated to a minor position. We intend to be happy and have a good time, but our first thought is how much happiness and fun can we spread amongst others. The organisation of the Show is in safe hands, the success of the Show is in our hands and let those hands be just as safe.

The first thing, we suggest, is that we all go feeling happy, looking merry and bubbling over with good spirits. This will create throughout the entire Show a sparkling, merry atmosphere.

The next thing we suggest is that we mix up all together; talk to all and sundry, never mind if your acquaintance is slight. We are all one on that day, distinctions are unknown and everyone is our friend. Then let our conversation be gay; the mundane things of life are left behind at the entrance gates. That little spice of malice associated with So-and-So is forgotten. Our feelings to each and all is kindly, our greeting friendly, and our intentions goodwill then

"Heigh-ho, come to the Fair."

Between Ourselves.

I HAD hoped this month to deal with the various points which have been put up in regard to the problems about which I wrote in the April issue. I feel, however, that this cannot well be done in the absence of the views of those who are actually engaged in the handling of our pigs in our various slaughterhouses. I now make an urgent appeal to all concerned to consider the problems mentioned, and to send me their communications. Many views have reached me from the distributive side. I should like to feel that those who are actually handling our live and dead pigs have also taken an interest in the matter.

I am very much encouraged by the reports that reach me from the various sections of the Welfare Society of the keen interest that one had hoped would result from this organisation of our corporate life in our recreative and leisure time hobbies and which is rapidly developing.

We hear also of the beginnings of similar movements in connection with our other factories. These things are all to the good. The fellow who can play well with his workmate may be reckoned upon to do his day's work in a thorough, ungrudging and effective manner.

The habits of the hermit crab were never suited, and are still less fitted in these strenuous days, to the ordinary working conditions of life.

It is curious how Nature seeks in certain varieties of her creation to provide instances of birds, animals and fish for the sole purpose of lying around without purpose except to take the benefit of the handiwork of their fellows. The parable of the cuckoo, who it may safely be said never builds a nest for itself but usurps the privilege of the other fellow in the use and enjoyment of his carefully built nursery, is well-known.

The lazy crab of a particular type seeks the other johnny's shell.

These low down orders of what one may call moral creative effort unfortunately find their likeness in the highest form of intelligence, to wit, we ourselves, born as thinking men and women, endowed with intelligence, perspective power and a sense of right and wrong.

Taken in the mass, inclusive of all forms of created life, whether human or animal, it would be interesting to explore, if it were possible, the statistical results of the percentage of such life which is merely parasitical in form.

There is, of course, the proper sense of human inter-dependence which is at the base of all service, sacrifice and progress.

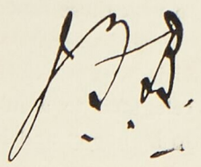
The reprehensible thing about humans is the easy facility with which so many wait for the initiative and sacrifice of the next door neighbour. We wait for the appearance all too often of "the flow'ry bed of ease" prepared by the forethought and sacrifice of another. We annex it and use it as though it were our own, and grow flabby and vicious in our dream of the next easy conquest at the expense of somebody else.

Of all the mean and despicable characters on earth there are none so greatly to be abhorred as the human parasite who lives upon the exertions and toils of others without making his individual contribution to the world's weal and progress.

I would commend to all who are taking a holiday this year to study as opportunity occurs to them the parasitical habits of some aspects of Nature. It will be a fine antidote to the tendencies of the times, where the individualistic spirit becomes more clamorous as the days pass.

Incidentally, therefore, we welcome all these true efforts of co-operation in recreation and welfare to which I made reference just now. So long as the slogan of a family or a factory is that of "Each for all and all for each" nothing but the truest happiness and the highest progress will be enjoyed.

It is sometimes well to get back to the central aspects of one's motive power. The spirit of altruistic service is one of these.



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By the Way.

"Do not think your domestic pet is not good enough for the Show." One reader remarks, "I put this before my domestic pet and her comments were terse and very much to the point."

* * *

Who was it who tried to run his car on water? We would draw the gentleman's attention to our Motor Corner and much time would perhaps be saved if such experiments were first submitted to Ex Don R. In this particular case we are assured that the water was willing, but the spirit was weak.

* * *

We saw in last month's Magazine the phrase "Summer Cooked Foods." If this means the English Summer we cannot understand "cooked."

* * *

We feel sure it was not meant to be read as we read it, but we thought it was not complimentary to the members of our Concert Party. The Entertainment notes last month referred to the coming concert thus, "We hope to see a first-class turn-out." If it was meant as we read it we suggest that emergency exits be installed.

* * *

We have been asked the following: "When guessing the weight of the cockerel should one include the crow?" We can only reply that as far as we know it is only the successful entrant who will crow.

* * *

Judging from the number of new blazers with embroidered initials there seems to be an epidemic of new clubs recently. Perhaps the wearers will enlighten us as to who they are and what functions they perform. For instance, who are the Z.T.'s and what qualifications are required to join the M.B.'s and the G.K.'s? We feel quite jealous of this display and must seriously consider getting our College Colours (Bxxxxxl) from Uncle's.

* * *

Eleven o'clock at night seems a trifle late to be in the Office, but there, some people will work all hours. We mention this as a recent Tennis Section notice was dated June 9th, 11 p.m.!!

The following, taken from a very old book, may interest our gardening friends:—

TO PRESERVE ROSES TILL CHRISTMAS.

When roses are budding and blooming is the time to lay by a treat for Christmas. Select from your rose trees such buds as are just ready to blow: tie a piece of fine thread round the stalk of each; do not handle the bud, or the stalk; cut it from the tree with the stalk two or three inches in length; melt sealing-wax, and quickly apply it to the end of the stalk; the wax should be just warm enough to be ductile; form a piece of paper into a cone-like shape, wherein place the rose; twist it at the ends to exclude the air; put it in a box, and put the box into a drawer; this is to be sure that the air is excluded. In winter take it out, cut off the end of the stalk, place it in luke-warm water, and in two or three hours it will have the freshness and fragrance of summer. If the room is very warm, it may be put in cold water.

* * *

Who was the lady who, on June 16th, slumbered so soundly in the char-a-banc between the Carpenters' Arms and Southend? In fact, so soundly did she sleep that she continued her slumbers after all the rest had left for lunch, and there was a vacant chair at the luncheon table.

* * *

One of our friends must have a remarkable strain of carrots, as he staked them in the same manner as the ordinary individual does runner beans. We must certainly make a point of inspecting his crop.

Oh! Jack—you are a handy man.

* * *

One of our friends sold a motor bike and when receiving the cash persuaded the purchaser to give him a receipt for the money he (the purchaser) had paid. Shades of Aberdeen!!

* * *

We have received an account of a unique trip undertaken by Capt. C. Herbert Smith, and some friends, along the old canal from Reading—Bath. The first instalment appears in this issue and we feel sure our readers will look forward to the August number.

Our Motor Corner.

THIS is no doubt being written at the time many of our friends are having a pleasant surprise in finding they have a "Corner" to themselves, though it is by no means exclusive as we anticipate a growing fraternity.

We have had no queries or problems set to solve yet as there has not been time for their submission, but we trust that this phase will prove to be both interesting and instructive in the future; so send them along at once to be in time for publication.

Like the proverbial "Revving Moke" (a Donkey's Gallop) these notes have to be hustled and curtailed this time as the writer is busy making arrangements for a "Motor Cycling Holiday under Canvas." As others are also contemplating such a vacation perhaps space would be best utilised by a few hints on this delightful, unconventional and healthy antedote to the sapping effects of continued business and mental labours.

1.—Tent. Size 7ft. by 6ft. 6ins. by 3ft. 6ins. To fold to 2ft. by 4ft. (waterproof).

2.—Ground Sheet. Lightweight.

3.—Sleeping Bag. Fold any army type blanket in three and tack edges on three sides—ordinary blankets are usually kicked off!

4.—Enamel plates, mugs and cutlery, frying pan, kettle or billycan, towels and cloths.

5.—Fires.—Wood fires (where not objected to by landowners) or Primus Stove (safest when used outside of tent). Solid methylated spirit is by far the best as this can be used in a small stove inside the tent in case of rain, etc.

6.—Light waterproof cover for machine. Kitbag, canvas bucket, extra blanket (if portable), maps, camera, etc.

Pack in the sleeping bag all dishes, etc. (clean), and clothes and fold lengthwise. Put folded tent into waterproof bag and roll sleeping bag round it; wrap the "polony" in the ground sheet. Place this ground sheet covered bundle into a kitbag, putting any damp articles between the ground sheet and the kitbag. Place the kitbag on carrier of motor cycle crosswise so that it projects sideways and does not therefore cover rear number plate (if one must cover the latter it is more congenially done by the usual method "the flapper"). A couple of strong stout straps secures your bundle.

Odds and ends can be carried in a shoulder pack or haversack.

Pitching Tent is harder single handed if it is raining, so rather than move daily use some pitch for say two or three days and do your neighbourhood thoroughly from that base before moving along to a new pitch (don't misunderstand me *re* the "doing" part of it).

A slight gutter around your tent is useful.

Now the best of wishes for a great holiday and get on with it.—Oh! don't forget to take your motor bike with you!

This Month's Hint.

To-morrow (July 1st): To evade this coming quarter's tax park your bus and borrow your pal's.

It seems that the Government are going to prevent further increase in petrol prices. We hope so.

Don't overlook the latest regulation *re* rear lighting on cars.

I hope some of our friends were able to see the T.T. which was marred by rain and mist. All the "cracks" lived up to their misnomer by "cracking up" early on in the race. Is it a case of discretion being the better part of valour? The finishers were not only sportsmen but super-men.

Buyer of small car: But how do you get in it?

Salesman: Oh, you don't, you just put it on.

"Ex-Don. R."

Owing to pressure of space we are obliged to hold over several articles for publication in a subsequent issue.

A little girl entered a post office and asked for a stamp.

"What kind of stamp do you require?" asked the girl behind the counter.

"A strong one," replied the child. "It's going to Australia."

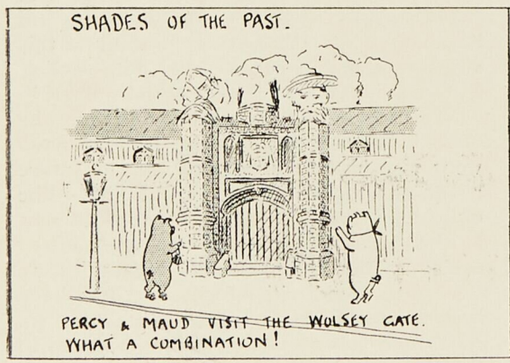
GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



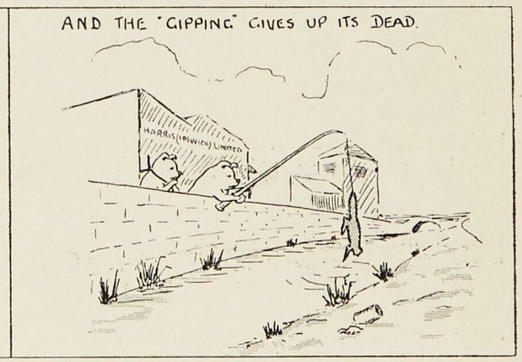
1.--Grunter accepts the challenge from Suffolk to play the "Hams" a game of cricket on the Woolverstone Park Ground. He loses the toss.



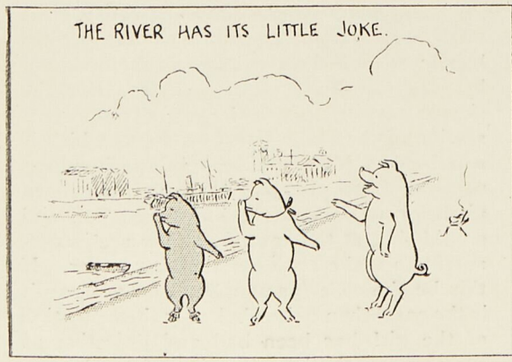
2.--At the wicket he punishes their bowling, knocking "Suffolk Silly," much to the annoyance of the "Sweet Cured" chaps.



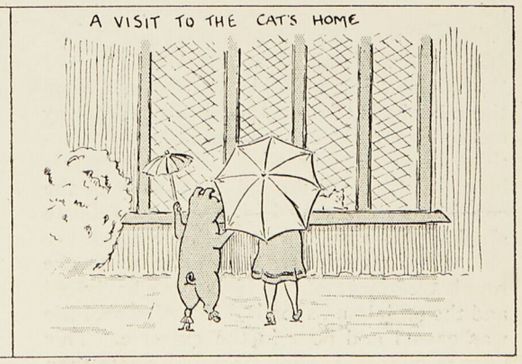
3 Maud, having fallen in love with the Hams' frills, decides to adopt this style. She takes Percy to buy some "Wolsey" Woollens at the college gate.



4.--After the strenuous game, Grunter and Percy spend a slack afternoon fishing the Gipping --and catch the long lost Woolverstone Cat.



5.--While walking along the Promenade, Maud looks----Percy looks----and Grunter, who appreciates the joke, tells them that it is the river.



6.--Phyllis accompanies her country cousin to the "Cat House" so that she can meet Poor Puss, who sat in that window for so many years.

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Is Present-day Education worth while?

THE Editorial Note asking for articles on the above subject will no doubt result in a swollen post bag to the Editors.

The form of enquiry is, however, rather wide. But in any case a direct reply to the question can be given in one word, and that word, "Yes."

To get down to detail.

What do we mean by Education? Do we mean just the getting together of a mass of knowledge, or are we thinking of Education in its wider sense—in that sense which deals equally with the mind, the body and the spirit?

Also at this time it is necessary to ask are we dealing equally with the present-day Education of boys and girls, of young men and young women?

Those of us who are of middle age can look back perhaps 30, or even 50, years to the time of our personal experience of Education as it was in the later and mid-Victorian period. We can compare the Education of those far-off days with the Education given generally to our children of to-day. Or again, lacking any personal experience in getting our own children educated we can know something of the differences that exist by what we glean from reading standard works which deal mainly or in part with the education of the Victorian period. Most of us will have read "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Stalkey and Co.," and "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail," and "Nicholas Nickleby." What we glean from these books is that, compared to present-day methods, the old Education was very defective. To-day, any healthy child simply revels in school life. In the old days many of the conditions were rank bad. Many a delicate sensitive lad was broken on the wheel of the old school traditions, fell a victim to the rough treatment of big boys, was badly fed and the social and sporting side of school life was casual and poor in the extreme. This last, of course, applies more to private than to public schools, and the first part more to public than to private schools. Compared with 40 years ago, even the entire outlook and requirements of school life have changed for the better. The rough work has been cut out and the bully, instead of riding rough shod over the youngster, is quickly put in his place. Far more attention is given to the catering side and the medical side, and all sports are carried out under the best conditions. The general status of the child has improved, and that fact enables the normal child to more easily grapple with the school tasks and respond more readily to the efforts of teaching staffs, themselves far better qualified than was the case in former times. The school books or novels I have mentioned all deal with boys' schools, and although it may be that classic novels exist which deal with girls' schools they are unknown to me and equally unknown to fame. And this fact quite naturally leads up to the enquiry as to whether the question we are asked applies equally to the Education of boys and girls. What is the meaning of this absence of any novel of great note dealing with the life of the girl in a girls' school?

The fact is that for the boy at school the outlook is unchanged. He then, as now, went to school to fit himself for the future rough and tumble of earning a living. The outlook of the Victorian girl was different to the outlook of the girls being educated to-day. Then the possibilities of the future were set around with barriers. These have been removed one by one, until to-day we see the crowds of young girls coming up to the City to take an even share in the rough and tumble of the every-day life of the City worker.

I suggest that we have arrived at this pitch, but that the education of the girl has hardly advanced so quickly as the scope of her opportunities. And why? For the simple reason that a large and important section of the Daily Press—a Press which is supposed to reflect public opinion—is telling us that these young girls who have been pitch-forked into public life are so dull and stupid that at the age of 21 they are incompetent to make an X on a voting paper. If this be the case (personally, I do not say it is the case) then quite obviously the education of the girl has been bad and defective as compared with the education of the boy.

There was, of course, much that was charming in the Victorian period. We remember those lines written in that day by Kingsley—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever"—

and we see in our mind's eye some of those sweet Victorian maids. We remember the old pat-ball days of the tennis courts, when greatly daring the much be-robed damsel painfully and with difficulty played a sort of game known as tennis, and we compare her with the dashing Amazons of the courts to-day, when the "mere man" who reads the "Daily Mail" is instructed in tennis tactics by Miss Joan Fry! Very well, then, we still want that standard which was set forth by Kingsley. We still want the maid of to-day to be both "good and sweet," but as we have brought her into the welter of business life we must have something added to the goodness and the sweetness, and we can no longer add the words and "let who will be clever." We must see to it that girls and their education give to us, not the flapper of which we hear so much of in the cheaper press (and which some of us at least see so little) but the girl educated to retain the desirable goodness allied to as much cleverness as will give her a fair chance to shape her destiny. Education then for boys and girls alike, and education which is not confined to the mind, but applies equally to the body and the spirit. Where is such to be found? I suggest it is to be found in co-education.

The root idea of co-education is to introduce home life into the schools by educating and training boys and girls under one roof. English people are rather shy of taking up new ideas, and the general opinion which still holds the field in the popular view is that a public school conducted on the lines of co-education will tend to make the boys soft and the girls hoydens. For the past 25 years, or so, I have been able to watch the growth of one such school. I have been intimate with it as a school and know of the fruits from the old boys and girls who have left school and are out in the world. The old idea of keeping the sexes apart during the period of school life and then, in a moment as it were, bringing them face to face, is a system which is productive on the one hand of that awkward and rather pathetic object the hobbledy-hoy, and on the other hand of that weird creature the flapper. I have liked, from time to time, to visit that school because it is a real joy to be among young people whose outlook on life is so frank and open. As to the idea that the system makes boys soft it is worth noting that the Governor of the School is Edward Lyttleton, celebrated for his personal prowess on many an athletic field and for some time headmaster of Eton. Such a man is not likely to encourage softness in boys, and indeed one can look back to the dark days of the war and can see in the school records that, taking the average of the boys attending the school over the whole period of the war, the school holds the record not only in the percentage of those who joined the Colours but also of those who actually sacrificed life. In part, this record was made possible by physical fitness, for we know that in numbers of cases boys could not "join up" because they fell short in some way of the required standard, but where there is a school which aims equally in educating the mind, the body, and the spirit, there you will get a standard of general fitness which is sufficient to pass the necessary tests.

On the girls' side, I have never known the school to send out a flapper, but certainly the school lacrosse side is what, for a better term, one may call "hot stuff," and of all games there is possibly none, except perhaps real tennis, which makes so severe a call on the speed and energy of the players as does lacrosse. If then, from the point of view of the girls, our system of educating girls has resulted in turning out a number of flappers it would seem that there has been something lacking in that side of our Educational system, and possibly the co-education system, if generally in use, would show in this respect better results.

There are two details of education which seem to me to have gone astray. The one is that we English people do not seem to be able to pick up modern languages. One goes holiday making on the Continent and is quickly amazed by the numbers of Continental people—specially the Swiss—who can speak English with ease. One hears a good deal, too, about the splendid education to be had in the various colleges, etc., that abound in Switzerland.

Then secondly, this is an article written by a London man in the provision business,

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and there is no reason why this article (if accepted) should not figure in that part of our Magazine which deals particularly with London news. Our trade may well regret the passing of the old system of apprenticeship. The modern way, backed up by the establishment of the company shops, dealing generally, as distributors of grocery goods sent to the branches all ready packed and weighed up, has resulted in a race of shop assistants, who have become so mechanical in their work and methods as to find the handling of bacon, which from its nature cannot be dealt with on the packet system, rather a trial to them. The consequence of this is that bacon is not infrequently handled in a manner which does not make the best of it, and often, too, results in some shops getting an overplus of certain stock, which should not be if the assistants handled the goods more on the lines of the older men who were trained in the school of apprenticeship. There remains the old difficulty of the education of the English farmer—the man upon whom we depend for our raw material. That matter has been dealt with elsewhere, but in any case education does not cease with school time; indeed, in a very real sense education at schools is just the preparing of the soil for the education which is to follow.

I fear that, in many cases, our farmers do not look on their job in that way at all, and the result is that farming in England has not progressed as other great industries have progressed. It is sad to see the beautiful English countryside lapsing and finding no work for English people. Possibly a Government might do something, and perhaps is doing something, to help, but in farming as in all else, it is self help that is necessary, and at the present time that seems just exactly the one thing one cannot get the farmers to understand.

R.E.H.

* * *

THE DIAL AUCTION.

Most of us at some time or other have attended an auction sale, perhaps as spectators or perhaps thinking to get something as near for nothing as possible; but it was not quite from this angle that I intended to approach this subject. I thought I might pass on to you some interesting facts with regards to auctioneering in Holland, which I learned from a friend who has recently returned from that country.

Firstly, as no doubt many of our readers know, the Dutch system of bidding starts high and come down, just the reverse to our method.

I will try and describe the ingenious system which is in operation at the central market for the sale of glasshouse produce at Aaslmeer, Holland; no doubt a sort of equivalent of Covent Garden market in London.

Firstly, the building is a huge one, covering about 4,000 square metres, and to facilitate the conveyance of produce into the building a canal runs right through it, so that, by the automatic lifting of gates the boats or barges continue their journey right into the market.

To come to the actual auctioneering of the produce. The buyers sit on tiered benches, and on the wall in front of them is a huge dial numbered round its circumference in cents, 100 downwards; in the centre of the dial are numbers corresponding with the numbers on the seats occupied by the buyers.

The auctioneer occupies a rostrum, set so that he sees both the dial and the buyers, and controls the electric mechanism.

Samples of the produce for sale are wheeled in on trucks, the auctioneer announces the quantity for sale, etc., and then sets the mechanism of the dial in motion.

A large clock hand moves round, 100, 99, 98, and so on; when it reaches a price a buyer is willing to pay that buyer presses a button on the bench in front of him, the hand stops and this buyer's number lights up in the centre of the dial; the produce is then knocked down to him.

For example, if buyer number three thinks an item is worth, say, 10 cents, when the hand reaches 10 he presses his button; the hand stops at 10, and No. 3 lights up, showing that No. 3 has bought at 10 cents. Viola!

W. GREENHALGH, Dunmow.

Editorial Query: What happens if two or more buyers press the buttons at the same time?

Reading to Bath in a Motor Boat.

(BY CAPTAIN C. HERBERT SMITH).

INTRODUCTION.

FOR some years we have been in possession of a small motor boat on the River Thames, most of which waterway we have traversed from time to time. There is no place on the River Thames which is reasonably close to that part of the world where we live; Lechlade would be our nearest point, but even that is some distance away entailing considerable time taken up by the road journey if and when we want to use the boat. We therefore thought we should like to bring the boat nearer home and conceived the idea of using the above navigation to get her through to the River Avon at Bath, where she would be close to us and we could use her without taking a long road journey there and back.

The boat has been wintered at Reading, which is a point where the Kennet and Avon Navigation and Canal joins the Thames. We have had some experience of this waterway, since in the late summer of 1926 we took the boat from Reading as far as Newbury and back. We knew therefore that late in the year this waterway is infested with weeds and that if we were to go through on this trip as far as Bath it would be essential that the journey should be made early in the summer before the weeds started to grow to any serious extent. We therefore decided to make an attempt during last Whitsuntide.

Before passing on to tell you of our actual experience it should be noted that this waterway, although not derelict, is not kept in a very navigable condition; in fact, there has been no through traffic passing for many years. The Kennet and Avon Navigation and Canal is the property of the Great Western Railway Company, who purchased the undertaking many years ago. It is not proposed in this account to raise arguments as to any reason why this waterway is not much in use at the present time or why it is in its existing condition.

The Great Western Railway Company made some time back a proposal that it should be closed down altogether, but these proposals are not now being proceeded with. It is sufficient to state that under the Act the Company are supposed to keep the waterway in a navigable state, and this much can be said that we did and have brought our boat through it so far (forty-nine miles) and we have probably passed what is undoubtedly the worst portion of it.

Before entering into details of the journey I should say that the boat has been brought these 49 miles under great difficulties. These difficulties and troubles will be dealt with later on; still, it does show that the Company have at any rate kept the waterway passable for a small boat such as ours. Whether a loaded barge could, however, make the journey is open to question. They would meet with much trouble on the way, in fact if a barge were fully loaded it is almost certain they could not get through. A barge partially loaded might manage it.

At this point it is proposed to give some description of our craft, which consists of a boat fitted with a 7-h.p. petrol motor. It is 20 feet long, 4ft. beam, flat bottomed and drawing when loaded about 1ft. to 18ins. of water. The engine is aft and the boat is fitted forward with an oil cooking stove. She is sufficiently large by removing some of our paraphernalia on to the shore to sleep on board, and in bad weather we should be able to cook our food entirely on the boat. She is fitted with an awning and side curtains which fix down and make her wind and watertight when at rest or at night.

The transmission consists of neutral, forward and reverse, so that it is not absolutely necessary when passing through locks to stop the engine.

Now for the trip.

CHAPTER No. I.

We left our home with all our various stores and provisions on Saturday, May 26th, at 12 o'clock, and proceeded to take train to Reading. The party consisted of my wife and myself, a young man we took with us to help, and one dog (which, by the way, did not help much). We arrived at Reading in the early afternoon, having commandeered an outside porter to carry our paraphernalia as far as the boat, which was situated about a mile from the Railway Station. In passing we sent on our stores and purchased some further small items which we had not brought with us. We arrived at the Rafts

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somewhere about 3.30 and found the stores waiting there for us, but alas the boat was not ready. We had ordered some time before a new awning, which should have been easily supplied and fixed in time, but this awning had not come, although it was expected any moment. We were therefore hung up and we had nothing else to do but to wait. We proceeded to load up the boat with our stores and get things generally ready and in place. Owing to special arrangements with the Great Western Railway we had to pass through Fobney Lock that night, i.e., our fourth Lock. We began to despair, but when we had almost given up hope the new awning arrived; then it would not fit and had to be considerably altered. Eventually at about 6 o'clock we actually got the engine going and pushed off. We had two Thames Conservancy Locks to pass before getting into the Canal proper. These we passed with only a few minor mishaps, such as dropping our boat hook in mid stream and getting our propellor weeded up. The first time out of many hundreds of the same trouble to follow. At 6.30 we reached the County Lock No. 106, being the first on the Canal proper, where we had to pay our tolls for the trip, get our pass and our Lock key. The Lock Keeper had given us up and was just going into the town to do his Saturday night shopping. Luckily we caught him and brought him back. After more delay we fixed up these details and were launched into our great adventure into the unknown. We proceeded comfortably to Fobney Lock, No. 105, reaching there about 7 o'clock. The Lock Keeper was gone, but we were lucky to obtain assistance and except that we were very nearly swamped by our helper opening the top lock gate paddles too quickly we passed through this lock in time, viz., Saturday evening. We then proceeded and our next adventure was our first swing bridge. To open this our assistant had to be landed, also my wife as she had experience of these abominations, whereas he had not. Landing was difficult as the sides were boggy, but they eventually both got off with some mud. This bridge opened easily and we then passed into Southcote Lock, No. 104, where again we were lucky to obtain a helper who understood the working; our young man here getting his first experience and insight into opening and closing locks on the waterway. Passing through this we met our second swing bridge and again we had to land two of the party. These two then preferred to walk and the boat then went on to the Swan at Burghfield, our first camping station. Unfortunately it came on to rain and the walkers got somewhat damp despite the fact that mackintoshes were brought back for them as soon as the boat could be moored.

We reached this first night's mooring station at about 8.15 p.m. Next we had to land and unpack our stores, always a difficult task the first night as nobody knows where anything is, but luckily the rain had ceased. To add to our troubles, however, our cooking stove refused to work, the wicks having got saturated with water while the boat was lying idle. We did manage some tea with the help of our spirit stove and cold food, but darkness had set in before we got our bed down and things settled for the night. Our young man was sent off soon after arrival to get himself fixed up on shore at the nearest pub, and so at last to bed about 11 p.m., the first night of our adventure. We slept ill that night, conditions were strange, the blankets tickly and our mattress hard. Later we were often only too glad for bed and slept as if on a feather mattress. We have forgotten the dog. She has been on these trips with us before and understands exactly what to do. She has her place in the boat by day and by night and well knows both. She will sit on the bank while all is going on till bed is ready and the side curtains are down, then she will get into her place in the stern behind the engine. Our sleeping quarters are forward of the engine. We have a table on board in front of our sleeping quarters and behind the cooking stove. On this is placed last thing at night all requirements for tea in the morning. The spirit stove has only to be lit and we have our early morning tea and biscuits in bed before rising for the day, and well we need it since breakfast is often late, there is so much to do before we can partake of that meal.

Next day, Whit Sunday dawned most brilliant; the sun shone fiercely till it sank to rest that night. It was exceedingly hot on this canal, and well we knew it before that day had passed.

Before passing on to Chapter Two of this narrative I should like to say a word about our stores. We had brought with us a quantity of tinned goods and other table delicacies, all supplied by Messrs. Harris of Calne. All most excellent and most strongly to be recommended for a trip of this sort. To arrive at one's camping station late at night, dead beat and half famished, then to open one of these delicacies has on many occasions been one of the best parts of the trip. Beyond all, however, can we recommend their cooked ham and sausages (most especially the latter), which only require to be warmed up and they are ready to eat. To open a tin, pop them in our cooking stove, and soon you have a most excellent hot breakfast. All those reading these lines who ever try camping must not forget to take these with them.

(To be continued.)

* * *

ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

For the benefit of our friends elsewhere we are publishing the various classes open to them in the forthcoming Flower Show in August.

As this is one of the ways of linking up Calne with all our friends we hope there will be a large number of entries. The entrance fee for any or all of the classes will be 1/-, which will include ticket for admission.

Class	1st	2nd	3rd
1.—18 French Beans	4/-	3/-	2/-
2.—6 Carrots (Long)	3/-	2/-	1/-
3.—6 Potatoes (Kidney) ...	4/-	3/-	2/-
4.—9 Onions	4/-	3/-	2/-
5.—3 Cauliflower	3/-	2/-	1/-
6.—18 Pods Green Peas ...	4/-	3/-	2/-
7.—6 Potatoes (Round) ...	4/-	3/-	2/-
8.—6 Apples (Dessert) ...	4/-	3/-	2/-
9.—6 Apples (Cooking) ...	4/-	3/-	2/-
10.—6 Plums	4/-	3/-	2/-
40.—Floral Design of a Pig (Tray or box not to exceed 24in. x 15in., and not less than 13in. x 12in.)	10/-	7/6	5/-

* * *

"Yes," said the oculist, "He had a curious affliction; everything he looked at he saw double."

"Poor fellow. I suppose he found it hard to get a job?"

"Not at all. The gas company snapped him up, and now he's reading meters."

BACON DEPARTMENT OUTING.

The annual outing from the Bacon Dept. took place on Saturday, June 16th. A party of about 40 left the Strand at 9 o'clock and proceeded via Bath to Marksbury, where a short stop was made for Cheese and Biscuits and to "Water the Pony."

Cheddar was reached just after 12 o'clock and all sat down at the "Cliff Hotel" to a good hearty lunch; afterwards the Caves were visited.

When the Last Post was sounded over the counter we mounted the cars and proceeded via Glastonbury to Wells, where a splendid tea had been arranged; at this point we were all glad to meet Mr. W. G. Gunning, who came and joined us at tea. After, the Cathedral was visited and a little shopping was done. We then proceeded to Radstock, where another stop was made, and the acquaintance of an old friend renewed. Trowbridge was visited next, and then Melksham, and a jolly party arrived back in Calne at eleven o'clock feeling better for the change. The general opinion being it was one of the best outings ever arranged.

One very pleasing feature about this outing is the invitation which is always extended to the "Old Hands," but unfortunately this year the only two who found it possible to come were "Tom" Knight and "Jack" Salter. All arrangements were again carried out by Mr. C. E. Blackford, and he deserves credit for the splendid way in which every detail had been carefully thought out. With outings of this kind so much depends on how things are organised and "Charlie" never forgets anything.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

* * *

Business man (heatedly): "Here it is Monday, to-morrow will be Tuesday, and the next day Wednesday. The whole week half gone and nothing done yet!"

* * *

The two small brothers were a-bed. They had been lying very still, when their mother entered the room to say "Good night."

Michael, five years, asked, "Mother, why do we have a sky?"

Before his mother could answer, three-year-old John explained: "To keep the birds in, of course."

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Harris Welfare Association.

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

THE Editor has given our Annual Flower Show special mention in his Editorial Note. Never before has our "hardy annual" been so well advertised. It behoves us, one and all, to do our best to make this event more successful than usual. The committee have done their best to provide a comprehensive schedule which should enable all gardeners to find many classes which will appeal to them. There is also a new class, open to all the branches, as well as to the employees at Calne. This should prove a great attraction. Enquiries from the branches have been most gratifying, and our friends at home will have to put forward their best endeavours to meet the evident invasion of our "friends elsewhere." A new experiment, the fur and feather section is being tried this year. It is in the capable hands of Mr. G. Gough and should prove one of the most attractive features of our Show. Should this new venture meet with success we can safely promise an extension of the idea next year. Needless to say, our Show would not be complete without pigs, and the Pig Club are having a section of their own as in other years. For those who come to look on, and we expect a crowd, amusements will be found to suit the varied tastes. The Calne Town Band has been engaged. There will be a concert, and dancing will take place from 7 until 10 o'clock. New side-shows are being staged, and your skill may win valuable prizes. The price of admission is 8d. You are urged to obtain your tickets early, and as a special concession tickets will be sold up to August 16th at the special reduced rate of 6d.

HINTS FOR EXHIBITORS.

AS we are approaching the time for our annual Flower, Fruit and Vegetable Show I thought a few remarks from an old exhibitor would not be out of place with regard to the preparation, etc., of things for exhibition. To the old hands these will be superfluous, but to the beginner they may be welcome.

FLOWERS.—In staging flowers of any kind care should be taken to see that no colour clashes with another and where there are flowers of almost the same colour they should be put as far away from each other as possible.

NOSEGAYS.—In arranging nosegays, while it is essential that the best of flowers should be used, very often a good nosegay is spoilt by not being properly balanced, i.e., too low in the centre or too heavy on one side.

POT PLANTS.—In regard to pot plants it is not always the biggest plants that score, but small plants that are well built up with plenty of bloom will oft-times beat their bigger competitors.

FRUIT.—If for lack of sunshine the ripening of dessert apples, plums, and pears is retarded they may be hastened by using the following method. Select the fruit which has been exposed to the sun we have had, paying due regard to the size and shape. Pick very carefully with as little handling as possible. Take a small box and get some young nettles, free from moisture, from the banks and place some of these on the bottom, then put the fruit in and lay very gently on the top some more nettles. Put the lid on, and tie up the box and put in a dark corner or cupboard about seven to ten days previous to the show.

GREEN PEAS.—Take a flat basket and a pair of scissors and select as many of the largest pods as required, cutting well back from the pods, taking care not to spoil the bloom. Hold one at a time before a candle and you will be able to see the size of the peas and the number in each pod. As you are aware, this is one of the biggest factors to take the eyes of the judges.

FRENCH BEANS.—Good French beans may be procured in the following way. They can be either straightened while hanging on the plants in the early morning, or if not a good straight shape just before the Show, may be picked and placed in layers with a damp cloth between them, and a weight on the top. This in itself of course will not win a prize, but will greatly assist if the beans are a good length, young and green.

POTATOES.—In selecting specimens for this class pick out potatoes of a uniform size, with shallow eyes if possible. Carefully wash with a cloth and if a brush is used at all it must be a soft one, so as not to scratch the skins. After washing, partly dry with a cloth and whilst damp wrap each tuber in a piece of brown paper. The reason for this is to exclude the air and light, and do not stage until the last possible moment, when they will appear as bright as though they had just been lifted from the ground.

CAULIFLOWERS.—These should have their leaves trimmed within reasonable distance of the flower.

VEGETABLE MARROW.—Do not brush the dead flower off the end if you can help it. When you have several about the same size and shape select those that the thumb nail will easily pierce on the underneath part.

ONIONS.—In staging onions see that the box is neither too large, too small, or too deep. In any case, packing should be used to throw the bulbs well above the box. This applies to Eschalots.

TOMATOES.—These should be selected that are of a nice colour, and small flower centres.

I should like to say to all, be neat and careful in arranging whether it be Flowers, Fruit or Vegetables, because many a good article has been spoiled by bad arrangement.

These few hints have been tried by me and found successful, and they are passed on to assist others to make our Show an increasing success, and I shall be only too happy to give all the help and information that lies in my power to further that end.

FRED GALE.

PLEASE KEEP THIS DATE OPEN.

Saturday, August 18th

FOR OUR ANNUAL

Flower Show.

TENNIS SECTION.

The writer of these notes spent an evening at Lickhill and was pleased to see the activity on the Tennis Courts. There was one thing very noticeable, and that was the attention and coaching that was given to the novice. There may be many in the Firm who are new to this class of sport and who hesitate. To such I would say that all you need worry about is getting a pair of rubber shoes. Racquets, balls and any other requisites are provided on the courts and the regular players are only too willing to welcome and initiate any new-comers. Mr. D. Lea was in attendance the evening I went up and there is no doubt in my mind as to his keen interest in the courts and the players.

ONLOOKER.

ENTERTAINMENTS SECTION.

We are inviting you all this month to become members of the Entertainments Section, which you can do for the modest sum of one shilling per annum. Membership of the section carries with it the privilege of a 25 per cent. reduction upon the prices of admission to **all** concerts, dances, etc., run under the auspices of the Entertainments Section.

Early members have already secured the benefit of free admission to the first concert. Intending members should realise that the cost of their subscription will soon be saved on the first two or three entertainments, and should enrol at once. We hope you will give us the encouragement of a large membership.

The Concert Party hope to make their next appearance at the Flower Show on the 18th of August, and though unfortunately several of the party will be away on holiday we feel sure that they will give a good account of themselves.

A.G.K.

CRICKET.

On Saturday, June 2nd, our visitors were Swindon Imperials, and although we lost the match by six runs H. Hill and I. J. Taylor treated us to a good exhibition of batting, scoring 56 runs before they were parted. F. Nash bowled very well, and succeeded in getting five wickets for 14 runs.

Our old friend, Mr. Bodman, brought his team from Saltford on June 9th. We won

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the toss and our team gave its best display this year, scoring 143 for seven wickets, the chief scorers being I. J. Taylor (40 not out), J. Garraway (39 not out), H. Hill (29), S. Drewell (23). I think we must have caught Saltford on one of their bad days, for our bowlers skittled them out for 23, Taylor taking five wickets for 9, Hill three for 13, and Nash two for 0.

Devizes 2nd XI. were our opponents on June 16th. So quickly did wickets fall that both teams were out before tea, our team winning by eight runs. A second innings was decided on, and again we succeeded in finishing on top, the final being Devizes 34 for seven, Harris' 42 for five. H. Hill was top scorer with 17.

Stothert and Pitts were our visitors on June 23rd. Our wickets went down fast, and things looked very black indeed until A. McLean, 11th man, made a very good stand with C. Dean, the last wicket putting on 48 runs, of which total Dean got 36. Our bowlers proved to be right on the mark and made short work of the opposition, Nash taking five wickets for 13, and Taylor five for 14.

2nd XI.

Our 2nd XI. have not experienced the best of luck during the past month. Starting at Seagry on June 2nd the home team scored 76 against them. They could only muster 17 in reply.

Against Derry Hill on June 6th we again reached a total of 17. But Batchelor performed very well with the ball and was chiefly responsible for the dismissal of our opponents for 26 runs, his average being five wickets for 7 runs—1.4.

On June 9th we journeyed to Bath to play St. John's. Our total here was very small —25. The Bath team replied with 164. St. John's asked for this 2nd XI. fixture, but in view of the result they are far too strong for our lads. However, they had a very good outing, arriving back at Calne very close to Sunday morning.

Compton Bassett was our next match, and although we did not manage to win 59 runs were put together, against 76 by Compton.

June 20th was fixed for a match with Derry Hill. Played at Lickhill this resulted in a win for our boys—54 runs against 34. Another match with Derry Hill was played on their ground on June 23rd, when the Wednesday result was reversed, Derry Hill winning by 34 runs. I do hope that our lads will not be discouraged over the lack of victories, for I feel that with practice they have the making of a real good side. W.P.

Forthcoming Fixtures:

1st XI.

July	28—Lacock	Away.
Aug.	4—Castle Combe	Home.
,,	11—Lacock	Home.
,,	18—Swindon Imps	Home.

2nd XI.

July	21—Derry Hill	Away.
,,	28—Lacock	Home.
Aug.	11—Lacock	Away.

PIG FEEDERS' CLUB.

The Sixth Annual Exhibition is to be held on August 18th, 1928. As in past years it will be linked up with the Welfare Association Summer Show. It is to be hoped that a large number of entries will be received so that we as a Club do our part towards making the whole Show a bigger success than last year.

At the time of writing forms of entry have been sent to all members, and we feel sure every member will do his best.

* * *

Wedding Bells.

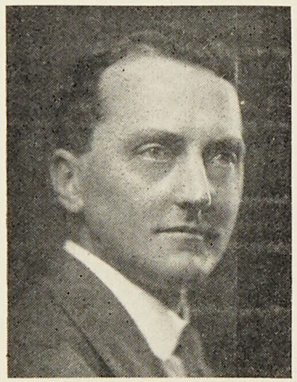
On July 4th Mr. A. G. Kidley, the enterprising Secretary of our Entertainment Section, was married to Miss J. E. Radford at the parish church of Lydford, Devon. Mr. Kidley was the recipient of two entree dishes, a wedding present from his colleagues, as an expression of their hearty good wishes for his future happiness.

Miss Bessie Parsons, who has served the Firm for over three years, recently left to get married. She was employed in the Lacquer Department, and the bridegroom, Mr. J. Wood, hails from the Boning Department. Mr. Gunning, on behalf of their fellow-workers, presented them with a useful canteen of cutlery. In a few well-chosen words he expressed the good wishes of everyone for their future happiness and well being.

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Our Picture Gallery.

MR. W. CULPIN.



When we approached Mr. Culpin for his photograph he seemed somewhat alarmed at the publicity we intended giving him. We have also experienced difficulty in getting him to talk about himself. No doubt he thinks our Picture Gallery should be rechristened The Dentist's Chair. If our remarks seem brief it must not be taken to mean our opinion is as short. To all who visit Dunmow Mr. Culpin extends a very hearty welcome and does everything to make their visit comfortable, and succeeds in his endeavours. He is associated with his staff in putting forward every effort in supporting our Magazine and Dunmow's contributions come along with unfailing regularity.

It was in November, 1919, that Mr. Culpin first joined the Firm. The four and a-half years previous to his coming were spent with the fighting forces. Primrose Day, 1920, saw Mr. Culpin installed at Redruth and also saw the beginning of a friendship with Mr. Roynon that the distance between the two places does not lessen. The three years spent at Redruth paved the way to the managership at Dunmow. The esprit de corps that exists at Dunmow is sufficient evidence of the kindly interest, esteem and pleasant relationship between him and the staff.

* * *

Wife: "I thought you said you were only going out for a second?"

Husband: "Yes, dear. And I've had it."

The Broad Highway.

THE holiday season is now upon us in earnest, and everyone will have their plans all made for the long anticipated break. The relief of our Van Salesmen has been in progress for some weeks already. With such a big staff, we now have to make a triple division and have three reliefs in progress at the same time. The South coast seaside districts early, and then the provinces, and Welsh and London vans all together.

When we were writing at the beginning of the month the Imported Bacon market was on the upward trend. This has continued and appears to be likely to do so for a period. We are still well placed with stocks, and able to take advantage of the position to secure increased business.

We shall shortly be turning our thoughts to the London Grocers' Exhibition, which requires much preparation to secure the best method of displaying the very wide range of goods which we now offer.

We shall welcome any suggestions from our representatives and Van Salesmen.

We have had successful stockroom displays at Margate and Blackpool, and are shortly staging a further show in the Potteries. We are finding this method of introducing our goods increasingly useful in districts where we have no vans.

We have omitted to congratulate Mr. Ward Willis previously on an addition to his family.

We also congratulate Van Salesman Ives of Newcastle on a similar event.

Van Salesman Pugsley of Manchester has been transferred to Birkenhead. We welcome Van Salesman Daniels, who has taken his place at Manchester.

We also welcome Van Salesman Oatley, who has taken over the van at Southend-on-Sea.

AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

Our Agents in Australia, Messrs. P. Sheahan & Co., Pty., Ltd., of Melbourne,

Victoria, report that their representative has just concluded a business trip to the States on the mainland, which entailed travelling over seven thousand (7,000) miles. On the journey to Western Australia there is a portion of the railway line which has a straight run of 330 miles with not the slightest curve; it is considered the longest "straight" in the world.

Australia's people are 97 per cent. British and it is the law of the land to preserve Australia for the white races. No coloured people are allowed to become resident.

Australia is more than twenty-five times the size of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales all lumped together, yet its population is only about six and a half million people.

Wheat and Wool are staple products. The area under wheat is about twelve million acres with a yield of approximately 165,000,000 bushels. There are about 100,000,000 sheep, and the value of the annual wool clips is over £60,000,000.

The shearing of the sheep is practically all done by machinery, and when shearing time is on the impression of the scene to a visitor is never forgotten.

One enterprising hotel keeper in New South Wales (Australia) had a large notice put on his premises "Free meals any day the sun does not shine." Needless to say he did not have to provide dinners gratis; the sun generally manages to show itself even on the worst of days.

A famous American writer was once on a visit to Australia. When he landed at Sydney for the first time he strolled along the quay carrying two suit cases intending to go to his hotel, but seeing no vehicles about walked up to a man leaning against a post, and judging by his dress that he was not too financial, said "I say, my man, I will give you a dollar to carry this case to my hotel." The man without saying a word pulled five sovereigns out of his pocket and without a flutter of his eyelids threw them into the harbour, and leant against the post again.

Pigs.

The writer of these notes was discussing various pig records with a friend the other day and wonders if the following can be improved upon:—

At the Calne factory the heaviest pigs we have received are two sows weighing 42 sc. 12 lbs. and 42 sc. 2 lbs. dead weight or approximately 53 score each live weight. We believe, also, that we hold the record for having paid the largest amount of money for any one pig sent for slaughter, viz.: £72 6s. 0d., which was for one sow weighing 36 sc. 3 lbs. priced at 40/- per score and sent us immediately after pig prices were decontrolled.

Our next record is that of size. The writer on one occasion measured a pig in our stys which gave a measurement of 9ft. 9ins. from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail and stood 4ft. 1½in. from the ground when measured on a level with the shoulders. As for freaks of nature these, of course, are not rare. The best examples of recent years are a pig with three front legs and two hind legs and another without toes of any description.

* * *

No doubt there will be many funny incidents at our Summer Show. Will readers please see to it that any they may witness are passed on to the Magazine.

* * *

Repairs were being carried out on the roof of the asylum by a local builder, who had asked for an inmate to assist him.

All went well until lunch time, when the builder's assistant clutched him round the neck and, with a terrible laugh, said:—

"Come on, let's jump off!"

The builder was almost frightened out of his life, but suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Oh, rats!" he replied. "Anybody could do that. Come down and let's jump up!"

* * *

Peppery Colonel (to partner on golf course): "What is the present-day girl coming to? Imagine her parents allowing her to appear in public in plus fours and Eton crop! Attempting to copy our dress. Bah!"

Partner: "That, sir, is my daughter."

"Sorry, I did not know you were her father."

"I'm not. I'm her mother."

(Continued on Page 166).

Friends Elsewhere.

SUMMER SHOW.

Will our friends please note that the last day for receiving entries for the competition is Tuesday, August 14th. Exhibits must be sent off in good time to reach the Secretary by Saturday morning, August 18th.

* * *

BRISTOL.

The most prominent building of Bristol is the tower which stands at the top of Park Street, which is part of the University of Bristol. This University building, which opened on the 9th of June, 1925, is one of the most modern of its kind in England and is built largely of freestone and is very beautiful. On the outside are arms of the Wills family and in the entrance hall is a stained glass window designed by a Bristolian in memory of one of that family to whose generosity the building of the newer portions of the University is very largely due.

The Great Hall is panelled in oak, each panel of which is carved differently from the rest. Around the top of the panelling is a linen pattern carving consisting of small squares worked in various forms, all of which again seem different, but which, on closer examination, are found to consist of twelve patterns which are interspersed to make the whole. At one end is the dais at the rear of which is a very fine organ into the carving of which are worked the names of famous composers and at the other end a gallery. It is remarkable that in this hall, which seats over 1,200 persons, there is not one window which opens. All the ventilation is carried out by means of fans and the air is changed every 20 minutes. The filter chamber is underneath the dais. This hall is heated by means of pipes concealed behind the panelling.

All the classrooms of the University are similar, and all have in one corner a white screen for use in connection with a lantern in the opposite corner of the room.

Halfway up the tower is the great bell known to all Bristolians as Great George, which chimes the hours during the day and which, with its fittings, weighs about ten tons. This bell is controlled with many other clocks in the building by a master clock in the hall. The chime of Great George can be heard all over Bristol within a radius of five miles.

From the top of the tower a very fine view can be obtained of Bristol and its surroundings. On a clear day the Bristol Channel and Welsh hills can be seen very distinctly.

Parts of the University are still in process of construction, and when finished Bristol will have an edifice of which it will be very justly proud.

* * *

CHIPPENHAM.

Nurses.—An Appreciation.

This is a very hurried contribution to our Magazine, in response to a friend whom I can hardly refuse; and may I be allowed a personal word first of all—of gratitude to the very, very many friends in Calne, Chippenham, and many of our branches who so kindly and sympathetically thought of and wrote to me during my recent illness, assuring them how much myself and family were helped and cheered in the time of stress and anxiety, and of the conviction in my own mind that this same disinterested and sincere sympathy was crowned and owned by the Divine Providence in that the operation not only saved my life (and this was the surgeon's opinion) but that the restoration to health was evidenced from the very early days, so that on leaving hospital at five weeks, the Matron assured me "I was a credit to them."

I cannot speak too highly of the hospital staff, not only of the kindly sisters and matrons (for there were two) but of the nurses who so lovingly cared for us all—night and day—and I thought and wondered then, where did the grace and love come from that made them so patiently and tenderly care for suffering mankind. As far as it was in their power pain was relieved and ease given most readily, even during the night—and this when their duty was for twelve hours, and often nearly every hour filled with skilful and difficult attention, most nerve-racking and trying. It was not only the tender mother love that is in the heart of nearly every woman, but something even beyond this, and that—a Divinely Given Grace.

It seems to me, from what I can understand, nurses have to work too many hours

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and are underpaid; they must have, in their training, to not only work extremely hard and to do so much that to the ordinary individual would be repulsive, but they have to acquire a knowledge that is second only to a doctor's, and to take responsibilities on occasions in almost, if not quite, a matter of life and death!

I know it is a big thing for me to say, but is it not time that the fully-trained nurse was made a civil servant, pay equivalent to their highly-skilled services, with much shorter hours, and a righteous pension when their work was finished, either through illness or old age? For are not their services for the benefit of the nation at large?

Now just a word in conclusion. May every reader of this be spared a hospital experience, even in such a delightful ward as it was my own good fortune to be in; but if on the other hand, in the order of Providence, suffering is theirs, may they look for and really find in their nurses those kind ministering souls who are anxious only to relieve them and do them good, and see to it that they themselves are just as anxious to save the nurse unnecessary trouble and really by a word of kindly recognition to cheer and gladden the giver of so much unselfish service.

E. Watts.

* * *

DUNMOW.

Do right—and fear no man.
Don't write—and fear no woman.

The responsibility of "copy hunting" for July issue I persuaded another member of our staff to undertake when I left Dunmow for holidays on the 16th of June. The above quotation, however, is hanging on the wall before me in the hotel at which my wife and I are staying in Torquay, and the more I look at it the more I feel I ought to make my humble contribution to our page instead of carrying out my original intention of shirking the task for once.

Whilst we must agree that there is a lot of logic to be found in the quotation I have given, it is not about its merits that I wish to write, but the more I look up from the writing desk at which I am seated the more the little motto seems to stare at me, and instead of reading it as it is written I find myself seeing all the time DO WRITE instead of DO RIGHT. To be enabled, then, to enjoy the remaining few days of my holiday here, with a contented and peaceful mind, I just feel that I must pen something.

Among other songs I often sing to a sympathetic audience is the old favourite, "Devonshire Cream and Cyder," which, as you all know, tells us of the beauties of glorious Devon. I realise though, now that I am spending a holiday in Devonshire (for the first time) how very feeble and expressionless has been my interpretation of this melody.

"Down Brixham Way, where the Brown Sails Flap," "The Dart," "The Cream and Cyder," and all the other beautiful things about which the song tells us I have now seen and enjoyed for myself, and I know that, if ever I make an effort to sing "Devonshire Cream and Cyder" or "Glorious Devon" again, I shall be made to realise tenfold how very modest have been my efforts to understand and fully appreciate the words of Theodore Curzon and the musical setting given by Wilfrid Sanderson.

Words and song, nevertheless, cannot adequately describe the beauties of Devonshire—they are too exquisite—but there is a way of fully appreciating them, and that way is simply to see for yourself, and the fact that our Creator has given us a truly beautiful world in which to live, will become even more established.

As you all know, there is a branch of our family at Totnes. Our friends there should be very happy amidst such beautiful surroundings (and undoubtedly they are). Totnes itself is a truly wonderful and interesting old town, very quaint, and has many lovely old buildings which never fail to appeal to us.

It was a very great pleasure to both my wife and myself to be so courteously shown round the Totnes factory by Mr. Powney. I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Tucker and the other staff members. It is not often that we have the opportunity of fraternising with our co-workers at other factories, and because of this, if for no other reason, the advent of "Our Magazine" in January, 1927, should be earmarked as one of the Company's "Great Days." We are, by reason of the Magazine, enabled to get together, a thing which hitherto has been impossible, and can each and all take a greater interest in what is going on outside our own immediate surroundings.

The spirit of co-operation, as well as the feeling that we are getting to know our "friends elsewhere" better and better as the months roll by, is made more possible than ever before.

The Magazine should have the unstinted support of us all, and although I almost failed to contribute this month I am now happy to think that I overcame my lazy fit, for which I am grateful to the motto which caught my eye and told me what I ought to do.

E.W.W.

Visitor (speaking of little boy): He has his mother's eyes.

Mother: And his father's mouth.

Child: And brother's trousers.

A young man came rushing on to the platform at London Bridge station to find his homebound train just moving out. He boarded the train, pushed his head out, and spotting a porter shouted "All right Leatherhead?" The porter, looking somewhat aggrieved, retorted hotly "All right Kipperface."

She (late for concert): What are they playing now?

He: Beethoven's ninth Symphony.

She: Oh, dear! then we have missed eight!

E. Pallier, Dunmow.

* * *

IPSWICH.

The month of June has not been responsible for any substantial improvement in trade at our Factory, due, no doubt, to the public having become accustomed to buying imported bacon whilst the margin in prices has been so wide, but the warmer weather is always reflected in the condition of imported bacon, which gives the home produced article a very strong lead, and we look forward with confidence to a substantial increase in demand as soon as we reach the month of July.

It is very strange that the demand for bacon or any other food product should appear to have its periods, but over a considerable number of years the writer has become accustomed to recognising what one may describe as the seasons in the demand for bacon, occurring almost as certainly as the seasons of the year.

June has never been regarded as a good bacon month. Usually there is an abundance of eggs, fresh fruit and fish, to which the housewife turns as a change, but as soon as we reach the really hot summer months, fresh meat of all kinds has to retire into comparative obscurity when the mild cured hams and bacon are a more dependable and welcome dish.

This continues throughout the summer period, terminating usually in September, when fresh meats, including pork and sausages, once more return to favour, and bacon again becomes a relish for breakfast in the early autumnal days.

By the time mid-October and November is reached, there appears to be another pause in the demand for bacon, and at such times sales can only be affected by attracting the public with low prices.

The Christmas season, however, again sets the demand moving, particularly in respect to hams, and usually the demand for both hams and bacon is good throughout the month of January, only to be followed in February, March and April by a dragging period, very largely affected by the type of weather. Mild, muggy, wet weather will bring a poor demand, but if there is a briskness in the air, then the demand improves.

By this time we are approaching Easter and Whitsuntide and there is more life once more, which tails off again until the end of June as already described.

Of course, heavy supplies or shortages vary the normal seasonal conditions, but we have no doubt that other readers of these notes will agree that there are periodical fluctuations which appear to come round almost as regularly as clock-work.

At the Ipswich Factory, we have been doing what we **can**, and everybody has been happy.

On Saturday, the 16th June, a staff outing was arranged, in the form of a visit to Southend-on-Sea. The party was conveyed in three splendidly equipped char-a-bancs, and the journey was made in good weather, but if anything a little cold.

It was surprising to find that although so many of our staff were born in the Eastern Counties, they knew so little of the country traversed. One was heard to state that

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although born and bred in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, he had never before been by road to Colchester, a distance of 18 miles.

The first stop was made near Chelmsford, when warm coffee proved very acceptable in the absence of anything stronger.

The journey was then resumed, and a further pause made between Chelmsford and Southend-on-Sea. Many of the staff will smile at their recollections of this stop at the "Carpenters' Arms." No sooner had the indefatigable secretary, Mr. Mackenzie, got one party settled in their char-a-banc, and turned to give his attention to the next, than he found the passengers deserting the one he had already dealt with, so that it was with a whole-hearted sigh of relief that he saw the whole party once more on its way to Southend, which was reached just before midday.

The party at once proceeded to the London Hotel, where an excellent luncheon had been arranged, and in the absence of Mr. Bodinnar, the chair was taken by Mr. Ludgate, who was accompanied by Mrs. Ludgate.

Everyone expressed disappointment to find that Mr. Bodinnar, who it was hoped would be able to preside at the lunch, found at the last moment it was impossible for him to be with us, and it was unanimously decided that a telegram should be sent to him, conveying the hearty greetings of the party.

The afternoon and evening were spent by the members of the party going their separate ways, but the majority confined themselves to the front and Kursaal, the latter offering many and varied forms of amusement, some quite hair-raising.

The return journey was made without mishap, and everyone reached home about 11 p.m., tired out, but very happy.

The Great Suffolk Show was held this year at Bury St. Edmunds, on June 7th and 8th, but the Clerk of the Weather was not in the best frame of mind, as a heavy deluge of rain fell for the whole of the first morning, driving everyone to cover. The afternoon, however, was brighter, and the usual attractions, such as horse-jumping, etc., were much enjoyed by the very large attendance.

The following day was a little better in weather, but not by any means perfect, but we understand there was a very good attendance in spite of all.

We had our usual stand, and had the pleasure of discussing the question of pig supplies and current matters with a very large number of callers, which kept us busy the whole time.

* * *

LONDON.

Mid-June sees the opening of the Holiday Season. Week by week, up to mid-September, sees the departure and return of one after another of our staff. It is to be hoped that we shall be favoured with decent weather, for people whose lines are cast in great cities and who, in any case, see but little of real sunshine, are in real need of absorbing the radiant heat of the sun in holiday times, and the recent years have not been very favourable to most of us in this respect.

Our old colleague, Mrs. Lewis (nee Rubens), will come to us to carry on during the absence of Mrs. Larcombe and Miss James. We are glad to see old friends and to note that they are quite happy to be at Cowcross Street again.

I hope that holiday time will give some of our staff an opening to start contributing to our Magazine.

R.E.H.

* * *

REDRUTH.

We are glad to report that we have been kept busy during the last month. Our killings have been very good and bacon sales are very much improved. We are looking forward to a busy holiday season. An interesting question has been put forward to which we should be glad to have replies from other branches and which we think would be interesting to all. In various parts of the country we find that pigs at different ages are called local names. The terms used in Cornwall are as under :—

Veers.—Up to time of weaning.

Slips.—After weaning.

Stores.—About four months old when ready for fattening, turning eventually into Baconers.

On June 13th the Royal Cornwall Agricultural Show was held at Bodmin. The attendance was well maintained, being 8,000 on the first day and approximately 12,000 on the second day. The pig classes were well

patronised, our old friends, Messrs. White's of Taunton, again carrying off the prizes in the Large White section. The judging of animals by points was again a very prominent feature of the show and in this connection we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Redman, who was judging the pig class.

The Ministry of Agriculture had a very comprehensive display of pigs and pig products, and altogether the show was a great success and ranks amongst the great shows of the country.

Redruth Factory Trip.

It was agreed some months ago that our trip this year should be to Torquay. On a very long journey such as this the success of the trip is entirely dependent on the kindness of the Clerk of the Weather, consequently at 5 a.m. on Saturday, June 16th, many heads might have been observed looking out of the open windows. Happy to relate, they were rewarded by seeing every sign of a fine day.

We left Redruth at 6.30 a.m. accompanied by our works superintendent, Mr. W. B. Friggens. Our first stop was at Liskeard at 8.30 for lunch, where we were mistaken for our Totnes friends arriving 3½ hours early for dinner. Leaving Liskeard at 9 a.m. we continued our journey through our beloved County until, crossing Torpoint Ferry, we found ourselves on Devon soil. We greatly enjoyed our ride through Plymouth and on to Totnes, our next halting place. Here we were met by one of the Totnes staff, who showed us over the factory. He proved a very efficient and helpful guide. We were sorry that through a coincidence the Totnes staff were also taking their trip, and we were consequently unable to make their acquaintance. After a look round Totnes we dined at Warwick's Hotel, leaving again at 1 o'clock for Paignton and Torquay.

We arrived at Torquay about 2 p.m. and spent a most delightful time up to 7 o'clock, all having tea together at the Willow Cafe at 5 p.m. The weather conditions proved absolutely perfect and words fail to express our enjoyment. We left very reluctantly though promptly at 7 o'clock, making only one stop on our homeward journey at Torpoint for supper. We arrived at Redruth at 1 a.m. feeling very tired, but every man said it was the end of a perfect day and the best trip we have ever had.

The men of this factory desire to thank Mr. J. N. Pownsy for permitting us to look over the Totnes factory and for his kindness in leaving a guide; also to Mr. Friggens for his successful efforts in making the trip such an enjoyable one, this being but another instance of his keenness for the welfare of the Redruth men.

H. Cowen.

Apropos of the above article we have several remarks to make. We are surprised to hear what an attraction our respected foreman has for the fair sex. It is rumoured that although somewhat over 25 he is still a gay dog.

We also hear that a well-known member of the staff, although a bachelor, was to be seen fathering a large group of children who were anxious to help him spend his loose coppers.

Rumour also states that the lady in charge of the fish and chip shop at Torpoint was surprised by a pack of hungry men from Redruth, who speedily cleared out all the available stock before their appetites were appeased.

Cornubian.

* * *

TOTNES.

The brilliant sunshine on the 16th June added greatly to the enjoyment of all those who participated in the annual outing which took place on that day. One member of our staff has contributed a detailed description of the great event and same appears below. It will be seen that everyone thoroughly enjoyed the day, and it was the unanimous opinion of all here that it was the best outing we have had together up to the present. It was unfortunate that the date of the Redruth outing clashed with our own, particularly as our Cornubian friends had decided to view the beauties of this locality and were able to spend sufficient time in Totnes to inspect the factory before luncheon. The employee left in charge was able to show them everything of interest, although we understand that he was at first somewhat awed by the fierce aspect of the gentlemen in the feathered headdresses, but quickly regained confidence when he soon found that appearances are deceptive, and whatever their looks they were really the

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real genuine good sort of fellows that one likes to meet. Although it was a matter of regret to all of us that we were unable to welcome our friends from the land of "pilchards and cream" it was some consolation to know that they also were favoured with glorious weather which enabled them to view Sunny Devon at its best.

W.J.T.

Annual Outing 1928.

Forty-eight strong we left Totnes at 8 a.m. to the strains of "Where did you get that hat"; one of our party, wearing the bowler his great-great-grandfather was married in, was the cause of the refrain. I have heard the expression "better be green that withered," but this bowler was both, belying that quotation. On, on we go to Princetown, via Holne, where our steed jibbed, and we had to get out and push, but only a little way. Here one good old Dumpling remarked, "Us passed here the last time us came this way." Across the moors to the lodgings of some clever ones we pass Dartmeet, a very delightful spot indeed, until we stop at Princetown, where we avoid looking at the prison for fear the warders might spot us and invite us inside. Anyhow we did not have any real misgivings, only our friend had discarded his hat thinking it might be mistaken for a disguise. After refreshments we make our way to Tavistock, arriving about 10.30 a.m. Some took the opportunity to see old friends, others to look over the Town Hall, the majority eagerly waiting until mine host would show the welcome on his mat to enable us to clear away the dust which had accumulated in our throats on the journey. After a short sojourn we wend our way to Liskeard, where dinner awaits us, and we are jolly certain to do justice to it, our appetites having been whetted by the drive. During dinner a letter of good wishes was read from Mr. Bodinnar. We all appreciated his kindly action, but felt how much better it would have been had he been present to enjoy the day with us.

Dinner over, which we all enjoyed, we stroll around Liskeard. A wedding was taking place in the church, and some of the ladies had their curiosity satisfied by seeing the bride. I, as a mere man, and above that vice, did not venture to stay to see a poor chap lose his liberty, but just bowed my head in sympathy. Enough of this sad picture we sally forth to Polperro. Here we see one of the most charming spots in Cornwall (come down along we, are 'ee?), a picturesque little fishing village, which I should imagine would be an artist's delight. We spent the time in various ways, some climbing the rocks on which the village stands, some, overcome by the heat, sleep peacefully in the car. When I get old I shall do the same—much more restful than climbing the rocks and getting heated. One of the party tried a bit of bargaining with the fisherman for a live crab, but was unsuccessful; personally, I was rather glad, because he was my partner in the car, and I should not care to have my leg pinched if I had been asked to nurse the crab whilst he lit a cigarette.

To the accompaniment of a mouth organ solo we arrive at Looe on the first stage of our homeward journey, where a dive is made for the nearest bun shop to appease the callings of our inner selves. With satisfied and contented minds we have a look around Looe, which is a small fishing town with a beach; how the water attracts children; I had a most inane desire to make mud pies, but suddenly I remembered I was supposed to be grown up, so restrained myself. Our next step is to make our way to Torpoint to catch the ferry which is to carry us from Pasty Land into Dumplingshire. This stage of the drive is very beautiful, and we were all greatly impressed by it; in fact, one of the boys so forgot himself as he was seen endeavouring to light his pipe with a pinch of snuff. Arriving at Torpoint the ferry was at the other side, so we had a wait of twenty minutes; out we jump, glad of the opportunity to wash away the dust collected outwardly and inwardly in Cornwall.

Plymouth at last, where we prepare to wind up a most enjoyable outing; the grass widowers had to purchase suitable gifts to take home as their peace offerings, the mixed parties to enjoy the beauties of the Hoe. Finale, now so full of bravery, so pleased with ourselves and each other, we take the last stage of the journey with just one halt on the way. Everyone confident in their own minds that there shall be another next year, we arrive back in Totnes.

Good-night, everybody.

"One of the Old Brigade."

Our Post Bag.

To the Editor, Harris Magazine.

Dear Sir,—We read with much interest Ex-Don. R.'s Motor Article in the June issue of the Harris Magazine.

May we once again emphasise the fact that the General Committee of the H.W.A. is always eager to give the fullest and most careful consideration to any ideas which will add to the Association's usefulness to its members.

With regard to a Harris Motor Club the idea seems to contain possibilities provided that sufficient support is forthcoming. However, to enable the General Committee to consider the matter perhaps Ex-Don. R. will be good enough to send along full particulars of the scope of a Motor Club, and also state whether, in the event of such a club being formed, it could be run not only for the benefit and advantage of motor owners, but to others who do not possess "H.P."

Yours faithfully,

H. A. Olsen,
F. I. Nash.
Joint Hon. Secs.

* * *

J. F. Bodinnar, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I believe you are open to receive any suggestions regarding the business in which we are occupied, and I therefore give you these two for what they are worth. They may be useless and not be practical, but you can judge for yourself.

Transmitting of Prices to Agents.

At the present time, I believe I am right in saying that our agents carry several lists of prices in their pockets. They have one for bacon, one for offals, another for smalls and a further one for imported bacon ex London. It is very probable that all four lists are brought out in front of many customers for the purpose of reference. I think it would look more important, and be more convenient for the agent, if these lists were all condensed in pocket book form. This could be done by agents using a loose-leaf cover, and all prices transmitted to them from headquarters in loose leaves. The agent would just have to place these leaves in his book, and destroy them when a further lot are sent to him.

Information File kept by Agents.

It is necessary for our agents to be very conversant with the customers or prospective customers he is visiting. Information regarding these people is often passing from the firm to the agent. The latter also picks up information here and there. This is not always for immediate use, but for use at some further date. The question arises "where shall I put it until I go there next time." Here is a simple loose-leaf system that could be applied:—

The salesman has a supply of loose-leaves and a cover. Every customer, or prospective one, has one leaf at least. The leaves can be filed in alphabetical order either of name or town, in a small drawer. When the journey and calls for the ensuing week have been planned the agent merely takes from the file the sheets referring to the customers he is going to visit. These are placed in the portable cover and carried on that journey. (In the case of agents whose trips are only daily it would, of course, not be necessary to carry these sheets with him.)

Each evening the agent can refresh his memory about the customers to be seen the following day. He also brings up to date the sheets referring to the people he has seen that day.

Besides matters of strict business matters of a personal nature can be entered. For example: an agent might read in a local paper that "Mr. Jones, of such-and-such a place, had a great reception at a local concert." Realising that Mr. Jones is a customer the agent will make an entry something like the following: "Tenor singer; great reception concert June 2nd." When the agent sees this customer on his next trip a reference to singing might lead to a conversation and develop a personal atmosphere, which would assist in maintaining business relationship.

Yours faithfully,

H. S. Brock.

Mr. Bodinnar will be glad to receive comments on Mr. Brock's suggestions.

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The summer outings have been such a tremendous success that it has called forth the suggestion that something might be done towards organising a social evening for the winter months to further cement the existing bond of friendship between all the employees; perhaps someone may be able to give us some hints as to how this could be done.

(Now then H.W.A.—the usual helping hand, please !—Ed.)

We were all delighted to receive a visit from Mr. Walker, of Dunmow, and hope that we shall be able to give a hearty welcome to many of our friends from the branches before the close of the holiday season.

* * *

Just Between Ourselves.

I AM very pleased indeed to welcome a new contributor to this page this month, who has kindly sent us some hints on the avoidance of sunburn, etc., during the summer months.

I hope this will not be the only occasion on which we shall see this young lady's initials on this page, and that her example will be followed by many others, as I am quite sure there are many subjects which would be most interesting to us all which our girls could contribute.

I am also indebted to her for a suggestion re Needlework, which I shall hope to carry out in the autumn.

May I say once more that any suggestions will be greatly appreciated, as the aim of this page is to be of the greatest good to the greatest number—but it is certainly up to the "number" to help as much as possible.

I suppose the great event of the summer will be the Harris Flower Show, for which all sorts of preparations are steadily going ahead. I have just had a chat with one who is always willing to give a helping hand in matters of this sort, and have been asking her what competitions she will be running this year. The success—so Mrs. Sewell tells me—attending the cake-making competition last year, has emboldened her to not only run a Cake-making Competition but a Confectionery Competition as well, and this ought to be extremely popular, for many of us confess to a very sweet tooth! There are to be two classes in each section, so I am told. For those who only venture on small cakes—well, they can make Queen Cakes to their hearts' content, and for those who really **do** fancy themselves as cooks, what could be nicer to make than a Victoria Sandwich? And then the Confectionery—what about trying your hand at making Turkish Delight? Or Peppermint Creams? You can do both if you will follow the recipes which will be procurable a little nearer the time of the Flower Show, and perhaps win a prize into the bargain.

Anyhow, I hope there will be a fine response so far as these two competitions are concerned, and that the girls will show that they are really interested in what is a most important part of a woman's education, whatever her station in life may be.

"MARIAN."

SUNBURN AND FRECKLES.

During the summer months it is very important that great care should be taken of the skin. In these days when so much time is spent in the open air, in various sports, the skin is liable to get very red and rough unless great care is taken of it. Those who have fine, delicate skin which easily gets sunburnt and which becomes very painful, should use a mixture of pure olive oil and sweet almonds. Mix equal quantities in a bottle and shake well before use. Keep the bottle always handy, and when preparing for a time in the open air rub a little of the mixture into the face and throat. This should be rubbed in until the oil is completely absorbed, and then use cream and powder in the usual way. This will protect the skin from both sun and wind, and when cleansed in the evening the skin will be soft and smooth and show no signs of sunburn or freckles.

To those who have not used the above and come home sunburnt I advise witch hazel rubbed on the affected parts, which will be found very soothing. D.S.B., Bristol.

WELDON'S BOOKS FOR JULY.

Dainty Garments for Baby. Knitted Frocks for Babies. Ladies' Journal. Illustrated Dressmaker. Fashions for Matrons. Children's Fashions.

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2.——————————NO. 8.

AUGUST, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

WHY doesn't the H.W.A. start a —— Club? This query was fired at us during a conversation with one of our friends. We were happy to be able to tell our friend how to set about bringing the matter to the notice of the General Committee.

We take the risk of being accused of repetition and again emphasize the fact that the H.W.A. is at your service always, and eagerly awaits your suggestions for improving existing organisations and starting new ones. They cannot be expected to work in the dark, and it is not fair to expect them to know what you want unless you tell them. Some say "they do not like to bring a suggestion forward." This is surprising news as we have yet to learn that our many friends are of a "modest and retiring disposition." The following are the members of the General Committee: Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, Mr. L. A. Trow, Mrs. E. Sewell, Misses M. Fennell, W. Watson, Messrs. A. H. Angell, G. R. Ashman, G. C. Brown, W. G. Gunning, A. H. Haines, O. Jones, P. T. Knowles, R. A. Skuse, H. A. Olsen, and F. I. Nash.

Surely there is at least one to whom you can say "Look here, why can't we have a —— Club?"

The autumn and winter is approaching and now is the time to make your preparations. The girls already have their hockey, drill and needlecraft sections—what are the boys going to do? It is no good standing round like Mr. Micawber, waiting for something to turn up. Neither is it any good waiting for the other man to start something. Put your backs into it and get together this winter. We don't want it said that the girls are the only people in the Firm who can successfully organise clubs and classes.

It may appear somewhat early to be talking of winter sports and pastimes, but it is necessary to arrange these matters well in advance. There is much preparatory work to be done before establishing a new section. Some of our youngsters are under the impression that these things are arranged on the spot and they fail to see the enormous amount of labour necessary to ensure a good send off. Our last word is a repetition of that old motto—

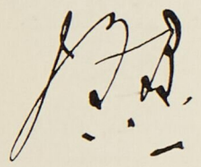
"DO IT NOW."

Between Ourselves.

THE article in the April Magazine has brought forward a number of suggestions which I have had condensed, and now produce them under the names of those who sent them in.

It will be seen that opinions differ on some points, while there is agreement on others.

I have these contributions printed this month in the hope that it may lead to further suggestions being sent to me before I attempt to deal with the whole of the communication by way of comment, in a future issue of the Magazine.



Mr. B. A. Lloyd.—Run vans to sell single sides of bacon. Bacon representatives in some cases might accompany the vans. Good advertisement might be combined with, or run separately from, Cooked Meats.

Mr. W. K. Powell refers to the anomally of imported bacon being sold in this country under the misnomer of Wiltshire Cut Bacon. Remove this description and get a Ministry of Agriculture Order to sell imported bacon by the description of the country of origin. Difficult to offer suggestions for resuscitation of pig breeding and feeding. Information as to this is available. Fluctuation in pig prices has somewhat destroyed incentive to feed, and some protective measure is required in the form of a rebate on feeding stuffs to assist in making this industry profitable and might be assisted by Safeguarding of Industries Act.

Intensive propaganda of the industry under Government aid, or a system of co-operation between Government, feeders and bacon curers.

Magnitude of imported bacon trade is appalling. War exposed our dependence upon the foreigner for food supplies, and propaganda of potentialities of this business and resultant benefits of these millions being put into home circulation should awaken interest. A measure of full indemnity for loss of supplies of pigs through foot and mouth disease seems imperative. The question appears to be a national one and some Government protection or assistance necessary.

Mr. R. E. Harris.—Protection for English Agriculture: The real menace in the war was starvation through cutting off of food supplies, and we should try to produce more of our own foodstuffs in our own land. The Danes do not appear in Whittakers list of our best national customers, and since Denmark has passed its coal trade from us to Poland the trade balance between England and Denmark is tremendously against us.

Mr. A. K. Hopkins.—Farmers do not breed the pig that is wanted, and do not seem to get any nearer to the required 56-8lb. side. Price of bacon is not the great factor, although it must be within a limit.

Regularity in supplies of pigs to avoid violent fluctuation. A committee of curers and farmers might be formed to discuss the trade difficulties. A good selection for the retailer uniform in size and lean in quality would of itself bring more orders and increase turnover.

Mr. G. H. Hudson.—Pigs and Pig Feeders: To fix up a yearly contract with feeders for a minimum number of pigs. Terms either a fixed sum, commission or an extra to the market price.

Pig Breeds.—Bacon companies to evolve new breed which would be ideal for bacon purposes and to keep pig farms at all our branches.

Foreign Competition: Tax the manufactured article (i.e., bacon) but not the raw material (i.e., pigs).

Mr. John F. Kington.—The general attitude of the average consumer is that there is plenty of bacon to be had elsewhere and the home-produced idea is merely a phrase. To increase consumption we must have increased supplies of pigs. Either the pig producer must have some guarantee against a drop in price or price of imported article raised by legislation. The usual result of discussion on producing pigs at a profit is feeding stuffs too dear. Pig prices too erratic. Labour too expensive and not worth the trouble.

Members of co-operative factories are not loyal to their agreement. English farmer is no co-operator. Let him leave bacon curing and concentrate on pig production. We are in the hands of pig producers and if they respected the consumers' wants as the Continental man does we should be better able to meet competition.

Mr. H. C. Hawkes.—To get a stable market a large regular supply of pigs is required, and for pigs a good supply of cheap feed which might be obtained by taxing imported milled flour to encourage import of whole wheat. Establish near each factory a breeding farm of best bacon pigs and supply stores to societies of small men at bare cost of production. The factory to have option to purchase at market price. If such feeders decided to breed let them use the stud boars at a normal charge. Some may evolve into pig farmers, which should be encouraged so as to build up a pig population in this country to make us independent of the foreigner. Launch a campaign through the press to popularise pig-keeping.

Mrs. Pearce.—Indifference of consumer as to foreign or British goods. Preference given to cheaper and a lot of grocers push foreign, and when asked for English curers' bacon reply, "It is only a name, this is just as good." British housewives should insist on Empire produce.

Mr. A. H. Haines.—Breeding: Enlarge present herds of right type of pig and circulate stock for breeding. Question a national one. Subsidise breeders complying with the Pig Industry Council's standard of suitable breeds. Curers to pay a bonus or increased price per score to feeders who feed pigs to reach standard quality.

Stabilising of Prices and Capture of Import Trade: Stabilise pig prices for, say, four years or less and reduce imports 25 per cent. or more according to rising pig population until we received none from countries other than our Dominions.

Delivery: Danger of feeders keeping bacon weight pigs until their smaller pigs are ready to save time in delivery and to get one cheque instead of small ones. Bonus system suggested to overcome this; or feeders should register with the curers he supplies who will send periodically an agent who would select pigs as they become ready.

Showing of Pigs: Shows for bacon pigs should be judged by the trade and not by a breed society's member.

Import of Live Pigs: If Denmark allowed to import pigs Danes would build their own factories and so no tangible result would accrue to employment or English agriculture, therefore, strongly suggest prohibit import of live pigs (except from Ireland). The crux of the problem appears to be the deficiency of the right sort of pigs of which a contributory cause seems to be the number of pedigree pigs in England and the indiscriminate cross breeding from these.

Discourage granting of prizes to shows where pedigree pigs are not of commercial value.

Some form of discipline or compulsion brought to bear on the English pig breeder to breed the right sort of pig.

Establish stations in farming areas from which producers may draw the approved stock for breeding.

A temporary tax on foreign bacon at some stage may be necessary to put into effect this scheme.

The economic circle is: Larger quantities of the right sort of pig=larger quantities of lean bacon=lower producing costs=lower selling prices=larger demand for English bacon=larger quantities of the right sort of pigs, etc.

The pig problem is a national one.

Mr. A. G. Kidley.—Overcome the lack of understanding and sympathy between the curer and the feeder.

Stabilise Pig Prices: Always pay an economic price for pigs. Arrange some working basis with a number of selected feeders. When pigs are plentiful prices are low, and during the glut (usually September to Christmas) prices continue to fall often far below an economic figure. Factories then are flooded with pigs, overtime becomes necessary, and the cellars are filled. When the bacon is mature the bacon prices are reduced to clear stocks, thus though pigs were bought cheaply the cost of handling is greater, and on the forced sale of bacon the margin of profit is considerably reduced if not eliminated. The stabilising of prices would, I believe, eliminate lean periods. Recruit the right interests in breeding the best type of pig for bacon purposes.

Mr. F. C. Robinson.—All bacon should have a distinguishing mark in the form of a coloured line the length of the side along the back and streak. The retailer to exhibit

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a card showing the mark of the country of origin. The Government should be pressed to have all hogs registered, when we should get a better selection.

Mr. H. P. Cross.—Too many boars of a bad type kept by farmers. Start a scheme for distribution of boars of right type either carried out by the Ministry of Agriculture or with their help. There are many unwanted breeds of pigs. Eliminate these by giving a bonus for the right type of pig, especially white or partially white pigs.

Two schemes for encouraging better type of pig:

(1) Bonus on all first cross bacon pigs between certain weights, sired by a Large White boar.

(2) Pigs sent in by farmers to be graded, points awarded and bonus or prize awarded to the farmer at the end of the year.

Organise demonstrations at shows on right type of pig and feeding. Regular supplies of pigs will come when prices are right and steady. Small fluctuations unsettle the farmer, with the result that he looks elsewhere. Farmers who guarantee to send all their pigs to a factory should have some concession. Far too many pigs go to some factories via dealers (but not to ours) bought at markets and held up for prices higher than list.

Grocers do not stock English bacon because—(1) They are not asked for it; (2) Price has been against the grocer stocking it.

If a big demand could be created for home-produced bacon a steadier price might be given to farmers, thus ensuring a regular supply of pigs, reducing overhead charges per pig, and getting the price more on a par with imported. The demand must be created, and never was there a better time than now; the public have got to realise that the **best** bacon is **English** and **the power of advertising is almost unlimited.** Far too much imported bacon is sold as English. A movable or sliding limitation of imports would put the industry on its feet, and done carefully and gradually would not cause dearer bacon, and as a safeguard a guaranteed maximum price could be fixed by curers and distributors.

Mr. L. A. Trow.—The root of the problem appears to be the production of the right type of pig. To put the industry on a better basis reduce imports and increase the home-produced article from the right type of pig. Too many different breeds of pigs in this country, and they should be reduced to three. Curers and buyers of pigs, through their Associations, should decide which three breeds should be retained, and to then give 6d. per score more for those pigs, withdrawing the existing bonus. The Ministry of Agriculture should simultaneously conduct an extensive campaign in all markets in the country.

With regard to the unsuitability of bacon pigs to fulfil grocers' requirements, might I suggest, to meet this difficulty, a much wider method of grading the fresh carcases, such as—(a) London L.S., (b) Provincial L.S., (c) London S., (d) Provincial S., (e) Scotch, (f) London Backs, etc., fixing the grades to suit the requirements in different parts of the country. This method would assist in fixing bacon prices.

* * *

THE BREED OF IRONY.

As a result of 12 years' research in the manufacture of synthetic sausage skins the American Chemical Society recently announced the invention of a sausage casing made from cellulose, which has none of the imperfections that are said to mar the animal covering.

Now we hear of a new casing which was delivered to the Factory from our own Skin Dept. named SOW CASTINGS. We shou'd very much like to know if this means the discovery of a Breed capable of producing the casing so described, as generally speaking the quality of the casing depends to a very large extent on the condition of the pig.

It may be that the Engineering staff has been studying this part of the business. If this Breed should exist it should be located very quickly, and it would also be a great relief to our Despatch Dept. to know they were handling Pork Sausages that would not break when loading, whatever happens during transit upon the Railway.

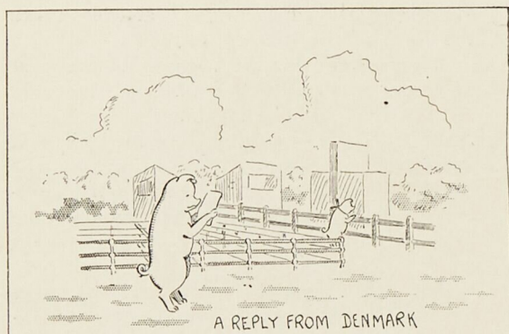
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Little Tommy: "What have you got in your bag, granny?"

Grandmother: "Pasties, dear, an' if 'ee guess' ow many, 'ee can 'ave 'em both."

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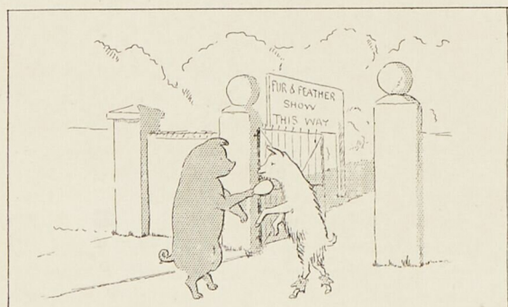
GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



1.—While visiting the Calne new Market, Grunter receives a message from Denmark accepting the challenge issued in May—and Percy sees three goats which interest him.



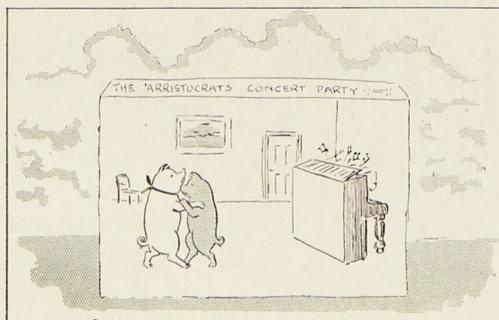
2.—They then go to see the goats sold by auction and arrive when the bids have reached 7/-. They are knocked down to Grunter at 7/6 (each) and not 7/6 the three as he thought.



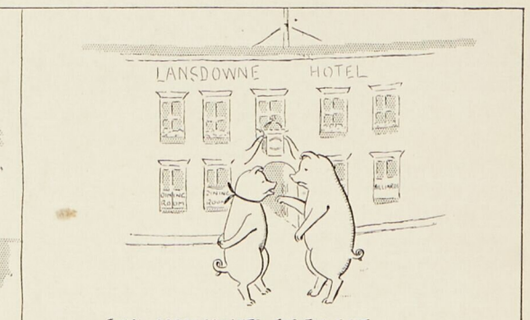
3.—Maud decides to enter the Nanny in the Fur and Feather Section, and gives her a final brush up before entering for competition.



4.—The two kids not being on the invitation list, make up their minds to "butt" in at all costs and they do a bit of "gate crashing" in true London style.



5.—After a round of the sideshows, judging the weight of the pig, cockerel, etc., Percy and Maud give the "Arristocrats" an exhibition of dancing.



6.—Grunter and Percy discuss the Strand as a suitable place to stage the fight with the Great Dane for the "World's Bacon Supremacy."

By The Way.

We wonder if Ex-Don-R agrees with a motto brought to our notice recently: "Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt."

* * *

A wedding was fixed for a certain date. The prospective bridegroom wrote a letter four days before the event, referred to "my wife and I," and dated the letter a month later! The agitation of these bridegrooms is a source of wonder to the benedicts.

* * *

Nobody succeeded in solving the Acrostic published in our June issue. We have received the correct solution from "A.V.C.," and it is as follows:—

H O G
A G A G
M E

* * *

If each member of the large family we saw and who thrust themselves upon our notice without the formality of an introduction at the recent Lickhill Concert paid for admission the Entertainment Section did well. We refer to the family of G. Nattz. They certainly added to the syncopation and made things lively.

* * *

The land of Prohibition has nothing on our Tennis Comimttee when it comes to hustle. Say, boys, how's this? Tournament decided on evening of Monday, July 9th; notices out the following evening; 60 entries before Wednesday midday, and the Tournament started Wednesday night. Gee, boy, that was some hustle, I'm telling the world. Attaboy!

* * *

When we heard the story we really thought gambling was rife in our cricket team. It appeared that at the close of a recent match two shirts were missing. The unlucky individuals were emphatic that they had not been placed on a horse, which we are told is one of the other places where shirts are put. However, the mystery was cleared up, one shirt was discovered gaily flapping in the breeze on the return home and the other had not been packed.

One of our reader's contribution to the "Present Day Education" articles takes the form of the following story:—

A candidate for the vacancy of the post of verger was turned down because he could not write, although suitable in other respects. He accordingly opened a small greengrocer's shop. His progress was rapid, and went from the small hand-barrow delivery to horse and cart and thence to more than one motor van. He moved to a very large shop and was, later on, able to buy the freehold. When the time came for him to sign the various deeds he confessed his inability to sign his name. His lawyer, who had followed the greengrocer's rise, said, "Mr. ——, I don't know what you would have achieved if you had been a scholar." "I do," replied the greengrocer, "Verger of the church."

* * *

It is interesting to know that Putting is taking so well in Calne. We understand there are private greens in the town and that a Championship Game has been played between St. Curzon Club and Roodanchor. It was a needle match and each stroke was carefully watched by the contestants. St. Curzon Veteran was present and appeared greatly interested in the numerous strokes employed by the younger generation. Some resentment, however, was felt by the Anchor Club when the veteran began instructing the St. Curzons how it should be really played and where a putt should be put, but the objection was over-ruled by two members of the Pipping Club, who had offered their service as adjudicators, much to the indignation of one member who was the proud possessor of two pins and a big desire for publicity. The result was a win for the Curzonites by three to two, and the Silver (?) Championship Vase was presented by a lady member of the Castle Club of Devizes.

* * *

An innocent girl is one who, when told to use rouge for her complexion, asks how many spoonfuls should be taken at a time.

* * *

An architect remarked to a woman that he had been to see the great nave in the new church.

"Don't mention names," the woman replied. "I know the man you refer to."

Reading to Bath in a Motor Boat.

(By Captain C. Herbert Smith).

CHAPTER No. II.

THE first act after rising, following the early morning tea, was to have a swim with the dog. Then begins the business of getting breakfast and clearing up the boat. These duties are divided equally; one does the cooking, the other gets everything ready on board, rolls up the side curtains and clears up the night outfit.

That morning the stove had to be persuaded to work, which it did after great efforts and the removal of the wicks. Breakfast was at last cooked and eaten. Next we have to get ourselves washed, cleaned and straightened for the day, and lastly all the stores have to be packed, placed on board, and oil and petrol tanks filled. Our young man had turned up and helped us to get all on board. The passengers and crew travel in front of the engine, the steersman plus engineer behind.

The evening before, we accomplished three miles from Reading, and five locks. On Whit-Monday we covered 10 miles and 10 locks. Before passing on to the actual details of the journey it would be as well to explain that once we have started we do not usually stop again until our evening site is selected. Food is taken on the boat as a rule while she is in motion, the navigator receiving pieces of food passed across to him over the engine. There have been occasions when these rules have been broken, especially if we should pass a likely place where we can get ashore to have a cup of tea.

Now to the details of the journey. After leaving our camping station at Burghfield Village we passed through to Burghfield Lock. No comment especially is required in regard to this Lock, Garston, Sheffield, or Sulhampstead. A portion of this part of the Canal is in the Kennet itself, and in this stream weeds, our abomination, are absent. It is in the cuts where the locks have been made that we meet with our troubles and in the canal proper after passing Newbury. Contrary to our rules we pulled up for lunch, under some trees, after passing Sulhampstead Lock. It was just after this we met with our first troublesome swing bridge, carrying a main road. These bridges are seldom opened, and with the weight of present day traffic passing over them, they get out of place and jammed. On this occasion it was nearly an hour before we could get through, and we had at least a dozen men helping us to open it. I should like to say that wherever we met with trouble on this journey, we found everybody only too ready to lend a helping hand. Also we should like to record the great assistance we received from the Lock Keepers. Except for Sulhampstead and Tile Mill Locks, we were helped through all the locks during the whole of the trip. These Lock Keepers were most obliging, continuing with the boat past their own beats until meeting the next Lock Keeper. The arrangements on this Canal is different from the Thames, where a Lock Keeper resides at each Lock. Each Lock Keeper has a distance under his management, which usually includes five or six locks. To return to our bridge. With the help of wedges, crowbars and a saw the bridge at last swung round and we could pass through. The journey through Tile Mill Lock and to Ufton was uneventful. Ufton Lock is the shallowest on the navigation, being only a fall of about one foot, whereas the next lock to it (Towney) is the deepest and the worst. We went up from Ufton to Towney's without mishap. Although originally a bad weedy reach it has recently been cleaned out and is better.

The gates of Towney's opened for us and we passed in. We felt lucky not to have come out the way we went in with the boat on top of us. Our helper at this juncture was not the Lockman for this distance but one who had come through with us. The bottom gates closed and the lock began to fill. It filled within a foot or two of the top, but this was too much pressure to get the top gates to open. Everybody assisted the Lockman. He said it was impossible and we must abandon the trip and return to Reading. This we refused to do. He then went off to find the Lock Keeper in whose charge this Lock was and left our boat tied in the Lock; the deepest lock of all, having, one would judge, without measurement, about 20 feet of water in it. The bottom gates were creaking and popping all the time. On investigation we found a large hole, beside the main

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carrying timber of one of the bottom gates through which the water was pouring. We were in great fear that this gate would give way and result in our boat crashing down into the next reach. After about half an hour, while the gate still stood, the proper Lock Keeper arrived with his mate. All four of us then got our backs up against the arm of the gate with heels in the ground, and by straightening our legs we managed to open the gate about two inches. We held it there for a time to allow more water through the opening; it then closed with a bump. We did this several times, each time opening a little wider. At last the gate swung far enough to allow a greater influx and the pressure at last was lost, and slowly we got it right open and passed the boat out. Thankful we were when the gate was closed again behind us. Owing to the leaky bottom gate these manœuvres had nearly emptied the reach above, and it was with difficulty we found enough water to get along, especially as it was somewhat weedy here. However, we got through to Padworth Lock, another bad lock, but not so terrifying or so troublesome as the last. We then came to the Swing Bridge, carrying the main road at Aldermaston, which took a considerable time to open and was only accomplished with the aid of several people and the use of crowbars. We safely negotiated the next Lock, but the next stretch, although long and straight, was filled with weeds.

Progress was slow, owing to numerous stoppages to clear the weeds from our propellar.

We were now into the Kennet and sailed up in great style to Woolhampton main road bridge, which opened fairly easy. The reach was good so we passed on to the tail of the next lock and tied up for the night just short of the bottom lock gates, leaving behind a crowd of interested holiday makers. We soon prepared our evening meal, sleeping accommodation, and eleven o'clock saw us weary and soon asleep.

(To be continued.)

* * *

She (anxious to impress): "I've just got my furs out of cold storage."

He: "Cold storage! Ah, that's jolly good; never heard it called that before. My cuff links and watch are there now!"

Gardening Notes.

THE SWEET PEA.

IN quite recent years it has often been said that sweet peas had reached the zenith of their popularity and were incapable of further improvement but the displays that have everywhere been seen during the past few weeks have proved how very wide of the mark these statements have been. It is a fact that the sweet pea is even more popular to-day than ever before, and is beyond question entitled to be termed the Queen of all annuals. As a cut flower for decorative purposes, and having regard to the period during which the plants can be kept blooming, it probably has no equal. Whilst this popular flower has a wonderful past, there is every indication that it has a still greater future, as it can almost be said that everybody grows sweet peas.

Although these notes are intended to be of a general nature, a few hints on culture, etc., may not be out of place, but the beginner should not forget that in all our branches there are men who can be described as experts in the art of gardening, and as such, are only too pleased to give advice or help to any budding enthusiasts who care to enlist their assistance. It is generally well known that sweet peas require a deeply dug and richly manured soil, and if possible this should be done in the autumn. It is a mistake to place the manure in layers; it should be incorporated with the soil when same is being replaced in the trench. Near the top apply a small quantity of a mixture of bonemeal, superphosphate and kainite. A successful method of preventing damage to young plants by slugs, etc., is to sprinkle a layer of soot along the trench about three to four inches below the surface. Soot can be used to advantage at all times and soot water is an excellent fertilizer, also improving the colour of the flowers. It should be applied in showery weather, or after the soil has been well watered, about once a week for best results.

Chipping of Seeds.—It is doubtful whether this practice is really necessary, as cases are known where an even higher percentage of germination has been attained without chipping. In any case it is a tedious process and only the hardest varieties should be chipped; these are generally marked on the packets. Staking is important, and should be done before the plant or seeds are put in the ground to avoid injury to the roots. Where sticks are scarce netting is coming greatly into favour.

Whilst it is only natural that there is a general desire to get early flowers from the plants, it is not altogether advisable to be over anxious in this respect as it checks the upward growth. It is much the best to nip off the earlier buds until a good height has been reached, which perhaps explains why you sometimes see rows in one garden about 5ft. high and in another nearly twice as tall. Obviously the higher the plants the more flowers there will be. Don't extend the thinning to the side shoots unless you require a restricted number of stems, which is really a business only the showman need worry about, as for ordinary purposes sweet pea plants cannot be too bushy, and for this reason they should be spaced well apart in the rows; 12 to 18 inches is a good distance. Do not be afraid to gather the flowers; it is the truth with sweet peas that the more you gather the more you will have to gather. Never allow a seed pod to form if you desire the flowering period to be a lengthy one, and with ordinary care this can be easily extended to three months and often longer.

With the huge number of varieties now on the market, it is somewhat difficult to make a selection of what are the best for all purposes, more particularly as there is that element of personal taste for certain colours. If the catalogues are studied one wonders (unless well informed) if there are any inferior sorts, but at the same time it must be said there is no such thing as the best 12, 18 or 24 varieties. Some suit certain soils and localities, but are seen to less advantage in other districts. Weather conditions also enter largely into the question. There is a tendency among amateurs to stick to the old favourities, but with the improvements made every year it is not always wise to keep to the older types as these are likely to get out of date; at the same time do not be misled by the glowing descriptions of novelties, for it is a cold fact that not one novelty in ten is destined to become a general favourite; many of them are never heard of again after the third year. Amongst the proved kinds any of the following can be recommended to give satisfaction to the average grower. They are placed in their various shades in the considered order of merit, but this must not be taken as authoritative, being merely the writer's own preference:—

WHITE.—Avalanche, Model, Constance Hinton.

CREAM.—Ivory Picture, Majestic Cream.

PINK.—Magnet, Miss California, Mrs. Chas. W. J. Unwin, Picture, Venus, Mrs. Horace Wright, George Shawyer.

CRIMSON & CERISE.—Sybil Henshaw, Charming, 2L.O., Grenadier.

LAVENDER. — Powerscourt, Mermaid, Wistaria, Austin Frederick Improved.

PURPLE & MAUVE.—Purple Monarch, Chieftain, Royal Purple.

BLUE.—Mrs. Tom Jones.

PICOTEES.—Youth, Sunkist, Harlequin.

ORANGE.—Royal Sovereign, Mammoth.

MAROON.—The Sultan.

AMATEUR GARDENER.

* * *

The authenticity of the following story is guaranteed by a Brussels weekly journal.

A certain State department invited tenders for the supply of goods. The order was secured by a well-known firm which quoted 15 francs a kilogramme. The firm in question is old enough to know what is commercial honesty, and prices having fallen when the time came to fill the order, the invoice accompanying the merchandise was made out at 14 francs a kilogramme.

A couple of days later the firm's telephone bell rang, and the following conversation ensued:—

"Your price is wrong; you have invoiced at 14 francs instead of at 15 francs."

"That's quite right. There has been a fall in prices, and we have passed the difference to the Administration."

"That is very vexing. Really we do not know what to do about it."

"What! You are gaining 500 francs profit, and you are not satisfied?"

"Our Administration cares nothing about 500 francs profit. We must refuse to take the goods because your invoice figures do not agree with those of your tender."

It is refreshing to learn that outside this country there are others.

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Is Present-day Education worth while?

TO lump the various kinds of Education together and say that present day Education is not worth while, is, as most generalisations are, untrue and unfair.

Present day Education has had more than its fair share of destructive criticism which has not always been in the same direction. On one hand one hears that while school children are taught to use their brains and to think for themselves, they are not given that thorough grounding of definite knowledge which is so necessary. On the other hand one hears that children are taught everything under the sun, but are not trained to use that knowledge to its best advantage.

Sir Robert Blair, London's chief Education Officer, who should know what he is talking about, says: "Never has there been in the history of England a generation which has had more discipline and training to think than the present generation."

The chief grouse of employers seems to be that young people who apply for jobs in an office cannot cast long columns of figures correctly and that they write badly. That may be so, but it does not take them long to learn, and even if the writing is bad, they do know what they are writing about; they are not mere copyists as were the copper-plate writers in the old days. In these days of machines copper plate writing is not so necessary.

In any case, it is hardly fair to say that present day Education is not worth while because parents who intend their children to take up office work do not give sufficient thought to the type of school to which they send their children.

The majority of children are trained in Elementary Schools, although a greater percentage go on to Secondary and Commercial Schools these days. It is possible for a boy or girl to pass from an Elementary School right through to a University now. Surely that says something for present day Education?

I will pass on some of the first hand knowledge I have gained on the system of education at Elementary Schools.

"The purpose of the Public Elementary School is to form and strengthen the character, to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it, and to make the best use of the school years available in assisting both girls and boys, accordingly to their different needs, to fit themselves practically as well as intellectually for the work of life.

"To train children to be careful in habits of observation and clear reasoning and, while making them conscious of the limitations of their knowledge, to develop in them such a taste for good reading and thoughtful study as will enable them to increase that knowledge in after years by their own efforts."

School is a preparation for life and it is such a short preparation that perhaps the results intellectually are sometimes disappointing, but if the children have acquired that taste for good reading and thoughtful study their school years will not have been wasted, even though they have forgotten the actual lessons taught. The ability to think is a great thing, and it is amazing the few people who can really think for themselves.

No longer are the brighter scholars held back for their less brilliant class mates. Teachers are out to discover individual children who show promise and to try and develop their special gifts in so far as it does not interfere with the remaining pupils. The children are taught self control, habits of industry, and to persevere in the face of difficulties. The work is made as interesting as possible, but the irksome tasks are there as well, because it is realised that there will be jobs in the work of life which will be dull and uninteresting with nothing to make them pleasant. No longer is history a repetition of dates, but a character study of Great Statesmen and Soldiers. We all long for a life in which we can express ourselves and school children are taught self expression from the very beginning. For instance, a class of small babies I was watching had learnt a hymn about the earth, the sky, the sea, the flowers, the trees, etc. They were given some coloured chalks and asked to draw what they had seen. The results were rather crude of course, but the idea of self expression was wonderful.

Physical exercises are not merely part of the day's time table, but a genuine attempt to improve and develop the bodily welfare of the scholars. The amount of time spent on sport is often criticised, but it is in the playing fields that the children develop that instinct for fair play and loyalty to one another which is the beginning of a wider sense of honour in later years. There is not so much rigid discipline these days which is considered another fault. But surely it is better to teach children to use properly that freedom they will have when they leave school. It is not freedom in itself that is wrong, but the abuse of freedom.

The home influence is of course of great importance, but unfortunately it is not always the help it might be. The majority of parents feed and clothe their children and send them to school, and there apparently their duty ends, the school and teachers being blamed for every conceivable fault. I read an article complaining of the bad manners of school children. Of course the school was blamed, but surely good manners and common courtesy should be taught at home even before the children attend school!

We believe that it is only by a wider and better education that such things as class warfare can be eliminated, and although education has advanced in leaps and bounds in the last five years even, the Board of Education are not satisfied. They have gigantic schemes for re-organising the existing systems. After all "The great thing in life is not so much where we are standing but in what direction we are moving," and although we know the present system is not perfect we are at least moving in the right direction, the direction of a wider and better education for all, an education which will not only teach cold hard facts but loyalty, enthusiasm, and love of country, such a love of country that will create in the heart of all a desire to bring "if need arise, no maimed or worthless sacrifice."

N. F. W.

* * *

The old sailor was telling a hair-raising story of an adventure off Arijaba. The name called up visions of coral reefs, waving palm trees and blue lagoons.

"By the way, where is Arijaba? In the South Seas, isn't it?" interrupted the audience.

"South Seas!" cried the astonished mariner. "Why, it ain't twenty miles from Clacton—don't you know 'Arwich 'Arbour?"

Other Days.

By Fred Pryke.

I HAVE been asked to give a few reminiscences of my sixty years with R. Seager, the noted East Anglian Ham, Bacon, Sausage and Potted Meat firm.

An old alliterative proverb (plain Scotch) runs "Mony mickle makes a muckle." How true! In looking back along the vista of 60 years, how many incidents crowd through my memory, which though small in themselves yet go to make a "muckle!"

I will condense as far as possible, so as not to tire you, Mr. Editor, or the readers of our splendid Magazine.

I started on February 3rd, 1868, at the age of 14 years 11 months 2 weeks, wages 4s. 6d. per week, hours 6.30 to 8.30 first four days, Friday 9.30, Saturday 11.30, and often past 12 p.m. before the deck was cleared, as Mr. Seager used to say. No half holiday. What would our modern youth think of those conditions?

There was one man and your humble in the works, except during the pickling season (September till April), when two extra men were put on. One man, I remember, was one-eyed, and used to look at people sideways like a bird. We called him "Sowsie," as his duty was to look after the Sow's Cheese and get it into basins. ("Sow's Cheese" was the old term for Pork Cheese).

There were in the shop the two sons of Mr. Robert Seager, and Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Seager's brother; to him in a large measure the success of the retail trade was due. Most customers liked him to serve them, as he had a genial disposition. He also acted as commercial traveller on three days per week or fortnight, as required. A good trade was being done in the Eastern Counties, and we were also sending hams and bacon to South Africa.

Goods were distributed by "Shank's Pony" and two hand carts; one of the latter had a shallow body and wheels about nine inches in diameter, a swan-necked handle (cycles and motors were then but the dreams of Jules Verne and Mother Shipton). I remember starting off one morning with a load and I had not gone far before the wheels

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began to shriek like a pig on the Joy Wheel, and I called on a customer of ours and bought one pound of lard (much to his surprise). However, I applied the lard and went on my way, feeling I had spent my money to advantage, having reduced the friction.

Our shop was then half the size of the present one, with a front noted throughout the Eastern Counties and beyond for its handsome, white prize Suffolk pig (stuffed). This became a mark for some mischievous lads, who, with a pole and hook at the end, tried to pull it down, but they were frustrated, as it was firmly fixed, also they were disturbed by police footfalls. (They did not wear indiarubber soles in those days.) Not long after this attempt it was smeared with daubs of red paint; the culprits were never traced, although years after I was serving a customer, and he confessed to having had a share in the fun.

"It's an ill wind that blows no one any good." In 1877 a fire broke out at No. 9, adjoining us, and, like many old premises, they overlapped, consequently our premises were also involved, but principally at the back. These premises were acquired by R. Seager, and No. 9 is the present shop, and the old shop was situate where the offices and front vehicular entrance to the yard now is.

We had an annual red letter day in connection with our firm which I must mention. These commenced about 1888, and took the form of an annual outing. We went by train to several seaside places, and many times to London. The first time we went to London was the most noteworthy. On that occasion I obtained permission from the authorities to visit the Mint. That was most instructive. We each were privileged to nurse a bar of silver, but we were closely watched, and we were shown the various processes of coining. The outings were paid for by gratuities from London salesmen and others, also by our own savings through the year. Our employers gave us sufficient to have a saloon carriage to ourselves, and I can assure you we made the most of it for our enjoyment. I need not particularise, but leave the rest to the readers' imagination.

On April 29th, 1890 (at the age of 69) our dear old master died suddenly in his armchair. It is a bit old-fashioned, I know, to use the term "master," but I like it in this connection, as I was proud to be his servant. His death was felt very much by us all, as he was of a kindly and helpful disposition. I hope in a later paper to give an appreciation, so I will not say more now on this point.

From this time the sons were at liberty to launch out into a further extension of the sausage trade; factory-made sausages were hitting us hard in the wholesale department, but Mr. R. Seager would not depart from the all-meat sausages (they were his pride). We now made a good sausage to sell at less cost, calling them "County" sausages, to distinguish them from the Ipswich All-meat pork sausages. The demand for the former increased rapidly and for various reasons the Ipswich Potted Meats increased in demand.

It was necessary to increase the means for production and distribution, so we acquired a pony and cart, and I remember it was not long in my charge before I cut a piece of hair off its tail as it was too long. My word! the "fat was in the fire." I had taken pounds off the market value. The most important asset was an "Otto" gas engine for driving the sausage chopper—a real plunger.

Now comes a new factory on the newly-acquired premises at the back, consisting of large cellar, capable of curing 1,500 pieces at once; engine room, machine room, lard rending room, lard cooling room, cutting-up room, hanging room, and, above all, a ham warehouse. In excavating the cellar under the shop two or three skulls and several human bones were found. We are very near the site of Wolsey College and the burial grounds.

Our Christmas Show was particularly attractive. For two or three years we had a display of lard in the form of a mountain, which filled up the whole of one window, and at each side of the mountain was an opening through which at frequent intervals a train ran, traversing a small village, to the amusement of the onlookers. Our rolling stock consisted of the one and only train, so we did not fear a collision, but occasionally the train would run off the line, to the amusement of the crowd, but a breakdown gang was soon on the spot to put things right.

We styled the mountain the Alps of Greece. Of course this was geographically incorrect, but phonetically and actually it was an Alps of Grease. (By the way, I believe "grease" is the only word you can get from "Seager" by the transposition of all letters.)

I had for some time been transferred to the wholesale department, and my son, C. W. Pryke was assisting me till the world war broke out and took him, with other members of the staff.

I had hoped to continue and complete my 60 years' service, but was struck with paralysis. I have been the recipient of kindnesses from many quarters. Especially, my thanks are due to the Firm for their unforgettable kindness.

* * *

Maid Marion.

SOME time ago the Editor asked me to undertake a difficult task, which, in brief, was to pass on to our readers a little of Dunmow History, which history should embrace the Story or Secret of Maid Marion.

In a December issue of a well known weekly publication, there appeared a very interesting article on "Maid Marion," and it was strikingly labelled the "700 Years Old Mystery."

As Dunmow played a large part in this story, naturally the interest of our Editor was evoked, and, thinks he, "Here's a chance of an extra page or so from our friends at Dunmow."

Maid Marion was the daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwalter of Essex. The Fitzwalters were a very old Essex family, following one another for ten generations. The family is notable for the "Sir Reginald Fitzwalter" of Harrison Ainsworth's ballad. Tradition has long declared him to be old Dugadles Lord Robert who "re-edified the decayed Priory of Dunmow." This knight (says Newcourt) lived in all the affluance of Riches and Honour, and was buried before the High Altar in the Priory Church near his said Daughter, the "Fair Matilda."

Legend has made Fair Matilda the "Maid Marion" whom Friar Tuck united to Robin Hood, and it is here the story commences.

It is said that King John and the young Earl of Huntington were rival suitors for the hand of Matilda. Those who have the story of Robin Hood off by heart will know that he and the Earl of Huntington were one and the same, and because of his standing between King John and Matilda, the King so arranged affairs that the Earl found himself dispossessed of home and lands, with a price upon his head. Because of this he fled to Sherwood Forest, and found himself proclaimed an outlaw.

Matilda found a champion in her father, and promptly the King, in his anger, confiscated his property and deprived him of his Baronetcy. Matilda, then thinking to solve her difficulties, borrowed a suit from one of the pages of the household, mounted a horse and set out alone for Sherwood Forest. It was here, after much searching, she found her lover, Robin Hood, and to whom she was eventually wedded by Friar Tuck, who was one of the first to join the Merry Men.

It is not improbable that Matilda knew the Morris Dances of her time which the Merry Men trod beneath the Greenwood tree. When danced in connection with May Day in later years, the characters of Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marion, and Little John were generally introduced. Thus the name of Maid Marion became permanently associated with the dance.

After some considerable time had elapsed Robert Fitzwalter (Matilda's Father) was restored to favour by King John, who also restored to him his Barony with all its appurtenances. The information that the father had been pardoned and had returned to this country was conveyed to Matilda, who was still hiding with Robin Hood in the Forest. Matilda, upon hearing the great news, straightway set out for Dunmow; naturally Robin Hood, who had a price upon his head, did not accompany her.

Matilda felt secure in the reconciliation newly made between her Father and the King, but the King, however, had not altogether dismissed Matilda from his thoughts, and determined to have his own way if at all possible. He accordingly sent a messenger requesting her presence, but she refused and was very obdurate. The story goes on to tell us that the messenger, who had come pre-

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pared, placed poison in some food she was about to take which resulted in her death.

It is difficult to say how much of this story is legendary and how much is true; the same may also be said of Robin Hood and his men. As far as Robin Hood himself is concerned it is a fact that in Yorkshire there is to be found a grave near Kirklees Hall, close to the ruins of Kirklees Nunnery, which is said to be the grave of Robin Hood. The grave is surrounded by a low well-built stone wall, in the form of a quadrangle, bearing the following inscription on its stone :—

" Here underneath dis laitle stean
Lays Robert of Huntington,
Neer arcir ver az hie sa geud
An piple kauld him Robin Hood.
Sick utlawly az he an iz men
Vill England nivr si agen.
Obit. 24 Kal Dekembris, 1247."
(24 December, 1247.)

This, together with other knowledge that many writers have, and in particular Mr. T. W. Thompson, F.L.A., who is an authority on The Spen Valley, Yorkshire, in which valley Kirklees may be found, suggests to us that Robin Hood, so far as his existence is concerned, was no myth. Matilda, on the other hand, does not give much difficulty in establishing that she actually lived and died.

The Priory of Dunmow was founded in 1104, by the Lady Juga, sister of Rolph Baynard, who held the Manor at the time of the Doomsday Survey. The Monastic buildings are now entirely razed to the ground—what remains of the Priory Church, which is only the East End of the Choir, and the North Aisle, is used as the Parish Church of Little Dunmow. It contains several valuable monuments, in a good state of preservation, among which is to be found the sculptured figure in alabaster of the Fair Matilda.

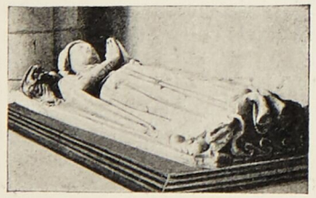
Matilda was buried between two pillars on the south side of the Choir in the old Priory, and her effigy lies serene and sad upon the tomb.

E. W. WALKER.



"FAIR MATILDA."—This is a photograph showing in greater detail the pathetic face of the effigy traditionally supposed to be that of Fitzwalter's daughter.





Numbers 2 and 3 are effigies to be found in the Priory Church, Dunmow, traditionally regarded as representing the founder of the Flitch custom and his wife, the Fair Matilda, poisoned by King John. There is no doubt that the knight is one of the Fitzwalters, and that the female figure represents a member of the same house. An internment in 1627 recorded in the register of the Church is described as "next to the tomb of Matilda."

(Illustrations accompanying this article are from "The Strange Story of the Dunmow Flitch," by J. W. Robertson Scott, editor of "The Countryman," to whom our thanks are due for having so kindly consented to their use for this purpose).

Our Motor Corner.

YES! Who was the fellow who tried to run his car on water? But he might have been right. I wonder if it was one of those ultra-mechanically looking contraptions (the steam car) we saw or heard of, about the time Adam was doing his " qualifying rounds " for the umpteen thousand years B.C. T.T. race, over the " Tutankawatta " Desert? I once saw a really useful steam motor car—a " Star "—some years pre-war. But what the writer is really curious about is, which tax was this genius trying to evade—the petrol tax or the whiskey tax?

Bravo! H.W.A. With your parental and essential help we may really form a Harris Motor Club. It will, of course, take considerable time to consolidate, but the formation of branch sections (as the nucleus) is a matter of immediate import.

The writer intends having a good " think " on the subject soon. Carnivals, gymkhanas, welfare and social events could be interestingly helped by members of the new club and their " steeds."

Dirt Racing.

This controversial subject, which is really interesting, is already attracting some acceptable comments from our friends, and we hope to publish these soon. We should especially invite experiences and opinion of those who have actually ridden, or attended these events recently. Arguments should be on the following lines: Comparison in thrills, real, clean and clever sport, permanency or otherwise, betting, amateur versus professional, in fact compared at all angles with the present hard track, grass track and road races. Up to the present we have seen little of real " broadsiding " owing probably to the size and shape of English dirt tracks. " Sliding " is about the best they will allow. The latter is one-wheel skidding, whereas " broadsiding " is the " real goods "—both wheels in a continued well-timed skid," such as I had the pleasure of seeing at the Speedway, Sydney, some years ago. Tracks there were larger and almost circular, but for one small "straight" for speeding up. At that time, I didn't think that we would see any such sport in England, for several reasons.

This topic reminds me of a little incident that was more thrilling than even D.T. racing! While " resting " in a little village just behind " Pop." in 1916 some Aussie despatch riders organised an unofficial D.T. meeting on the Belgium pave. I did not participate as my mount was a new one, with " all on," being my third in two weeks, and I daren't ask the " Tiffy " for another if I smashed it. The lads' buses were all minus footrests, stands, carriers, lamps, etc., etc., and could not be beautified or robbed to any further extent by another crash or two. The pave was greasy and high cambered, and we saw some really clever riding—trick riding in fact. I was sorry the following night that I did not risk my bus, as, on returning for a message and trying to start it up, I found the cylinder and piston missing! " Fritz " had messed it about a bit! Anyway, fine lads these Aussie and D.T. exponents, and they deserve support.

Month's Hint.—If still trying to evade that quarter's tax—on approaching Robert, endeavour to mesmerise him before he gets your number.

Commercial: I'm a little stiff from riding.

Grocer: I don't care what you are, or where you're from. I'm busy. Who do you represent?

Visitor to boy: What a lovely new car your dad's got, Tommy.

Tommy: Yes, I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it. Anyhow, he's always calling about it."

" EX-DON-R."

* * *

PRECIOUS STONES.

" Rough luck, old man. I heard all about the breaking off of your engagement to Pearl. What was the trouble—the Diamond?"

" No," sighed Reggie, " the Diamond was all right."

" Then it was Pearl's fault?" asked the friend.

" No," said Reggie, glumly, " It was neither Pearl nor the Diamond. It was the Mother of Pearl."

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Harris Welfare Association.

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

The Committee wish to thank all the members and exhibitors who helped to make the Show a success, also all those who came and gave their support to all the various side shows and amusements.

In next month's Magazine a full descriptive account of the Show will be given by a special correspondent.

* * *

TENNIS SECTION.

Tournament.

The semi-finals and final of the knock-out tournament recently organised, were played off on Friday, 13th July.

The finalists were Miss M. Thomas and Mr. S. Sandford v. Miss B. Bailey and Mr. B. Dolman, the former winning by six games to two.

It has been very encouraging to see the interest which members have taken in the tournament. An announcement of the competition appeared on the factory and office notice boards one afternoon and *before noon the next day* 60 names had been entered. This itself indicates a degree of keenness among the players which should make us a very strong club within the next few seasons.

D.E.W.L.

* * *

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION.

Ideal weather, a delightful situation, and a large and appreciative audience favoured the debut of the "Arristocrats" on the evening of Friday, the 13th July, on the occasion of the first concert given under the auspices of the Entertainment Section of the Welfare Association.

The Committee had regarded this concert as an experiment, the staging of a concert party at the Sports Field had never been attempted before, and the amount of support likely to be afforded to it was problematical. They feel gratified that approximately 300 wended their way to Lickhill for the occasion, and venture to hope that they spent an enjoyable evening. The measure of support shown was such as to encourage the Committee to repeat the experiment in due course.

The "Arristocrats" were supported by the newly formed orchestra, under the direction of Mr. W. Griffin, who had his team well in hand, having "licked" them into shape in a short period, only a few practices having been possible.

Mr. Alec McLean was responsible for the concert party, and he was ably supported by the Misses Bartholomew, Davis, Fennell, and McFaull, and Messrs. Flay, Stephens, and Webb. Mr. G. R. Ashman, as stage manager, and all concerned, are to be congratulated on an excellent performance.

During the evening the name of the winner of the "Name for Concert Party Competition" was announced. The prize went to Miss W. Watson for the name "Arristocrats." Ninety-nine suggestions were received by the Committee, who found considerable difficulty in arriving at a decision.

Mrs. Bodinnar kindly presented the prizes, and also those won by competitors in the Tennis Section Tournament and the Putting Competition. The names of these winners will no doubt be announced elsewhere in this Magazine.

* * *

CRICKET.

With the 1st XI.

We paid a visit to Saltford on June 30th and although we lost, everyone enjoyed the outing. Our score was 58, of which F. Nash got 22, and J. Garraway 12 not out. Saltford put together 79 before they were dismissed. F. Nash bowled very well under the trying conditions, getting 5 wickets for 22 runs.

On July 7th our return match with Devizes was played on their ground. Here we made our highest score this year—170 for 5 wickets. Top scorers were J. Bromham 45 not out, H. Hill 45, F. Nash 24 not out, B. Gough 21, P. T. Knowles 15. F. Nash and H. Hill were well on the mark when our opponents went in, Nash taking a wicket with the first ball of the innings. We eventually dismissed the side for 88; Nash 5 for 25, Hill 3 for 41. S. Drewell showed that he still retained his cunning with the ball when he got the Devizes Skipper's wicket.

Christ Church C.C.—This is a fixture we have had for years and always provides a game worth watching. Right until the last few minutes, the result was in doubt. But Christ Church just managed to do the trick by eight runs.

Calne Town.—This return fixture was played on the Recreation Ground on July 18th, and ended in a draw. Calne 87 for 9, Harris 38 for 7.

2nd. XI.

A match with the Calne Secondary School was fixed up on June 30th, owing to our proper fixture with a Swindon team having been scratched. This resulted in a defeat for our lads, but the game was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

Seagry were our next opponents, and in spite of some good bowling by G. Batchelor, who took 6 for 20, we lost 92-43.

On Thursday, July 12th, we played a return match with Calne Secondary School. Again, we lost 59-36. Although our wins are in a minority, the keenness shown by most of the team is really good.

* * *

HOCKEY SECTION.

The Annual General Meeting will be held in September. A full fixture list has been arranged for the coming season and we are looking forward to an increased membership. The success which has attended the Tennis Section encourages us to hope that the racquet will not be put on one side until next year, but will be exchanged for a hockey stick. We can assure all intending members of a hearty welcome.

* * *

PUTTING GREEN.

This ever popular pastime continues to find new adherents and there is no doubt that a great deal of real enjoyment, as well as occasional amusement, is forthcoming.

A number of excellent scores have been recorded recently and in this connection it may be desirable to remind "those concerned" that prizes are offered for the three lowest scores during the season.

Look out for a new knock-out competition, which may be decided by strokes.

* * *

SAVINGS SCHEME.

The quarterly committee meeting was held in the Board Room on Friday, July 20th, when Mr. J. F. Bodinnar presided, and there were present Messrs. R. P. Redman, A. H. Angell, W. J. Angell, G. C. Brown, W. G. Gunning, A. H. Haines, M. Holley, L. A. Trow, and the Joint Secretaries, J. Carpenter and W. R. Weston.

Mr. C. E. Blackford sent apologies for absence.

It was reported that the daily attendance of one of the Secretaries in the Time Office at 12.30 for the payment of withdrawals was working satisfactorily.

The Secretaries reported that the credit balance at the Bank which on 31st December last was £12,466 8s. 1d., had increased to £18,505 4s. 8d. on the 31st March, and stood on June 30th at £19,479 8s. 1d., a steady rate of increase having been recorded each month.

The value of 6d. saving stamps sold this year in the Calne Factory and Offices up to the date of the meeting was £558 18s.

The monthly statements of account for the months April, May, and June, together with the bank pass book were produced and examined. These statements had been checked and vouched monthly by two members of the Committee and were now passed as in order.

The President expressed his great satisfaction with the progress and usefulness of the scheme, and in this the members of the Committee heartily concurred.

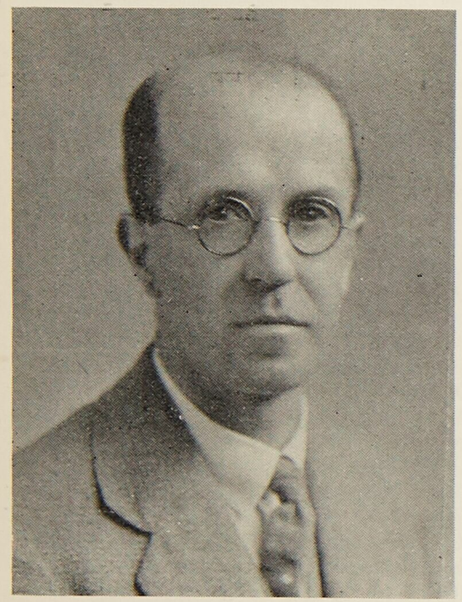
* * *

The young curate was giving the local spendthrift some sound advice. "You ought to make it a rule George, never to spend all your wages." "I do," replied George, "I never spend more'n two-thirds." "Well, I'm very glad to hear it," remarked the curate. "And do you deposit the remained in the Post Office?" "Well, no sir," admitted the spendthrift, "I give the rest to the missus for house-keeping."

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Our Picture Gallery.

MR. J. B. STANLEY.



This month Bristol is in the limelight, and the subject for our Picture Gallery is Mr. J. B. Stanley. Mr. Stanley's service goes back to pre-war days, when he was at Calne. He served in the War in the famous Wiltshire Regiment, and gained a Commission. Before his service on the Western Front he had a spell out in the East. After the War he was appointed to James Dole and Co., and as manager his interest in the firm is too well-known to be enlarged upon.

* * *

A theatrical company was playing "As You Like It" in a very small town, when a man without any money, wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box office, and said: "Pass me in, please."

The box office man smiled. "Pass you in? What for?" he demanded.

The applicant drew himself up and answered haughtily: "What for? Why, because I am William Shakespeare, author of the play."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," replied the other in a shocked voice, as he hurriedly wrote an order for a box.

Wedding Bells.

Mr. F. Gale presented a mahogany clock and a case of teaspoons to Miss Frances Brown and Mr. Frank Weston on the occasion of their wedding. Both were employed in the Kitchen, and the good wishes of all their friends are with them in their new sphere of life.

* * *

Miss Kitty Colton of the Pie Department and Mr. Fred Croft were the recipients of a copper box curb set and an oak clock on the occasion of their wedding. Mr. Gunning, who made the presentation, assured the happy pair of the good wishes of their many friends.

* * *

Miss Weston must have been reminded of the vagaries of the English summer. On the occasion of her wedding with Mr. Miles she was presented with a beautiful blue and brown eiderdown quilt. The coming of winter will doubtless remind them of the good wishes that were expressed when the presentation was made.

* * *

RETORT DEPT. OUTING.

The Retort Dept. had their outing to Brighton on July 28th. The party would have been one short had they not waited whilst the missing man was called from his slumbers! This did not prove a very difficult "job" and as Bollings Lane is within a short distance of the Square, the char-a-banc moved off, only a few minutes later than the advertised time for starting. The ride was thoroughly enjoyed by the party; Fareham, where a halt was made for breakfast, and along the South Coast passing Chichester, Worthing, Bognor, and Hove. The day was well spent and everyone enjoyed to the full sunshine and sea. It was generally agreed that such a happy day should (if possible) be repeated next year.

The thanks of the party are due to the successful organisers.

* * *

Automatic telephones are expected to bring about a great saving. They eliminate the girl and enable the subscriber to get his own wrong numbers.

The Broad Highway.

WRITING towards the end of July, bacon prices are at approximately the same level as at the corresponding period last year, although much nearer to those quoted for imported bacon. According to reports from a recent visitor to Denmark, the killings should remain approximately the same as for the past few weeks for some time to come, except, perhaps, during the period of some three weeks while the harvest is in progress. This should tend to keep Danish prices steady, and we therefore trust that nothing untoward will happen to force up Wiltshire bacon prices, so that we can take advantage of the present reduced margin for an extended period.

The continued spell of hot weather has contributed to record business for cooked meats, and it is obvious that the public are realising more and more the advantages to be gained by purchasing their food ready cooked in this way.

May the good weather continue for those of our friends who are taking their holidays in August.

We welcome Mr. R. P. Hewitt, who has joined our van sales staff, in connection with further developments in Manchester during August.

We confess to a fondness for pie and G.S.C.'s account of the arrangements at Denby Dale for the annual distribution, reminds us of the small boy. He had steadily put away quantities of pie and finally heaved a deep sigh. "Not enough pie, Tommy?" asked his mother. "No, mummy, not enough boy," was the sad reply.

The Denby Dale pie is baked in a specially prepared oven. The dish measures sixteen feet by five and has a depth of eighteen inches. The ingredients are 75 per cent. meat and 25 per cent. potatoes and over seven beasts will be required to provide the meat. The total weight of the pie will be 440 stones.

Was Denby Dale the birthplace of J. Horner, junior?

Friends Elsewhere.

The absentees this month are Bristol and Tiverton. Anticipating enquiries, we hasten to say that both these towns are still on the map. It looks as though our contributors have a slight attack of "noritus." Their ink is dinkie and their pens pensive, and we hope it is not as Kipling says, "never the twain shall meet."

* * *

CHIPPENHAM.

On Saturday, the 30th June, Miss Maud Church was married to Mr. Reginald R. Pearce at the Congregational Church, Chippenham.

Miss Church was in the service of the Company for some seven years, formerly as book-keeper at the Retail Depot, Market Place, and latterly she had given very useful service in the General Office at the Factory.

She was the recipient of many useful presents, amongst which was a fern stand and bowl from the office staff.

Our sincere good wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Pearce for their future happiness, and we hope they may be blessed with the best of good health and be spared for many years to enjoy each other's society.

W.V.L.

* * *

DUNMOW.

Here are a few problems that I have come across during a short period of motoring.

I have thought many times as to whether, if going a certain distance and being doubtful as to petrol supply, it would pay best to go as fast as possible and get as far as you could before running out of juice, or if you would get any further by doing a steady mileage and trying to make your supply last longer.

In argument this seems to get down to the same thing, but should be pleased to see any other readers' views.

During the examination of a Morris engine a few weeks ago I discovered quite a lot of end to end play on the crankshaft, and not finding any adjustment I was rather puzzled as to how the play could be taken up.

The writer knows of one way this could

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be done, but others' experience of this trouble would be eagerly looked for.

Still Another Record.

Does anyone know of a village with a better record than this?

For the first time for more than 57 years a brass band has played in Moreton, a village twelve miles from Dunmow.

G.A.V.D., DUNMOW.

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

News at last. We congratulate Mr. Sidney Frost on the birth of a son. We congratulate Mr. Garnet Gay, also, on a similar auspicious event.

We have never known Jacob have to call the engineer before to say that the "son" had risen. Hard luck to get called back on the first day of his holiday.

The following may be of interest to Featherites in Calne and elsewhere:—

At Highbridge Mr. Walter Young, flying his pigeons under the auspices of the Huntspill Homing Society, has secured—

First from Tamworth.

First, Second, Fourth and Sixth from Chesterfield.

First, Second and Sixth from Banff.

Second, Third and Fifth from Berwick-on-Tweed.

Second and Fifth from Durham.

Seventh from Barnet Green.

The Tamworth bird won the Old Bird Cup, and the Berwick bird the Cup for hen making the highest velocity.

Under the auspices of the Homing Pigeon National Race from Guernsey, Tenth and Eleventh.

* * *

IPSWICH.

We are writing our notes for July a little earlier this month on account of the holidays, and if they are somewhat brief we must attribute this to the same reason.

There is nothing of an outstanding nature that we have to record in connection with the business.

The Royal Norfolk Show took place at Norwich on June 27th and 28th, at which we had a stand, and many of our Norfolk friends took the opportunity of calling to see us. A very busy and profitable time was spent.

The show was honoured by the attendance of the Duke of Gloucester, who visited a few of the trade stands and appeared to take a very great interest in the Ministry of Agriculture's extensive exhibit, which was staged on a very large scale.

One cannot but admire the effort on the part of the Ministry to assist agriculture by the demonstrations, but although there were a number of competent representatives in attendance there did not appear to be anything in the form of addresses or lectures on the various subjects, and one could not help feeling that, although everything was very plainly labelled and plenty of descriptive matter was shown side by side with the exhibits, those interested would have welcomed something in the nature of an address or lecture. It was very noticeable that wherever a little discussion took place at either of the stands numbers of agriculturists immediately foregathered to hear what was possible of the subject under discussion.

The month of July, as far as we have gone, has been marked by a burst of perfect summer weather—in fact, we feel in East Anglia that we have been rather favoured by King Sol, so much so that he is leaving his mark in every direction. The appearance of the countryside has changed from green to brown, and one hears of fires amongst the crops adjoining the railway lines in all directions.

We have not escaped at the Factory, and upon coming to business this morning practically the whole of the grazing land immediately round the Factory presented a blackened, charred appearance as a result of the fires over the week-end. Fortunately no injury was done, as during the hot weather this is quite usual, and precautions had been taken to prevent any injury should the grass become ablaze.

There is every evidence that the holiday season has commenced, as apart from heavily laden trains the roads are thronged with excursionists by motor charabanc and car; in fact, to go from Ipswich to Felixstowe during a fine week-end one has now to make up one's mind to be one of a long procession each way.

The heat during the last few days has been most extreme, and it has been more noticeable owing to the almost entire absence of wind to temper it. The nights as well

have been exceedingly hot, and although one has all the windows wide open it has been impossible to have a cool and comfortable night's rest.

To-day, however, although very fine and bright, there is a nice breeze, which makes it very much more endurable, and seeing that St. Swithin's Day has passed without a sign of rain, if this is any indication of what we are to expect, we are in for a very dry time.

Those of us who take an interest in our gardens have our calculations sadly upset, and although there is no scarcity of water, and fortunately one can use the local supply without restriction, it is quite impossible to counteract the result of the heat, which, if it continues, will shortly constitute a drought.

Those who have been fortunate in taking their holidays in the last few weeks are returning to business bronzed, and with every appearance of having derived the maximum amount of benefit from the sunshine.

There have been several local events of interest during the last few weeks, not the least being the British Legion Fete, which is always looked forward to and is full of interest. The fete this year was more successful than usual owing to one or two additional events, the chief amongst these being a musical ride in full dress uniform by the Queen's Bays, followed by a display of horsemanship. The torchlight tattoo and fireworks were also very fine this year.

* * *

LONDON.

A really lovely July finds us with the holiday season in full swing. Those who escaped the rigours of June have, up to now, been the lucky ones, especially Mr. Chidgey, who has returned from the South Coast looking like a boiled lobster. And so may it be with the rest of us.

The Annual Warehouse Outing took place on Saturday, the 7th inst., about the first day of the hot weather spell. The party, as last year, were joined by a few friends from our near neighbours in Smithfield—Messrs. Bodega. The party set out from Victoria in reserved carriages for Margate, in company with Mr. F. C. Robinson as representing the Cowcross Street Travelling Staff. The catering for the party, which was highly satisfactory, was undertaken by the Cosy Cafe, King Street. The chief event of the day was a putting match on the green at Cliftonville over a course of 18 holes. Mr. F. Bodega did best with a score of 54. Mr. Robinson came close up with 56, followed by Mr. Branscombe with 57. Other diversions took place, and after a highly enjoyable day the party landed back at Victoria at 11.30.

Mr. John Cole, who has lately undergone a serious operation, returned to business early in the month, but actually returned just too soon and has had to go away again for a time. We have good reports of him from Hunstanton, and look with confidence to his return quite restored to his normal good health, immediately after August Bank Holiday.

On Friday, the 20th inst., we had a gathering in the office to present a canteen of cutlery to our old friend Miss Elsie F. Long, of Mr. Chidgey's staff, to mark the occasion of her wedding with Mr. Arthur W. Colyer, which took place at the Hampstead Town Hall on July 28th. After the ceremony the happy couple left for Seaford with the good wishes of all their friends at Cowcross Street.

R.E.H.

* * *

REDRUTH.

On July 14th some members of the office and outside staffs, with a few friends, had the first of their annual outings. We left Redruth about 1.30 p.m. and journeyed to Restronguet (which is a creek on the river Fal, the "Rhine of England") via Devoran, Norway, and the beautiful Carclew Estate. With brilliant sunshine and thickly wooded country lanes covered with wild roses and honeysuckle, you can just imagine how much the drive was enjoyed by all; in fact, one member was heard to say she would like it to go on for ever. Several of the party had not been to Restronguet before and were very charmed with the scene that met their view on alighting from the charabanc. Just in front was the peaceful, bright blue river seen through trees which touched the edge of the water. The pathways go through the residents' gardens ablaze with flowers of every colour and kind. This delighted everyone as they had never seen anything so quaint and beautiful. What a scene for an artist. After spending a very pleasant afternoon here we had tea, to which every-

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one did justice. (We recommend this spot to anyone suffering from lack of appetite.) One member of the staff was too dry to wait for tea to be served and bought a bottle of "pop," but to his great disappointment it was knocked over and upset. About seven o'clock we left Restronguet for Falmouth. Here there is scope for everyone to enjoy themselves in whatever way they like, and we think they did, judging by the smiling faces which met when we assembled to come home. We got back to Redruth at 10.30 p.m., after having spent a most enjoyable afternoon and evening. Our only regret is that our manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roynon, were unable to be with us owing to holidays, but we are hoping they will accompany us another year.

We were glad to have Mr. Martin with us for a few days during the absence of Mr. Roynon and Mr. Friggens on holidays, and to renew old acquaintanceship.

We are sorry to learn that there is no class for sugar beet in connection with the Flower and Vegetable Show. Our farming experts have paid a great deal of attention to the crop, which is now springing up rapidly, and we believe that the yield will be a record one.

The recent spell of fine weather has kept the farmers and small holders busy haymaking, but despite this we are glad to report that pigs have been coming in very freely.

We thank Mr. Powney for his kind mention of us in the July Magazine, and trust that we may have the pleasure of welcoming the Totnes staff at our Redruth factory on some future outing.

In connection with the outing to Restronguet a correspondent informs us that some of the party were inspecting a jeweller's shop in Falmouth. One of the young ladies was attracted by the display of rings, whereupon a prominent member of the party (who is a bachelor) immediately took to flight. "Discretion is the better part of valour."

We are glad to hear of the progress made by the Tennis Club at Lickhill during the past few months. The writer hopes to be in Calne next month to try conclusions on behalf of the West with the Calne champions.

CORNUBIAN.

* * *

TOTNES.

The holiday season is now in full swing, and the increasing number of visitors which are daily to be seen in our streets has given this ancient borough quite a busy appearance. It has also had the effect of increasing our bacon sales in the neighbourhood, and with much better supplies of pigs coming along there has been a revival of activity in the factory.

During the absence of our worthy manager, who has been climbing the mountains of Switzerland (possibly in search of cooler weather) we were able to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Martin, and his cheery manner and good fellowship was appreciated by all the staff. We believe he also enjoyed his brief stay in this locality.

In modern commercial life it is often asked, "Are we getting full value for the large sums now being spent on education?" An instance which is apt to cause such a query occurred here the other day. A boy not long from school received instructions to send a box to an engineering firm and to label it "1 box containing 1 magneto." After doing this the boy innocently made the consignment note out as "bacon" until someone suggested it might be "meat."

Remindful of the hot weather we have experienced during the month our amateur gardeners are getting quite anxious for a spot or two of rain. Every cloud that appears in the sky is heralded with longing eyes, the wish being father to the thought for a downpour to revive the products of the gardens and allotments, to enable those who toil to prepare their best for the great horticultural show which is fast approaching. Knowing the tender care which the plants get from human hands we realise the disappointments our friends will suffer if things cannot come to perfection. Human nature is never satisfied; if it is raining some wish for sunshine; when we get the sun others pray for rain. Anyhow, we can con-

sole ourselves with the thought that everything is sent for the best.

W.J.T.

One of the workmen had been instructed by the manager to conduct a party of farmers around the factory, and quite naturally expected him to lead the way, but the guide shook his head and remarked: "You can't go in for a minute or two, gentlemen, you see smoking is not allowed inside."

"But we are not smoking," said one of the party in surprise, to which their guide quietly replied.

"No I don't say you are, but I am."

Meeting the Squire's gamekeeper the village curate, after a short chat, inquired why he so seldom attended church. "Why, sir, if I did come often ye'd not 'ave a very big congregation." "Why?" asked the minister in surprise, to which the gamekeeper replied: "Oh, I naws' um. Look 'ere, if I went ter church regular purty near all ov 'um would go poaching."

At a garden party held during a very hot day the chairman of the local magistrates was discussing with the rector the subject of summer beverages, and admitted that he knew of no really good cooling drink.

"Have you ever tried whisky and soda?" asked a wag who had overheard part of their conversation. "No," came the retort, "but I have tried many persons who have.

* * *

Just Between Ourselves.

AS I write these few lines summer seems to have really made up its mind to stay for a while in England, for we have had over three weeks' fine weather, and the prospect at the moment is, according to the weather prophets, a continuation of the fine spell. Therefore I think some recipes, which a friend has handed me, may be appreciated. I have sampled them all, and can recommend them.

Try the following anchovy paste sandwiches for your next picnic party or tea on the lawn:—Boil three eggs until they are quite hard; whilst still hot remove the yolks and with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, pound to a smooth paste. Add two teaspoonfuls of anchovy essence and again well mix the paste. Place in a little dish and smooth over the surface. When cold this makes a delicious filling for afternoon tea or picnic sandwiches. (For economy's sake the whites of the eggs may be chopped up and added to the paste.)

We all like salads, don't we, and many people make their own dressings for these salads. Here is a delicious cream dressing:—2 eggs, 3 tablespoonsful of vinegar, 1 tablespoonful of cream, 1 tablespoonful castor sugar, quarter teaspoonful of made mustard. Beat eggs well, add other ingredients by degrees. Place bowl in boiling water, stir till mixture is the thickness of cream. Let it get cold, and use as required. Keep in a tightly closed bottle. If liked, a dash of Worcester sauce adds piquancy to the dressing. This dressing can easily and quickly be made if an ordinary double saucepan is used.

The children do love tea out of doors, don't they, and they will love it all the more if you make them one of the following chocolate sandwiches, with a filling that is not too rich.

Make your chocolate sandwich from the recipe you always use, and fill as follows:—4 tablespoonsful icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 2 or 3 drops vanilla essence, 1 tablespoonful butter. Warm basin and mix sugar to a smooth paste with the butter. Add the cocoa and essence, then spread between the two rounds of sponge.

"MARIAN."

WELDON'S BOOKS.

Illustrated Dressmaker.
Ladies' Underwear.
Ladies' Journal.
New Crochet Series No. 2.
Sleeveless Cardigans and Raffia Hats.
Knitted Suits for Baby Boys.
Children's Fashions.

* * *

Stretching his hands out to catch the stars, man forgets the flowers at his feet. —*Jeremy Bentham.*

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Our Post Bag.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It is a well-known maxim that an hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon, therefore half-an-hour in the morning should be worth one hour at mid-day. If this is so, why not open the Offices at 8 a.m. Saturdays and close at 12 o'clock.

VENTURE.

DEAR SIR,

Transmitting of Prices to Agents.

I have read with much interest Mr. Brock's letter which appeared in the July issue. It is apparent that Mr. Brock is not "On the road," or he would have provided himself with a suitable cover for our various price lists.

I will describe a simple and effective cover which I have used for several years. This merely consists of one piece of dressed leather, a little larger than the Bacon list, with two clips at the top inside. The price lists are affixed to the clips and the leather folded in three. The whole five will then conveniently go into the pocket. Price lists are changed as issued, and Representatives' advices, wires, etc., can be detached as required. To reduce our various price lists to pocket book size loose leaves is not a practical proposition. There would be considerable extra work at Calne in view of the fact that separate price lists would have to be provided for representatives and customers, and representatives would be snowed under with loose leaves.

Information File Kept by Agents.

I cannot too strongly condemn this suggestion. It would entail a great deal of work without serving any really useful purpose, and already we ambassadors find a difficulty in keeping abreast with the various items which arise in a day's work. I am sure that every representative makes a mental note of interesting points concerning a customer and uses them as talking points, and is guided by circumstances how far to pursue it.

While we are always open for constructive suggestions, it is absolutely impossible to lay down a cut and dried line as to how to approach a buyer, this must be left entirely to the representative. Each customer is approached from a different perspective.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. K.

We have received two further communications on the above subject. Mr. E. W. Walker, Dunmow, who supports Mr. Brock, says "The greater personal interest that can be created between the seller and the buyer, the better is the relationship between the supplier and receiving house." With regard to the transmitting of prices, Mr. Walker states that this method is already much used by a number of trades and is one that creates a more favourable impression on the prospective buyer than the production of "an untidy bundle of price-lists."

Mr. W. Greenhalgh states that although at first sight the idea looks good, in practice the card index system breaks down. He illustrates his argument by giving incidents of the varied types one meets when making calls. "Every fresh call," he says, "will produce a different atmosphere and I cannot quite see how his previous information is going to help materially." He adds that although a salesman may keep his list of calls and other information he must concentrate on the conditions as they arise when he is in conversation with the customer.

Mr. Bodinnar will welcome further communications on this subject.

* * *

Little Archibald is of an inquiring nature. When he comes across anything he does not understand he is seldom slow in asking for information. So when he was told to entertain a visitor for ten minutes, he came straight to the point that had interested him from the moment the man had removed his hat.

"Mr. Jones," he asked, "why is it you've got no hair on your head?"

"Well," was the reply, "I work so hard with my head that my hair doesn't get a chance to grow; my brains are too busy."

"Oh," said Archibald, light dawning upon him, "so that's why mother doesn't grow a moustache."

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2. NO. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

DURING the first week-end of August a number of passengers, after a rough passage on one of the Thames pleasure boats, were forced to discontinue their journey at Southend. The hotel manager who received the victims of this adventure stated that "he had never seen a more despondent company" when they were brought in by the police about midnight, but, he added, "it's wonderful what bacon and eggs for breakfast will do."

It is to be hoped that this essentially British dish will receive an adequate share of attention at the Universal Cookery Exhibition which is to be held at Olympia in November. In these days, much which is characteristic of nationality has been submerged in the burst of internationalism which has swept from the four corners of the earth since 1918. The table, however, seems to have been more exempt from this inroad than many other features which differentiate one race from another.

It is a recognised fact that the use of boron-soaked American bacon, together with a cult which paid homage to prepared cereals for breakfast, had weakened during the decade before 1914 the traditional hold which bacon and eggs had maintained on our people for generations. The turmoil of the war years brought to light the fact that men engaged on men's business and women living during an heroic era, desired for food nothing more keenly than bacon and eggs.

The mere thought of the meal Herb and he might have had, if the missing eggs had only been accompanied by the missing bacon, was in itself a banquet to Old Bill. Some of the most cherished memories of food centre around those first breakfasts at buffets and hostels after arrival by the leave train at Victoria. A campaign to pass on to the generation growing up in our midst an appreciation of a breakfast eaten with a leisurely enjoyment would result in an increase of national fitness and health.

Now that the roads have become once again national highways, our hostelries, by a careful study of this national meal, could acquire an international gastronomic reputation. The time would rapidly arrive when visitors to these islands would feel impelled to supplement their journeys to Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford with an early morning ride along the Great West Road into Wiltshire, there to enjoy at "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn"—the aroma of Kenya coffee and the smell of bacon frying.

Between Ourselves.

I CONFESS to a feeling of disappointment. One greatly values the communications from which extracts were given in the August Magazine, but they are not altogether representative of those in all our factories who kill the pigs and cure the bacon.

The object of my writing in the April issue was to stir the minds of those who operate in our various places of business to a consideration of the problems which the Directors have to consider. I had hopes that there would have been special Meetings of Works Councils and that Managers would have taken their staff into a discussion of this sort, with a view to getting everybody to realise exactly what we are up against. I still hope that this may be done.

Meantime, here are some general remarks on the comments that have been received.

It is an admitted fact that England depends to a greater degree than any other country on the importation of food stuffs for the maintenance of her people. The problem to which we are addressing ourselves is, therefore, one of a National nature. It must be observed in passing that it is difficult in the present constitution of political parties to deal with matters of this sort without some reference to political beliefs. I have no intention of going off at this tangent, but shall merely content myself by saying that there are some problems that should be dealt with apart from the doctrines of the professional politician.

The National need demands a commonsense solution adapted to the requirements of the case.

One starts then by saying that the ultimate solution of most of the difficulties which are being considered will only be found in the sinking of pet nostrums for the sake of the National good.

We may, therefore, begin our argument by saying that a regularity of supply of the raw material is the first essential to the economic working of a bacon factory.

It follows as a natural consequence that that raw material must be of the highest type, both in conformation and quality. The Bacon Industry will not be helped by the production of crowds of unsuitable pigs. The type, the breed, the feeding and the finishing are essential qualifications antecedent to the production of primest bacon.

We freely admit that the ebb and flow in the supply of pigs disorganise any practical selling policy. In the moments of shortage it has to be remembered that the Continental Curer is ever with us.

The maintenance of regular supplies of the raw material is greatly influenced by the cost of feeding stuffs. For many years those interested have endeavoured to prevent the export of millers' offals from this country. The retention of these supplies at home would obviously assist the farmer in his primal problem of production costs.

It has been suggested that yearly contracts should be made at fixed prices for pigs. I well remember that during the days of Food Control those of us who were associated with the Ministry were asked to consider a guaranteed price for pigs for a lengthy period. The problem, then as now, was that contrary to the usual expression, that the tail wags the dog. We have to recognise that the big body here is the oftentimes unknown factor of Continental Markets, the chief influences of which are :—

(a) The price at which English Bacon may be sold to the retailer; and

(b) Its natural corrolary—the price that can be paid the feeder for the pig.

In these two factors the usual law of supply and demand is felt, but in recent times on many occasions the return to the pig feeder has been far in excess of the economic price for the pig if based on the selling value of bacon.

So long, therefore, as Continental importation is maintained at its present level, and this country is the dumping ground for the surplus production not only of Denmark but all the other European countries, so long will the British pig feeder and bacon curer be merely the tail to be wagged by the Continental dog, unless the suggestion of one of my correspondents is carried out in the shape of a provision of Government subsidy.

The arguments pro and con in regard to this would be sufficient for many such articles as we are writing.

We are in entire agreement that the right kind of pig is not produced to the extent that is necessary to ensure the success of the English Bacon Industry. We whole-heartedly support (and have been at great expense to do this ourselves) the distribution of pedigree stock of the right type.

We are willing to pay the top price for best quality pigs, but have rather an idea that eventually the top price which will be the standard will represent the price for such pigs, and that others which do not conform to the standard will be quoted at lower rates. That seems to us to be the most practical way of giving a payment for quality.

We support with enthusiasm the point of view that commercial standards should be adopted by the judges in all pedigree pig shows, and are willing to consider sympathetically a distinctive mark for English Bacon.

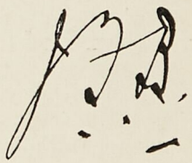
We are very fully aware of the gross misrepresentation which is possible under the general title of "Wiltshire-cut Bacon," and have on countless occasions endeavoured to get legislation to deal with this abuse.

One suggestion has reached me that vans should sell bacon. We have an experiment in hand at the moment that may mean the closer distribution of small quantities.

Some of my correspondents have urged that there should be co-operation between the Government, the feeders and the bacon curers, and that a Committee should be appointed.

I think I am right in saying that the Western Curers' Association was the first organised body to urge some such action upon the Ministry of Agriculture and afterwards to support the Report which it issued dealing among other things with the advisability of setting up such an organisation. The Pig Industry Council is now in existence and comprises all sections of interested parties. The whole programme from start to finish in relation to pig production, marketing, grading, veterinary matters, improving the breeds, feeding, and so on has been mapped out. Many meetings have already been held, and there is no point which my correspondents have made which does not appear among the matters which have to be considered. Mr. Marsh and I are members of the Council. We hope great things will result from it; but meantime, our problems remain unsolved. We all have to come back again and again to a simple proposition. If we get the farmer to produce exactly the pig you require in sufficient numbers, and with recognised regularity, shall we then be in a position to make it worth his while to produce exactly what we require, and shall we also be able to market an increased production of English Bacon on a basis that will enable us to pay what he requires and cover our own overheads and a small margin of profit?

That will be the final test to be applied to the work of the Government Departments which have to deal with the findings of the Pig Industry Council. If a satisfactory solution is found an enormous contribution will have been made to the recovery of agriculture in England.



* * *

By a pathetic coincidence an article by the late Mr. Pryke appeared in our August issue, showing in sharp contrast the conditions of yesterday and to-day.

The readers of this Magazine will extend their sympathy to Ipswich upon the loss of such an old and valued friend.

* * *

The "Daily News" states in a recent issue that—

"Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, the author of "If Winter Comes," is busily engaged on a new novel at his home on the bracing Wiltshire Downs. Mr. Hutchinson is now living at Bushton, a tiny hamlet, right off the beaten track, the nearest town being Calne, the home of the Wiltshire bacon industry. Recently the Chippenham Fire Brigade were engaged all through the night on a big fire quite close to the novelist's house, and they much appreciated the kindness of Mrs. Hutchinson, who personally dispensed refreshments to them during their work."

* * *

Here is a stanza from a poem written by an American, Grantland Rice, and found in "London Stories":—

And when the last Great Scorer comes,
To write against your name,
He'll ask not if you won or lost,
But how you played the game.

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By The Way.

Our many readers will be delighted to learn that the band of bright and talented young people who have entertained their audiences during the past year or so are hoping to produce at least one play during the coming season.

* * *

Miss Walters, who has taken a keen interest in the "Harris Magazine" since its first issue, has been transferred to Bath. Miss Walters was one of the secretaries of the Calne Players and rendered service both as a business organiser and as one of the leading members of the caste.

* * *

Will anyone desiring a bound volume of the "Harris Magazine" for 1927 please apply to the Editor.

* * *

Messrs. R. Russ and W. Bewley accompanied the British Legion Pilgrimage to France in August, and were entertained, together with other members from the South-West of England, at St. Omer by the Ex-Soldiers' Association.

* * *

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE KIDNEY BEANS.

When annoyed by being asked to dig potatoes on Sunday we dig a small basinful. Other people, other manners. Thus a member of the C. & H.F.C., on one recent Sabbath, dug for dinner enough potatoes to last for a year. But why did he dig them from a patch belonging to someone other than the person sending him? There is no point in getting annoyed with all and sundry, besides it isn't safe to do so, at least, not with Calne allotment holders.

* * *

During the staff vacation season one vivacious young thing in Essex insisted upon sending at least one report from FUNMOW.

* * *

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Beauty sleep is obtained before the witching hour of midnight. It cannot be found in railway waiting rooms between the hours of 12 p.m., and 5 a.m., and besides, it is rather impolite as well as impolitic to let wifie get off the excursion train, return home and await her sleepy one's return, a little while before the milk, in the morning.

* * *

A throw-back from the middle ages is at large on the office floor. Slicing at wasps on the wing is fair game as the quarry has a sporting chance, but with the forcing of insects into the inky depths of an unspillable ink-well and the subsequent impalling of the wasp on a pen nib to the horror of the surrounding staff we have nothing but horror and contempt. This fiend is not only a menace to the amenities of social life on the office floor, but a positive danger to the bulwarks of civilisation. Cannot the S.P.C.W. take some action?

* * *

Simultaneously with announcements of the arrival of grouse, the press contained the usual favourite recipes for the preparation and serving of this bird from the famous chefs of the West End restaurants. It is a matter of satisfaction to all engaged in the bacon industry, that bacon featured as an ingredient in almost every case. Unfortunately, housewives are sometimes not discriminating in their choice of means for larding game and poultry, the use of a high quality bacon for this purpose is as essential as the frying of a Crown Brand rasher for breakfast.

* * *

The occupants of a sumptuous saloon car bearing on the number plate the initials of Aberdeen were recently seen on the Embankment enjoying an al fresco lunch from paper bags. It is surprising what an economical and nourishing meal can be provided by the grocer, thus saving the trouble of preparing and packing before the journey.

A packet of water biscuits, one of our own Harris sample boxes, some dainty fancy cheeses and a little fruit, provide a substantial and appetising repast. Try the grocer as a caterer! With regard to beverages . . . well! Where there is a will there is a way!

* * *

"Well," remarked a married man after examining his friend's new flat, "I wish I could afford a place like this."

"Yes," said his friend, "you married men may have better halves, but we bachelors usually have better quarters."

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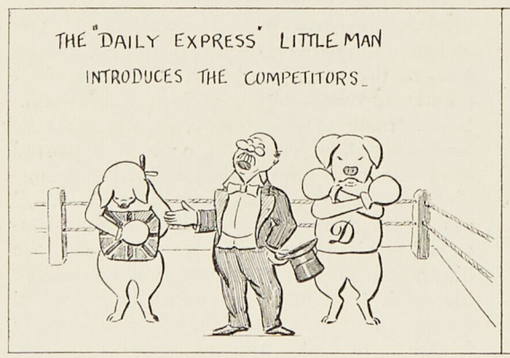
GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



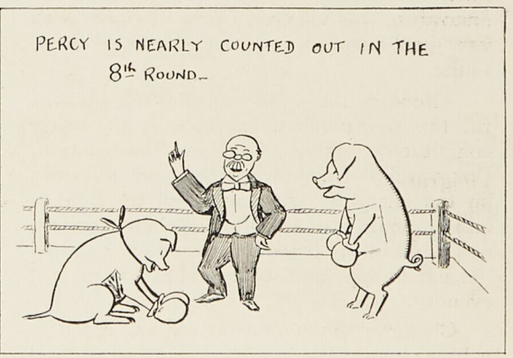
1.--Grunter, seeing the morning placard, decides to ask the "Daily Express" to support his movement and send their Representative to referee the fight.



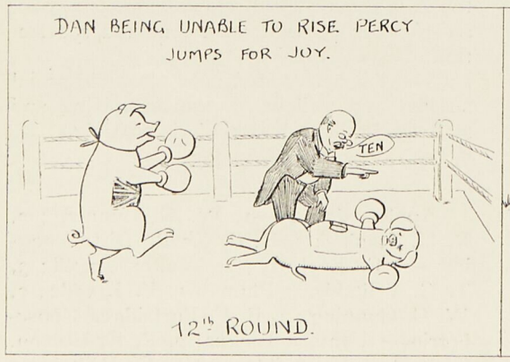
2.--The ring is staged in the shadow of the Town Clock and Factory, and Maud attends to the minor details, such as sweeping up after the carpenters have finished.



3.--The "Daily Express" send their little man and he introduces--"on my right is Percy, the Pippen Prize Porker, and on my left is Dan, the Danish Delectable," the latter chosen by his Country to uphold their name.



4.--In the eighth round Percy receives a nasty hook to the jowl which puts him down. He nearly sits out the count to regain his strength while Dan laughs.



5.--The twelfth round opens. Percy sees an opening and rushing in delivers a crushing blow which knocks Dan unconscious. The battle is won and Percy jumps for joy.



6--Dan the defeated Danish Delectable hobbles back home, while Percy the Pippen Prize Porker and pig with a promise, receives the palm after a long and hard fight.

[With acknowledgements to the "Daily Express."]

Our Summer Show.

IT is good to visit the Summer Show of the Harris Welfare Association and renew one's acquaintance with the gardening wiseacres. As usual, they were at the entrance of the Flower and Fruit tent, holding an inquest on a fine collection of vegetables which had gained a first prize.

An immaculate French bean, which might have come out of Saville Row, perceptibly withered beneath their collective glance. Old hands at the game are these critics; many a tale could they tell of "carryings-on" when Flower Shows *were* Flower Shows, and a successful exhibit at one village show would appear on the next day twenty miles away and again sweep the board, to the annoyance of villagers, who looked with very just suspicion on the foreigners from Calne.

Although the sixth annual show, it was run this year under the auspices of the newly constituted Harris Welfare Association. Congratulations showered in from all sides on the energetic secretary, and the officers and committee of the Flower Show section, at the excellent organisation which resulted in such a happy and successful afternoon and evening.

Change of management did not result in a break of good-will with the weather, and as usual the sun shone gloriously. The Woodlands make an ideal setting for a function of this kind and there is always the advantage of shelter in the Hall should the weather prove unkind.

The President of the Association, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., together with Mrs. and Miss Bodinnar, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Redman, and Mr. Stanley North-Smith, visited the grounds during the afternoon and evening. At 6 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar and Mr. and Mrs. Redman judged the entries in the Dog Classes. Although an experiment, the success which attended this venture will undoubtedly result in its permanent addition to the other attractions of the Show.

Mr. George Gough and his helpers, Messrs. Plucknett, Partridge and Roynon, had paved the way by careful preparation for the success which came to them in the Fur and Feather section. Some of the young ladies thought it was "rather stuffy in there," but beyond this there was nothing but unqualified praise for the new venture. The exhibition of cured pelts and manufactured articles aroused considerable interest in the possibilities of Chinchilla and Angora rabbit farming.

A stage had been erected near the terrace for the second public appearance of the "'Arristocrats." Mr. McLean has done wonders with the troupe during the time they have been training, and the result was a well balanced and artistic programme. Herbie received his usual ovations and the other items—both concerted and solo—were well carried out. The Harris orchestra under the baton of Mr. Griffin rendered several highly appreciated selections.

The side-shows were the weak spot. The children's joy-wheel designed and erected by Messrs. Edwarde and Mail was certainly a popular novelty, but next year it is certain that a fresh series of amusements must be provided. The chiefs of each stall should have a flair for show work, and it is a recognised fact that on the Show day "Keble," alone, possessed "the-merry-go-round-fun-of-the-fair" personality which makes the difference between success and passable. Mr. Mail did yeoman service at the joy wheel handle, to the huge delight of his many friends, who had not heart enough to relieve him.

The Calne Town Band, under the conductorship of Mr. C. Blackford, added that touch of gaiety which music alone can give, and from 7.45 until dusk rendered a selection of dance music.

The day was voted an undeniable social success and well worth the organising and staff work which had made it possible.

AWARDS.

Fruit.

Apples, dessert—1, W. G. Gunning; 2, R. H. Stanley; 3, H. G. Noad. Ditto, cooking—1, E. J. Rutty; 2, Walter Angell; 3, T. G. Wiltshire. Plums—1, F. J. Gale; 2, W. G. Gunning; 3, E. F. Partridge. Gooseberries—1, James Tucker; 2, R. E. Horton. Currants, any variety—1, T. G. Wiltshire; 2, Miss D. Swatton. Loganberries—1, R. E. Horton; 2, Miss D. Swatton. Any variety of fruit not shown in schedule—1, R. E. Horton; 2, T. G. Wiltshire; 3, H. G. Noad.

Vegetables.

Collection of vegetables, 6 vars.—1, S. Abrams; 2, Geo. Phelps; 3, A. H. Haines. Green peas—1, Tom Ponting; 2, T. G. Wiltshire; 3, S. Abrams. French beans—1, F. W. Jones; 2, W. C. Stanley; 3, S. Abrams; 4, F. J. Gale. Carrots, long—1, Fred Butler; 2, A. H. Haines; 3, T. Haines. Ditto, short—1, Fred Butler; 2, A. H. Haines; 3, E. F. Partridge. Potatoes, round—1, S. Abrams; 2, James Tucker; 3, E. F. Partridge; 4, F. H. Duck. Ditto, kidney—1, S. Abrams; 2, F. H. Duck; 3, A. H. Haines; 4, W. C. Stanley. Vegetable marrows—1, S. Abrams; 2, F. H. Duck; 3, Geo. Phelps. Cabbages, cooking—1, W. J. Turner; 2, Frank Webb; 3, F. J. Gale. Ditto, pickling—1, Geo. Phelps; 2, Fred Butler. Turnips—1, H. G. Silk; 2, Fred Butler; 3, E. F. Partridge. Beetroot, long—1, S. Abrams; 2, W. C. Stanley; 3, G. Phelps. Ditto, round—1, James Tucker; 2, F. H. Duck; 3, W. A. Puffett. Onions—1, H. G. Silk; 2, S. Abrams; 3, T. G. Wiltshire; 4, G. Silk. Collection of potatoes, 4 vars.—1, F. W. Jones; 2, E. F. Partridge; 3, Fred Butler, 4, A. H. Haines. Broad or long-pod beans—1, H. G. Silk; 2, Henry Hill; 3, Tom Ponting. Eschalots—1, Fred Butler; 2, N. Marshall; 3, R. E. Horton. Parsnips—1, A. H. Haines; 2, Geo. Phelps; 3, N. Marshall. Lettuce, cabbage or cos—1, T. G. Wiltshire; 2, Henry Hill; 3, F. J. Gale. Cauliflower—1, R. H. Stanley; 2, Geo. Phelps; 3, Henry Hill. Any variety of vegetable not shown in schedule—1, H. G. Noad; 2, W. C. Stanley; 3, T. G. Wiltshire. Tomatoes—1, Tom Ponting; 2, H. G. Noad; 3, T. G. Wiltshire. Dish of cooked potatoes—1, Walter Angell; 2, Frank Webb; 3, S. Abrams. Heaviest marrow—1, Tom Ponting (15lbs. 10ozs.); 2, Miss D. Swatton (15lbs.); 3, H. G. Silk (10lbs. 15ozs.). Heaviest potatoes (9)—1, A. H. Haines (11lbs. 8ozs.); 2, Fred Butler (6lbs. 2ozs.).

Flowers.

Six bunches of cut flowers—1, F. J. Gale; 2, Henry Hill; 3, Miss D. Swatton. Three pot plants, foliage—1, F. J. Gale. Ditto, flowering—1, Mrs. E. J. Knight; 2, W. J. Turner. Nosegay of sweet peas (any foliage)—1, F. J. Gale; 2, James Tucker; 3, S. Abrams; 4, Mrs. E. J. Knight. Nosegay of garden flowers (for female employees only)—1, Mrs. E. J. Knight; 2, Mary Dean; 3, Miss D. Swatton. Nosegay of wild flowers (for children of employees only)—1, R. Goddard; 2, Phyllis Grainger; 3, Peggy Chapman; 4, Lilian G. Summers. Floral design of a pig—1, F. J. Gale; 2, Richard Hill; 3, Henry Hill.

Open to all the Branches.

French beans—1, Alfred Massey; 2, F. W. Jones; 3, W. Stanley. Carrots, long—1, Alfred Massey; 2, Tom Ponting. Potatoes, kidney—1, E. Taylor; 2, F. W. Jones; 3, L. A. H. Ambrose. Onions—1, Tom Ponting; 2, Alfred Massey; 3, L. A. H. Ambrose. Cauliflower—1, E. Taylor; 2, Alfred Massey; 3, A. H. Haines. Green peas—1, Tom Ponting; 2, Alfred Massey; 3, H. G. Noad. Potatoes, round—1, E. Taylor; 2, Alfred Massey; 3, L. A. H. Ambrose. Apples, dessert—1, R. H. Stanley; 2, W. G. Gunning; 3, H. G. Noad. Ditto, cooking—1, W. Stanley; 2, W. G. Gunning; 3, Edward Grainger. Plums—1, W. Marshall; 2, H. G. Noad.

Cake and Confectionery Competition.

Victoria sandwich—1, Miss A. Gregory; 2, Miss R. Wiltshire. Peppermint creams—1, Miss F. Dean; 2, Miss L. Kirton; 3, Miss E. Haines. Queen cakes—1, Miss D. Coles; 2, Miss V. Davies. Turkish delight—1, Miss V. Davies; 2, Miss M. Bishop.

Fur and Feather.

Fowls, heavy breed.—Male bird of any special breed—1, F. S. Ward; 2, S. H. Duck; 3, W. H. Angell. Female ditto—1, W. J. Turner; 2, W. Stanley; 3, W. H. Angell; r, F. S. Ward.

Ditto, light breeds.—Male bird of any special breed—1, W. J. Turner; 2, W. H. Angell. Female ditto—1, W. J. Turner; 2, W. H. Angell; 3, W. B. Huntley. Male bird of any description—1, W. B. Huntley; 2, M. Strange; 3, J. Andrews. Female ditto—1, A. H. Gale; 2 and r, G. Gough; 3, W. H. Angell.

Duck or drake, any description—1, S. H. Duck; 2, W. B. Huntley; 3, W. H. Angell.

Pigeons.—Fancy bird, male or female—1, F. Webb; 2 and 3, J. Haines. Homer, male or female—1, J. Butler; 2, J. Smart; 3, J. Haines.

Cage birds, any variety—1, Mrs. Sewell.

Rabbits.—Self colour, male or female—1, Betty Wiltshire; 2, F. Gregory; 3, J. Roynon; r, F. Webb. Market rabbit, male

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or female—1, 2 and 3, J. Plucknett; vhc, S. Duck.

Pair of chicken for table purposes, to be shown picked ready for market—1, S. H. Duck; 2, R. E. Horton; 3, W. Hill.

Dead rabbit, paunched, but not skinned —1 and 2, J. Plucknett; 3, H. G. Noad.

Eggs.—Hens' eggs, white—1, N. Marshall; 2, W. Stanley; 3, W. H. Angell. Ditto, brown—1, W. B. Huntley; 2, W. H. Angell; 3, G. Gough. Ducks' eggs—1, W. B. Huntley; 2, W. H. Angell.

DOGS.

Dog in fancy dress—1, G. Gough; 2, A. Burchell; 3, W. G. Gunning. Most handsome dog in show—1, R. E. Horton; 2, W. Hillier; 3, E. C. Kent. Dog with shortest head, legs and tail (under 20in. in height)—1, W. Walters; 2, E. C. Kent. Dog with longest head, legs and tail (over 20in. in height)—1, F. Haines. Ditto (under 20in. in height)—1, P. Hitchens; 2, W. H. Angell; 3, R. E. Horton.

PIG EXHIBITION.

Classes open to members of The C. & T. Harris (Calne) Pig Feeders' Club.—Challenge cup competition for the best pen of 3 bacon pigs—H. G. Silk. For 3 to 5 score pigs—1, W. R. Weston; 2, W. Henly; 3, Walter Angell. For under 3 score pigs—1 and 2, A. H. Gale.

Classes open to members of Calne and District Pig Insurance Association.—For 7 score 10lbs. to 9 score pigs—2, A. H. Gale. For 6 score to 7 score 10lbs. pigs—1, A. J. Strange.

Classes open to members of The C. & T. Harris (Calne) Pig Feeders' Club and the Calne and District Pig Insurance Association.—For 5 score to 7 score pigs—1, H. G. Silk; 2, W. R. Weston; 3, R. G. Sage.

THE FLOWER AND FRUIT TENT.

The Annual Show has come and gone and it may be of advantage to our gardeners to know that the Committee is considering the advisability of fixing a date, say the first Saturday in August, for next year's event, so that exhibitors may proceed with their preparations accordingly.

It was disappointing that there was not a single entry in the 7 classes for Novices. This section was introduced last year for the sole purpose of encouraging those who felt it was useless to enter against "the old hands at showing," and then met with encouraging support. Anyone can grow good vegetables and flowers if they only try, so get the ground ready this autumn for *next* year, and come along with a bumper entry and not let 21 prizes pass without any efforts to obtain them.

With regard to section 1 many fine lots of vegetables and fruit were staged. The judges had great difficulty in grading the prize-winners, and asked for an extra prize in some cases because the exhibits were so good. French beans, potatoes, onions, cabbage, and beetroot were of the best, and one would have to go a long way to see better.

For the first time a section open to all the branches of C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd. was included. Several entries were received from Chippenham, which were challenged by Calne exhibitors, and the produce was of the best. The Society would have welcomed entries from other branches, but possibly owing to the distance and cost there were none.

The writer would like to make a suggestion, that a number of entries could be packed in one hamper, thus saving cost. The staging would be done for them and plates found at this end.

The children's classes for wild flowers did not produce the number of entries one would expect from a neighbourhood abounding with flowers. The Society could help here by giving each child a free pass into the Show, as apart from the prizes there is no encouragement for the children to go after nosegays. We should also like to see the girls take more interest in the class specially set aside for them, viz., a nosegay of garden flowers, not confined to flowers gathered from their own garden.

In conclusion, the exhibitors and visitors were unanimous in their opinion, that the spacious tent gave everyone a chance of displaying their exhibits to advantage. The Committee will welcome suggestions from any members of the Association to enhance the utility and beauty of the Show.

F. G.

FUR AND FEATHER.

On entering the Fur and Feather Section the first thing I noticed was a display of children's and adults' wearing apparel. I have seen sheep wool spun on the old-fashioned spinning wheel and the treatment cotton undergoes from gathering to the finished article, but neither of these created in my imagination any connection between the woolly garments exhibited and Rabbits. Anyway, towards evening I again had occasion to visit this section, and it was then that I realised my ignorance. As a youngster, amongst other pets, I had a pair of Belgian Hares, and at that time thought I knew all there was to know about Rabbits, and therefore never probed the subject further. After meeting Mr. R. J. Peake, of Westwells Poultry and Rabbit Farm, Corsham, the gentleman who acted as judge and exhibited Angoras, and the garments made from their wool, I realised that my knowledge of Rabbits was even less than that of Elephants. I was candidly surprised when Mr. Peake explained the Clipping, showing the animal before and after, and the "clip," which he told me could be spun like sheep wool but with softer and finer results, and I must say the feel of the garments he had for exhibition undoubtedly proved this. Of course, there are many people in Calne who are studying the industry of Rabbitry, and to whom all this is common knowledge, but I was surprised to learn that an Angora Rabbit produces from 10 to 12 ozs. of fur per year, valued at approximately 35/- per lb., at a cost of 5/- to 6/- for keep, showing more than £1 per annum profit per "Bunny."

With regard to the feather section there was a really fine show and every bird was a great credit to its exhibitor. In my opinion the whole section was a perfect success, and all honour is due to those who conceived the idea of introducing this new departure to the Annual Flower Show.

Mc.K.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW—

Is it possible to dance fox-trot steps to a waltz tune?

Did Keble regret telling a certain person the best spot to get easy cokernuts?

Who enjoyed tasting the ladies' home-made sweets the most—the judges or the wasps?

Do the dancers really enjoy themselves? If so, why don't they smile and look pleasant?

Who mistook the roll-top desk in the marquee for a piano and asked F.G. to play a tune?

Will the success attending the Joy Wheel encourage the Committee to introduce other gadgets for the kiddies?

Did the General Purposes Committee notice the number of pigeons entered in the Fur and Feather section?

Will not this assist them when considering the possibility of a Pigeon Club?

Would it not add to the fun to have amusing competitions, such as Hat Trimming, during the afternoon?

How many people claim to have better produce in their own garden than has been exhibited at the Show?

Should we not now start thinking and send new ideas for side shows to the Secretary or any member of the Committee?

Would it not have been better to have indicated, after the judging, the various exhibits received from our "Friends Elsewhere"?

The name of the selfish husband, who, having "rung" a pair of lady's silk stockings at the Chinese Laundry, asked for them to be changed for a pair of *very* fancy socks?

Finally, should not all concerned be congratulated on the success of our Summer Show?

* * *

"That's a fierce-looking dog. What's his name?"

"Ginger."

"Does Ginger bite?"

"No; but Ginger snaps!"

* * *

He had recently gone to a new job, and a friend found him very chirpy about it.

"I'm pretty well my own master," he said. "I can get there any time I like before 8.30 and leave when I like after six."

* * *

Young lady (on first visit to Western ranch): "For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?"

Cowboy: "That line, as you call it, lady, is used for catching cattle and horses."

"Oh, indeed. What do you use for bait?"

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THE VALLEY OF THE AVON IN WILTSHIRE.

(From Rural Rides, August 28, 1826.)

The shepherd showed me the way towards Milton; and at the end of about a mile, from the top of a very high part of the down, with a steep slope towards the valley, I first saw this Valley of Avon; and a most beautiful sight it was! Villages, hamlets, large farms, towers, steeples, fields, meadows, orchards, and very fine timber trees, scattered all over the valley. The shape of the thing is this: on each side downs, very lofty and steep in some places, and sloping miles back in other places, but each out-side of the valley are downs. From the edge of the downs begin capital arable fields generally of very great dimensions, and, in some places, running a mile or two back into little cross-valleys, formed by hills of downs. After the corn-fields comes meadows on each side, down to the brook or river. The farm-houses, mansions, villages and hamlets, are generally situated in that part of the arable land which comes nearest to the meadows. Great as my expectations had been, they were more than fulfilled. I delight in this sort of country; and I had frequently seen the vale of the Itchen, that of the Bourn, and also that of the Teste in Hampshire; I had seen the vales amongst the South Downs; but I never before saw anything to please me like this valley of the Avon. I sat upon my horse and looked over Milton and Easton and Pewsey for half an hour, though I had not breakfasted. . . . . The shelter in these valleys, and particularly where the downs are steep and lofty on the sides, is very complete. Then the trees are everywhere lofty. They are generally elms, with some ash, which delight in the soil that they find here. There are, almost always, two or three large clumps of trees in every parish, and a rookery or two (not ragrookery) to every parish. By the water's edge there are willows; and to almost every farm there is a fine orchard, the trees being, in general, very fine, and this year they are, in general, well loaded with fruit. So that, all taken together, it seems impossible to find a more beautiful and pleasant country than this, or to imagine any life more easy and happy than men might here lead if they were untormented by an accursed system that takes the food from those that raise it, and give it to those that do nothing that is useful to man.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

* * *

A VISIT TO THE DIRT TRACK.

The writer has always been an enthusiastic motor cyclist from the sporting aspect and consequently could not resist a visit to the "cinders." Dirt racing is not "straight" racing at a hectic speed, but a race round an oval track about the size of a football ground; the surface is composed of ashes, thus assisting riders at the bends to make spectacular and fast "corners." This sort of track calls for a tractable machine with terrific acceleration and above all a rider with abnormal courage, nerve, and skill. Speeds of 40 m.p.h. have been exceeded, which is nothing much on an ordinary road or track; but if you consider the size and shape of the average dirt track, it is an amazing spectacle to watch a rider do such a speed on a loose surface with a machine without BRAKES.

The first impression is an unpleasant smell of oil and a tremendous roar of engines. At a given signal the riders start, throwing clouds of dirt in the air, the first bend is arrived at and you see the rider travelling *sideways,* with one handlebar, knee, and oftentimes elbow ploughing up the dirt. But he is not unseated, and rights his machine and careers down the short straight at a terrific pace, only to repeat his broadsiding at the next bend. Brakes, of course, are numerous, and when you get several riders in one race all charging round the track at amazing angles you can appreciate the thrill should one of the leading men come "unstuck" and several more behind have to avoid him and his machine.

The prizes are such that you get no riders "holding" it back, and you are continually watching clever and courageous fellows compete for the honours. The above cannot possibly convey the thrills obtained at these meetings, and I can thoroughly recommend everyone who likes manly sport to attend a meeting.

"ENTHUSIAST."

Is Present-day Education worth while?

The Teacher's Responsibility.

THE head of an important school recently asked certain scholars if they had any desire to enter a particular occupation upon leaving school. Several children, perhaps hardly knowing why, replied that they would like to be clerks. This remark drew upon them the rebuke "that they might as well serve behind counters." The teacher intended to impress upon her young charges that the pleasanter and safer walks of life are not always the routes which lead to greatest service and achievement. Unfortunately these young hopefuls having the usual power of concrete analysis, and the lesser power of abstract analysis, immediately imbued a snobbish contempt for two very necessary and useful, even though humble, occupations. It is this power of either exterminating or propagating snobbery that makes the calling of training our young such an important one to-day. It is of course but human, for the head and his staff to be overjoyed at exceptionally brilliant achievements by present or old scholars of their school, but too often the treatment meted out to dull or ordinary children hardly develops the spirit which enables them to do their best, and rejoice with those who do better.

The fact that parents are often sinners in this intellectual snobbery, by boasting that Johnny finds it so easy to pass his exams, and Percy gets his honours without even trying, does not absolve the teacher from grave responsibility. His is as much a national calling as that of the statesman, the sailor, and the soldier, and in his hands more than those of the other three lie the fate of our national well-being and happiness. A well-being and happiness which depends, not on a favoured aristocracy of talent, but on a healthy well-balanced democracy of average ability.

The wise head and his assistants who can see beyond the immediate view of their own school's results to the horizon of national strength should impress those, who by wealth of natural endowment, have great capabilities, that theirs is a case for humble consecration of talent for service. The naturally dull and backward should be helped and trained to make the best stand possible in the battle of life, and not as is too often the case, be crushed and humiliated before they have reached the edge of the conflict.

National education is but young. No serious start was made until 58 years ago, so there is still time for the system to settle down to its true function; not of preparing children for this or that fancy calling of the moment, but enabling them to develop themselves to the full extent of their natural powers, so that when the real call of life comes they will be able to adapt their personalities to it. The real safety of our land lies in this development of individualism for all and not in attention for the naturally brilliant and neglect of the stupid and slow. Tennyson's line, "We are not cotton spinners all," can be adapted to meet every phase of human affairs.

* * *

Sir Thomas Davies, M.P., in an article communicated to the press, states the following remarkable case:—

A farmer in Wiltshire, who, fortunately for himself, is not dependent on farming for his living, sent in some pigs to market in April, instructing the man in charge of them not to let them go under sixty shillings each. The highest bid was forty shillings, and so the man took the pigs back again. The same week the farmer went into ——. There he met a butcher, who asked: "Have you any porkers?" He replied that he had ten. The butcher promptly bought the lot at seventy shillings apiece; or £15 in all over and above the market price! If the farmer had been a poor man, having once put those pigs into the market, he would have missed that profitable deal.

* * *

A shopkeeper was giving away toy balloons to children, and one little fellow asked if he might have two.

"Sorry," said the assistant, "but we only give one balloon to each boy. Have you a brother at home?"

The youngster was truthful, but he did want another balloon.

"No," he replied, regretfully, then added, hopefully, "but my sister has, and I want one for him."

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Our Motor Corner.

JUST as the great poet said, "In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to love," so does it in Autumn turn to his "other love"—the coming MOTOR SHOW. Those who could not go across to the island for the T.T. can be somewhat consoled by a visit to the largest and best show yet staged. Several of the year's fast cars and T.T. "hot stuff" bikes will be on show, including Graham Walker's Rudge, which is rather different to the one he used around "Pop" way and on the Somme with the 5th Army Signal Company in 1916. (The latter looked more like a dirt-track machine when I borrowed it to run a basket of pigeons into Plug Street.) There will also be a "Baby Show," but don't bring your offsprings, as it just refers to the latest things in baby cars! although there will be the usual "sleepless nights" in both cases, and the usual longing for that "dream bus."

We shall start making gestures to our local agents with reference to a "part exchange" deal (my 1905 2¼-h.p. Wernher for a 1929 1,000 c.c. A.J.W. (o.h.v.) Supercharger, or my 1906 single-cylinder De Dion car for a 1929 Riley supersports car, with cash adjustment either way!)

In my case the usual sequel is a real good overhaul and "posh up" of the old veteran. Spare parts which are obsolete can often be "turned up" or casted by repairers of large motor 'buses, or a pal who works in a steel foundry if you know one. Personally, I can get almost any part made from the old pattern and at cheaper rates than from actual makers in most cases. It is surprising how much fun and real use one can get out of an old grid if properly looked after. The only trouble I've noticed is that the exhaust ports and valves are of too small dimensions, but a change of cylinder heads and exhaust pipes often give your bus the power and speed of an up-to-date one.

The following "tit-bit" suggests that, although the old adage, "Where there's smoke there's fire," may be true, "where there are cinders (sparks admitted) there are not necessarily 'stars'."

Crash! Half-choked and blinded by the flying cinder dust, he rose to his feet and surveyed the damage—bars bent, the damper knob broken completely off. But what was begun must be finished; the battle had been started for somebody's sake and even now—he knew—she was waiting, somewhere on the other side of that cloud of dust, for him to finish. He grasped the bars almost savagely and tried to wrench them straight. What a mad game it was! Cinders were in his mouth, eyes, nose, ears and hair! Should he go on? Was the now silent mass of metal any use at any time? It never worked properly. Always got red hot, even though it smoked horribly. Oh!! !!!

And then, almost muffled by the drifting dust cloud, came **her** voice.

"John, dear, why is it you can never clean out this kitchen stove without using bad language?"

Ex Don. R.

* * *

THE AMBASSADOR'S BACON.

According to the press M. Briand supplied the Marquis of Crewe, when he was Ambassador in France, with bacon, and he intends continuing this delicate little attention to Sir William Tyrell, Lord Crewe's successor. This is rather intriguing, as most ex-service men who have on at least one occasion engaged in the following dialogue, will vouch.

"Le jambon?" "Qui!"
"L'omelette au lard?" "Qui!"
"Le porc?" "Qui!"
"Mais la bakon! Qu'est-ce que c'est?"

But perhaps M. Briand, whose great-grandfather came from Ireland, has an instinct denied to others of this countrymen; or is it that the French are learning the idea, how to breakfast?

* * *

The inspector had put the pupils through a stiff examination, in which they had given every satisfaction. Then he proceeded to ask a few questions.

"Can you finish this proverb?" he asked a diminutive youngster: "People who live in glass houses——"

Bewilderment was expressed in the child's face, but after a short interval he answered:—

"People who live in glass houses can't 'ave a barf!"

Reading to Bath in a Motor Boat.

(By Captain C. Herbert Smith).

CHAPTER No. III.

WE were awakened at 7 o'clock on Whit Monday by the sound of rain; this delayed starting, and we were not afloat until past midday. Our first lock was Hale's which we passed through without any difficulty. The reach above this was fairly free from weeds and we went to Midgham Lock, and proceeded towards Colthrop which adjoins the large paper works near Thatcham. Between Midgham and Colthrop we had trouble with the engine. Some delay was caused owing to the necessity of taking down some of the water cooling circulation pipes, as the engine was getting over-heated. We cleaned off the propellor, an operation which was always carried out at each lock but which could not be done very thoroughly from inside the boat. The greatest trouble caused by weeds was not their entanglement of the propellor but of the shaft, where they became entwined like rope; in fact, on many occasions it was necessary to cut them off. Time after time this operation had to be carried out, often every few hundred yards. At Colthrop we ran into weeds again, but emerged through the lock into a good stretch of deep water. Our next reach beyond Monkey Marsh caused us a good deal of trouble. The water had been out for some time and whilst being refilled a large quantity had found its way into the ground and saturated it. Lock Widmead was under repair. The lock keeper here informed us that the swing bridge above Bull's Lock could not be opened unless the men repairing Widmead were sent forward to help. The reach in front of us after passing Widmead was so choked with weeds that it was impossible for us to use our engine. We tried to paddle the boat through it but could make no progress. Eventually we threw a line ashore to the lock keeper, which we made fast on the boat. The lock keeper pulled valiantly, but there being no "way" on the boat we could not steer and he pulled us straight into the bank. The tow line he had was too short, so we threw him out another line to join on to the first. With great efforts and the use of a mop we managed to get the boat off the mud and were pulled some twenty yards and then again went into the bank. The lock keeper had both his heels in the ground and was pulling for all he was worth; something was bound to give. It was the tow line! and the lock keeper took several somersaults backward off the towpath into the rushes.

Whilst affording us considerable amusement this did not get us out of our trouble. With the help of the mop we again managed to push the boat off the mud, and at last got through the weeds. At this point the "cut" joined the Kennet, which was running with considerable force over a weir. Our propellor was clogged, and without the engine we could not have held the boat up against the stream. We started the engine, put in our forward speed, and the boat moved out of the weeds into the river. It was touch and go whether we should be swept down the stream, but the engine won by a small margin. We got her head against the stream and across the river up against the bank, where we hung on. At this point we were in the Kennet, and although there was a strong stream running we ran comfortably up to Bull's Lock. Here we found we were up against further difficulties. The lock was undergoing repairs, and the bottom gate could not be opened owing to the top gate leaking. There was only one arm on the gate the other arm being off for repairs. How it was eventually opened we could not say as we were taking this opportunity to satisfy the inner man. Having passed through successfully our next reach was Ham Mills, and from thence into Ham Mills Lock. When the lock gates opened we found ourselves opposite the lawns of the Ham Manor Hotel, an hotel well-known to us as we have often stayed there when motoring from Calne to London. We decided to break the journey and have tea. The hotel was full of people in their smart motoring clothes, and what they must have thought of our party passes all comprehension. We were untidy, dirty, sockless and stockingless with just sufficient clothes for decency's sake. However we marched boldly in and demanded tea, after tying up the boat to the landing stage. The proprietor knew us, but possibly some of the guests thought us tramps off the road. Our attire was scanty,

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and the sun had so burnt our arms and legs that it was agony to wear anything on those parts, and we were glad when back in the boat to rid ourselves of all superfluous garments again.

We were now close to Newbury, and people crowded the banks to watch us pass. The next stretch of water was fairly good, but our progress was impeded owing to another accumulation of weeds round the propellor. We required all our engine power when getting into the Kennet again and a sandbank across the mouth of the "cut" nearly spelt disaster. We managed to avoid this and with our head to the stream and a clean propellor were well away, and through the town of Newbury to Newbury Lock, where our tickets were endorsed.

We were again in trouble after passing Newbury Lock. The mill-owners had drawn their hatches and the water in the mill pond was nearly out. We ran into a mud bank but managed to get off again into deeper water. For about three miles we got along first rate, when ahead of us we saw the "cut" which led to the next lock. Across this was a large bank of weeds. We ran the boat hard at this and put the engine in neutral, but it did not take us right through so we had to put her in gear again and got weeded. This cut was half full, and we had thirty minutes' hard work, punting, pushing, weeding and paddling to get her about a quarter of a mile. We were evidently an object of interest to the people from Newbury who were following us along the bank, and it was not until we had pushed on through Gwyers to Higgs Lock that we were able to reduce the number of sightseers. Such attention was embarrassing as we wished to tie up for the night. However, there was no help for it so we got out the tow line and pressed three of the boys into our service. This had the effect of thinning the numbers of our followers, and soon we were alone once more!

Now for tragedy! We were undecided on which side to stop. Whilst moving the paddle across the boat, we knocked over in our hesitation a bottle of methylated spirit which fell against the engine and broke into a thousand pieces. Gone was our early morning cup of tea and gone was the prospect of making tea quickly that evening. We were dead beat, and it was nearly dark, but we made the best of it, however and got out our cooking stove. Our man had now to find a bed; we were in a lonely country district, the nearest habitation being a keeper's cottage; this was full up so we sent him off to another cottage about half-a-mile distant.

Whilst at supper the lock keeper visited us and to our delight brought a spot of methylated spirit. It was only just enough for our early morning tea, but was nevertheless very acceptable. His stories of poachers who would steal our stores failed to stir us. We were too weary to trouble, and soon our tired eyes closed upon the second day of our journey.

(To be continued.)

* * *

POOR POLL OF BREMHILL.

Somewhere in the Rectory garden at Bremhill lies the dust of a parrot that was present at the battle of Trafalgar. Captain Cook, of the Bellerophon, bought this bird in India; it was laughing in the midst of that terrible conflict, near Captain Cook, when he was shot dead. The bird was afterwards brought to England, but the Captain's widow, hourly reminded of its first master, consigned it to the care of Mrs. Bowles, knowing it would be kindly attended till its death.

This episode inspired the Rev. W. L. Bowles to write some verses which are worth reprinting if only as an example of the peculiar style of some of the minor poets of the early 19th century.

Poor Poll, how strange a fate was thine?
In Indian regions far away,
Where suns of summer cloudless shine,
Thy lids first open'd to the day.

Forlorn, companionless, and cold,
Yet taught from rope to rope to skip,
Where the blue billows round thee roll'd,
Thy world and prison was a ship.

Loud-laughing in Trafalgar's fight,
When on the deck thy master stood,
A chain-shot struck him in thy sight,
And thy green plumes were wet with blood.

In thy last master's parsonage,
The changes of thy fortune cease.
There thou dost meet advancing age,
And wait like him, to die in peace.

Harris Welfare Association.

ENTERTAINMENTS SECTION.

Since the last issue appeared the "Aristocrats" have again been busy. In spite of difficulties which might have daunted many, Mr. Mclean got his troupe together, and is to be congratulated on the very interesting performance they gave at the Woodlands on Saturday, 18th August.

When the Carnival and Flower Show Committee approached us to provide a concert at the Flower Show it seemed almost impossible, as the greater part of the troupe were away or about to go away on holidays.

We felt, however, that as this was the first occasion upon which we had been asked to provide an entertainment for another section it was up to us to do something, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking the members of the troupe for their ready and willing response—one member even curtailing his holiday to get back in time for the performance.

It is with much regret that we have to announce the resignation of Mr. G. H. Hudson from the committee. We should like to thank him for his efforts on our behalf, and at the same time extend a welcome to his successor, Mr. W. Huntley.

A.G.K.

* * *

CRICKET.

On Saturday, July 28th, the first eleven paid a visit to Lacock, and after a very pleasant game emerged winners by about 50 runs. Batting first, Lacock could only put together 32 runs against the bowling of Taylor and Nash. We were able to pass this total for the loss of five wickets, and we eventually compiled 84 runs. Four of our side reached double figures, S. L. Drewell (20) being top scorer.

The following Saturday we entertained Castle Combe and this proved to be a very close game, which we won by 11 runs. S. L. Drewell was the most successful bowler, taking four wickets for 11 runs. P. T. Knowles, I. J. Taylor and W. Collis all reached double figures in helping to compile our total of 55.

Our return match with Lacock added yet another victory to our credit. Batting first we put together a total of 61, F. Nash (28) and J. Garraway (13) being top scorers. Hill and Taylor created havoc amongst the visitors, dismissing them for a total of 30. Hill 5 for 10; Taylor 4 for 19.

On Saturday, August 18th, Swindon Imps visited us for the second time this season. They had the advantage of batting first on a good wicket and, thanks to a fine stand by their opening batsmen (who put on 53 before being parted), they reached the useful total of 82. H. Hill took six wickets for 19 runs. We could only muster 49 in reply and thus lost by 33 runs.

2nd XI.

Derry Hill was visited on Saturday, July 21st, when the home team put together the useful score of 79 runs. Our seconds replied with only 53, thus losing by 26 runs. R. Winter and C. Dean were the only batsmen to show any confidence, whilst the bowling honours went to J. Taylor, who took six wickets for 33 runs.

On Saturday, July 28th, versus Lacock second eleven, at Lickhill. This match resulted in a very welcome win for our lads. The visitors were dismissed for the poor total of 16 runs. Our innings realised 36 runs, to which R. Winter was the chief contributor.

The return match with Lacock second eleven at Lacock on Saturday, August 11th, provided us with another victory. The home team was dismissed for 45 runs, S. Sandford taking 5 wickets for 12 runs and R. Winter 3 for 22. We knocked up 79 runs and thus won by 34. S. Sandford batted well for his 36 runs and W. Pottow also reached double figures.

* * *

TENNIS SECTION.

The season is now drawing to a close and the Committee are very glad that the mem-

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bers have used the courts on every available occasion.

It is also gratifying to find that several of the members, who were new to the game this summer, have shown signs of becoming really promising players.

This will encourage others who are not yet members of this section to join up early next season.

* * *

SAVINGS SCHEME.

The question "Is it worth while to save small sums?" has been asked, and it must be said at once that the answer is unquestionably in the affirmative.

An idea is very prevalent nowadays that one cannot be happy unless one is having thrills and spending money. Don't be misled. For both the big and the little man thrift is a much finer ideal and one is assured of a real thrill as one witnesses the obliteration of a stamped card by 6d. savings stamps. And the Savings Stamps are safe, sound and sure, withdrawable on demand, and yielding the same rate of interest as larger amounts. Yes, it is worth while.

* * *

PUTTING GREEN.

The numerous "Putting" enthusiasts are enjoying a last "rally" for the season and the second competition is nearing completion.

There is a keen desire to emulate the feats of Messrs. Dolman, Weston and Co., performed in the July contest, and in consequence not a few personal records have been broken.

The official record round is held by Mr. G. Ashman with a score of 41.

Who will win the prizes offered for the best scores of the season?

* * *

HOCKEY.

We are about to embark on the second season of the Harris Ladies' Hockey Club, and, with the members keener than ever, we should have some really good games. The first few weeks will be devoted to practice games. This will enable all members, old and new, to prove their worth. We are looking forward to an increased membership, and we do hope that all you "sporty" athletic girls who are not yet members will join the Club and start to play the finest game of all.

* * *

LAID-LOW AT LUDLOW.

When a Pcke isn't a Joke.

At last the long looked for day had arrived. Pushbike and I started off at 6 a.m. in glorious weather from Chippenham, reaching Gloucester at 9 a.m. Then came the hilly district between Ross and Hereford, walking and riding through beautiful country, hop fields, orchards, and white faced Hereford cattle in the various meadows. After Hereford the famous climb of Dirmore Hill, and at the top lines of cars and people picnicing and wandering in the bracken. I stopped here for refreshments and a much needed rest. Then a few more miles to Ludlow brought my mileage up to a total of ninety-one. By 6 p.m. I had cycled the clock round. I got good accommodation at a cyclists' rest house, then went out to explore the beautiful old-fashioned town and castle. I was in high spirits, and anticipated finishing my journey to Chester. *But*, while walking on the *pavement* at 9 p.m., *Biff!* came out of the unknown. I was knocked down, and felt a great weight on top of me. When dragged out by willing hands I found it was a cycle combination which had mounted the pavement and had bowled me over. The next scene a Doctor's surgery. Leg bound up, head damaged and a bruised back. Taken to the house by car and put to bed. Examined by Doctor next day . . . "No bones broken but very badly bruised inwardly."

Visions of Chester vanish, and in their place the actuality of 8 days in bed. Journey back to Chippenham by train. More bed. Final result—1 day's holiday, 13 days' rest. Better luck next time. Roll on July, 1929!

F.W.B.

* * *

JUST THINK!

Counsel (for victim of motoring accident): "Gentlemen of the jury, the driver of this car states that he was only going four miles an hour! Think of it! Think of the agony of the victim as the car drove over his body at only four miles an hour!"

The Broad Highway.

We are now at the end of the holiday season and there is plenty for all to do on return from the annual respite. Bacon prices have come still lower and are now actually on the Danish level, we hope for a reasonable length of time. We have plenty of Bacon available, and are well placed to take advantage of the position.

Very shortly we shall have the opening of the Sausage season, where special efforts will also be required to ensure a record season.

The London Grocers' Exhibition will also be taking place in September, where we are hoping for great things again. September will therefore open with plenty for us all to think about and get on with, with plenty of energy to put into the special efforts required.

What NOT to do on the Broad Highway!

A manufacturer engaged a young man to represent him in a certain district, and was giving him a few instructions.

"When you get to Southtown," he said, "have tea at the station buffet and then call on Mr. Smith in London Road. If you meet with any difficulty, send me a wire."

A few hours afterwards the manufacturer received the following telegram:—

"Arrived at Southtown station buffet. No milk. What shall I do?"

From a Northern Paper.

Several readers have written for my advice on the best method of providing themselves with food for rambles. They put the point that they go straight from the office to the starting-point on a Saturday and find a difficulty in getting something together quickly enough to serve as dinner.

A day or two ago in a food purveyor's shop window not far from the old market in the centre of Manchester, I saw what I think exactly meets their need. It was a handy picnic box priced only 1s. 2d., and inside, neatly packed, were: A sausage roll; chicken and ham roll; veal, ham and egg pie; small polony.

Next time I rambled one accompanied me . . . for part of the way, in my pocket. I can safely recommend it. Especially the pie!

From our Agents, P. Sheaham & Co., Melbourne, Australia.

Western Australia was at one time famous for its gold mines, and was known as the "Golden West," but since a great number of the mines have been worked out, new areas have been opened up and wheat growing started. Last yield was 40,000,000 bushels and it is going to boom with its wonderful returns of "Golden Grain."

Western Australia in the Spring and Summer months is wonderful with its glorious display of wild flowers. The sight of large areas of land covered with all conceivable hues of flowers is never to be forgotten.

* * *

Queensland, one of the States of Australia, is situated mostly in the tropics; it grows all kinds of tropical fruits, such as bananas, pineapples, paw paws, etc., whilst large quantities of sugar cane are grown, the sugar obtained from it being more than the whole of Australia can consume. In addition, it has large tracts of land devoted to cattle and sheep raising. Dairying under most modern conditions is also carried out, some very large butter factories being situated in Queensland. The pig industry is also a successful part of this flourishing State's enterprises.

In some parts of Australia the sheep stations are so large that when a newly married couple start out to drive their sheep over the vast runs, they are away so long that their children help the father and mother to bring the sheep home again!

This notice appeared on the seats of an excursion steamer in an Australian Port:—"These seats are for ladies. Gentlemen will not occupy them until the ladies are seated."

In a rural district of New South Wales (Australia) a notice is posted near a bridge: "When this post is under water, the bridge is impassable."

* * *

Overheard in our "Retort" Department:—

First Man: This is guaranteed to kill anything at 500 yards.

Second Man: Ah! if you get further away, nearer than that!

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Our Picture Gallery.

MR. A. H. MOULDER.



It is a pleasure to write of one's friends, especially after thirty-seven full years of happy business association. One recalls with gladness our first meeting on July 20th, 1891—just four of us—Mr. Moulder, Mr. H. Ludgate (now of Ipswich), our "Junior"—Arthur Neate from Black Dog (now in Canada), and the writer of this—the forerunners of the Office Staff of the Wiltshire Bacon Curing Co., Ltd., an adventure into the unknown—but I am digressing.

Mr. Moulder came to us from Messrs. Cole & Lewis, of Cirencester, where he had evidently acquired an excellent office training and a sound knowledge of Bacon Curing, so was soon managing the Offal Department and then the Pig Department, and subsequently became understudy to our Works Manager, Mr. Charles Goodman, whom he succeeded on his retirement in December, 1916. Without doubt Mr. Moulder has the esteem of every member of the Staff.

Although somewhat reserved, he is full of fun and humour, and an excellent mimic. In sport, he was one of the founders of, I believe, the first Tennis Club in Chippenham, which finally became the Tennis Section of the Chippenham Sports Association, Hardenhuish Park. He was a first class tennis player and was Captain of the Section more than once, and an ideal one at that, always endeavouring to give the members a good time and the new members real instruction and help.

He is now a Bowler—one of the best, and has played for his County many times.

And as he is in recreation so he is in business, a real Sport, always playing the game, and so always endeavouring to get the very best out of all with whom he is associated.

May he be spared in perfect health for many long years to come.

E.W.

* * *

Wedding Bells.

The wedding of Miss Lucy Steer and Mr. William A. Watts took place on August 25th at Loddiswell Parish Church. The bridegroom has been employed as motor driver at the Totnes Branch for the past four years, and the esteem in which he is held by all members of the staff there was shown by his being presented with a handsome marble clock as a token of their good wishes.

A pretty wedding was solemnised in the Free Church, Calne, on August 11th, when Miss Frances Hill, of the Printing Dept., was married to Mr. A. Rodway, of Bristol. Miss Hill was in the employment of the firm for four years. She was presented with a canteen of stainless cutlery, Mr. Kidley making the presentation.

On August 25th Miss Violet Brewer was married in the Wesleyan Church, Calne, to Mr. Percy Freegard. Miss Brewer was for five years in the Sausage Dept.; she was presented by Mr. Gunning with a handsome oak overmantel and copper fire screen.

Miss Evelyn Bradley, on the occasion of her wedding to Mr. Fred Bidmead, of the Maintenance staff, was presented with a beautiful blue and gold dinner service and a set of blue jugs. Mr. Gunning made the presentation in the Kitchen, to which department Miss Bradley was attached for three years.

Mr. Frank Smart, of the Tin room, was married to Miss Gladys Merritt at Redruth on August 27th. Mr. Smart, upon his return, will be the recipient of a drawing room clock and breakfast cruet.

* * *

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

We have just received our copies of the August number of the Magazine, and note with regret the Editor's remarks on the absence of our contribution. We can assure you and our friends that Bristol is still just as prominent on the map as ever, but the main interest here of late has been centred on holidays. During these days of vacation members of our staff have traversed far and wide. One member has completely succumbed to the camping fever and spent her holiday under canvas near Ilfracombe.

Early in the month the competitors in the air race for the King's Cup visited in their itinerary the Filton Aerodrome and created great excitement in the city.

We have recently had an opportunity of seeing the "latest thing" in the aviation world—an autogyro machine, which is the newest invention towards vertical flying. Everyone was very surprised to see this machine, which is not like an airplane.

The opening of the football season in Bristol sees the dawn of another sport—that of dirt track racing, for which two tracks have been opened. Although we have not yet attended these races we hope to do so in the near future and will endeavour to give our friends a short account of them.

* * *

CHIPPENHAM.

We are pleased to be able to congratulate our Factory caretaker, Mr. Alfred Massey, on his successes at the Chippenham Flower Show held on Bank Holiday, August 6th, where he secured twelve prizes out of 16 exhibits, viz., five firsts, four seconds and three thirds, and he also gained second prize for the best kept allotment.

Mr. Massey was also an exhibitor in the "open to all branches" classes at the C. and T. Harris (Calne) Ltd. Flower Show held at Calne on Saturday, August 18th, and from eight exhibits was awarded six prizes—two firsts and four seconds.

Our other two exhibitors were also amongst the prize winners, Mr. Ernest Taylor securing three firsts from four exhibits, and Mr. L. Ambrose three thirds.

The weather was very favourable, and all who attended the Show from Chippenham spent a very enjoyable time. We quite hope that next year we shall be able to largely increase our number of competitors.

W.V.L.

* * *

TIVERTON.

During the absence of Mr. Ash on holiday Mr. H. Roynon has been doing relief work at the above branch.

* * *

DUNMOW.

In this issue you have read, or will read, of the Flower and Vegetable Show organised and held by Headquarters at Calne.

At the time of writing it is not known to us what branches had exhibits and how they fared, but whatever the results of the judging however there "might have been" a very different story to read had all gone well with our well-meaning contemplative entrants.

One would-be competitor grew some very fine cauliflowers—fine does not adequately describe them—they were "The Goods." The special growth of two were concentrated upon, but alas! when too late it was discovered three were required. Bang went one prize that should have been ours.

The award for the finest beans was another, that owing to an unfortunate occurrence, went to its wrong home. The gardener in question is one of the most enthusiastic to be found. He had some beans of alarming dimensions which he tended with the utmost care, and every evening was to be seen carefully straightening them out with a damp cloth. All his efforts and labours were of no avail, for on the eve before the show, when he made his way to the allotment to gather the beans of which he was so proud he discovered someone had been there before him—taken a fancy to them—and thus relieved him of any further anxiety.

Readers then, when complimenting those exhibitors who made such an excellent display and took off the prizes, are asked to

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think kindly of the efforts made by far off Dunmow, which efforts came to such an unfortunate and untimely end.

It was with much regret that I had to advise the Editor that Dunmow page would have to be a blank for August. We were right in the midst of holidays, which always means extra work for those left behind, and I could not seem to find time enough to write my usual notes; no other contributor came forward in my stead, hence the blank.

May I again appeal to other members of our staff, both office and outdoor, to just occasionally do a "little bit"? It would make our page so much more interesting to have more varied contributions instead of always leaving it to the one month after month. This, of course, excludes two of our outdoor staff who certainly help very much indeed, and whose efforts are greatly appreciated.

We were pleased to receive a flying visit from Mr. A. E. Marsh on the 8th of August, who was accompanied by his son and daughter.

* * *

LONDON.

Most of us have now finished holidays and are back in business for the considerable stretch between now and Christmas. A break from the normal every day life will be supplied by the Grocers' Exhibition where, we hope, as usual, to be in the very first rank.

Personally, I have nothing startling to relate in the way of holiday experience. I had made all plans for a trip to Brittany, but at the last moment had to cancel owing to indisposition, and so spent my holidays partly in the Isle of Wight and for the rest in Hampshire and Herts. Of the home part of the holiday around the English counties two things have been noticeable. The one is the extraordinary breaking up of the countryside by building. All over the place along the roads between London and Southampton, one finds houses either built, or in course of building, and a tremendous acreage of land offered for building. I think of the two counties Herts in the more rural parts remains the more free. And yet, although this move is going forward, it is still quite simple to get away from the crowd who seem to mass themselves along the main roads and around certain advertised beauty spots.

The breaking up of the country means that business tends to become more difficult. Where houses are there must be shops, and it must be all a job for the travelling staff to follow up opportunities as fresh ground is invaded.

At Cowcross Street we regret the coming departure of Mrs. Larcombe, who is, we understand, compelled to return to Calne, owing to her father's illness. We shall have to look forward to the coming of Mr. McKaig. London is already full of Scots, who invade with great success every form of public and private life, and no doubt Mr. McKaig will bring with him just that amount of vim and dash which makes the well-known London Scottish XV. formidable rivals to the purely English Rugger Clubs.

R.E.H.

* * *

IPSWICH.

The month of August has brought us to the peak of the holiday season, and in all directions numbers of holiday makers have been very much in evidence, particularly at the East Coast seaside resorts. We hear complaints from the latter, however, that although visitors are seen in very large numbers many of them have adopted the migratory habit; that is to say, a party arrives by motor car, and after spending a day or two in the neighbourhood moves off again to fresh fields, so that the boarding and apartment houses do not feel the same benefit as in bye-gone years, when it was the custom to spend the whole holiday at one place.

This, of course, is quite understandable, as apart from those owning their own cars so many facilities exist for others less fortunate, by means of the motor coaches, which ply in all directions and offer attractive daily excursions.

This is another instance of changed conditions to which those particularly concerned will need to apply themselves, and with the usual spirit of resourcefulness, for which the British nation is so renowned, we have no doubt the changed circumstances will be suitably met.

There is much to be said for one spending a holiday in visiting spots and places of interest which previously were more or less

inaccessible, but of course pater familias has to take the family into consideration, and many will, of necessity, spend their holidays for some time to come enjoying the delights of the seashore with the kiddies.

During the last few weeks many of our staff have returned to business looking very brown and vigorous after their spell in the sunshine with which we have been favoured, and many are the items of interest exchanged.

We were very pleased indeed to have Mr. Holley with us at Ipswich this year during Mr. Ludgate's absence on holiday, and have become quite accustomed to looking forward to having him amongst us each year. It is the hope of the staff that they were not a cause of anxiety to him, but judging from his cheery expression whilst with us this was not the case.

Mr. Ludgate returned from his holidays looking very fit, and we were very interested to hear his account of his extensive tour through Wales and the West of England.

He expressed great pleasure in his visit to the Highbridge Factory whilst away, and was charmed with the reception he received from all. He could not help remarking upon one feature, and that was the appearance of health, happiness and prosperity worn by all at the Highbridge Factory, not omitting Mr. Petherick, whose stature, if not increased in height, has certainly not decreased in girth. Some have suggested that this is due to a very great extent to his occupying the chair vacated by his predecessor. Certainly the fact does remain that from that moment there was more of Mr. Petherick than previously.

We were somewhat disappointed in the demand for bacon during the summer season, which usually is very heavy, but this year it has certainly been below normal, and this undoubtedly is due to the fact that for many months previously the low price and abundant supplies of Danish and other imported bacon has fulfilled the bulk of the requirements of the bacon trade. Now that there is not such a disparity in prices between English and imported bacon we see signs of an improved demand, which we trust will develop and be maintained.

There has been considerable interest shown here in an item of news which leaked out only during the last day or two to the effect that Mr. Cobb, of the Pig Department, is about to take unto himself a wife, which item of news he appears to have been particularly anxious to withhold from all and sundry. However, he is not going to escape, and now that the cat is out of the bag there will be some "Cobb" nuts to crack. Anyway, he is a good sort, and we have all a great affection for him, so he will enter the happy state with the entire good wishes of the whole staff.

Turning to the other side, it is with the deepest regret that we have to record the passing of our old friend, Mr. Pryke, on August 19th, after a period of over 60 years' service with Robert Seager Ltd. He has always been looked upon as the "Father" of the Seager business by those with whom he has been associated.

The funeral took place at the Ipswich cemetery on the 22nd instant, and wreaths were sent both by the directors and the staff. Mr Ludgate attended the funeral as representing the directors, whilst Mr. Peter Burrows represented the staff.

* * *

REDRUTH.

Cornwall has evidently retained its popularity as a holiday county, as the various resorts report record bookings for the month of August.

This has had the effect of creating increased sales of smoked bacon from the Factory here and we have beaten all records for smoked sales in the county of Cornwall. We are glad to have had the opportunity of sharing in the increased trade which was created during the holiday months of July and August.

An event of interest to both Calne readers and ourselves took place at St. Stephen's Church, Treleigh, when Mr. F. J. Smart, of the Tin Dept., Calne, was married to Miss Gladys Merritt, of Bullers Terrace, Redruth.

The bride, whose two brothers are employed at the factory here, was charmingly attired in Ivory Crepe-de-chene, and was given away by her brother, Mr. Edgar Merritt. She was attended by three bridesmaids, and the duties of the best man were carried out by Mr. Gordon Smith, of Calne.

The bride and bridegroom, who will be residing in Calne, were the recipients of many presents. They take with them the

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best wishes of all at Redruth for their future happiness.

We were sorry that under the rules of the Calne Show, flowers could not be exhibited by any of the staff at our Branches.

In this connection we should like to offer our congratulations to Mr. Friggens, who has been successful at two Local Shows this month with Gladioli and Asters, gaining two first and specials, in addition to several other prizes, one special being gained in a class for Bouquet of Flowers open to the whole county. This was awarded for Gladioli.

The weather has been favourable for the growing of Sugar Beet, and as a result our crop at the front of the Factory is in first class condition.

Our "Farmers" are hoping to record a first class yield from their efforts.

During the holiday rush we sell a great deal of cut bacon. It is interesting to be able to tell from the faces of our Officials the position of the stock of Fores and Gammons from day to day.

The telephone bell rings!!!?? So many Fores or Gammons. The stock is cleared. See the faces light up as if by magic.

Heavy cutting again! Gloom is depicted on the countenances of all concerned. Then a message from our friends at Calne lending a helping hand. Once again the sun shines. All is well. So the round goes on until the holiday season is over and cuttings are reduced.

With September here and the cooler weather the Porker season will be again starting, and our competitors will be very active in this and other districts. We are hoping to get our share of the trade again this year.

CORNUBIAN.

* * *

TOTNES.

The real summer weather of the past few weeks has caused this ancient borough to present a most animated aspect. The advertising scheme carried out by the towns in this neighbourhood has amply justified the optimistic forecast of its adherents, as the influx of visitors appears to have been considerably in excess of previous years, which is all to the good of the town. Certainly there is much of interest to be seen in Totnes and vicinity both from a scenic and antiquarian point of view, and we are confident that, as in the past, those whose first visit it was this year, will want to come again.

We were pleased to receive holiday visits from friends at Calne and elsewhere, amongst them being Mr. J. P. Cartwright and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Trow, and Mr. Dolman and party, and we believe they all thoroughly enjoyed their tour of this part of Sunny Devon.

Our men were again well to the fore in the honours list at the Totnes Horticultural Show held early in August, taking collectively a total of 48 prizes, which is a tribute to their skill in being able to produce high class flowers, fruit and vegetables. For some years past it has been a common remark that it requires something of more than ordinary merit in the vegetable line to secure any success at our local show. One of the office staff who only recently became an enthusiast of the spade has been highly "bucked" by securing the top prize for peas and thus beating all our other experts at the first attempt. For several days he was seen wearing the smile that wouldn't come off.

We regret that we were unable to make any contribution towards the exhibits at the Calne Flower Show, which was due to it being, for this district, somewhat late in the season for the particular classes, and also overtime at the factory prevented most of our gardeners from giving the necessary attention, which is required to produce from the soil articles of show quality.

Pigs have been coming in much more freely; the seasonal increase in the population of the district has also caused a good demand for our bacon, and we are hopeful that these conditions will continue for a considerable period.

W.J.T.

* * *

Let your sense be common, but not your manners.

* * *

People who give themselves away are not always charitable.

Just Between Ourselves.

I have had several requests for the recipes used at the Harris Flower Show, and thought it would be a good thing to include them on our page of the Magazine:—

1. Victoria Sandwich.

Ingredients: 3 ozs. butter, 3 ozs. sugar, 6 ozs. flour, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful baking powder.

Method: Cream butter and sugar, add flour and egg alternately till all used. Beat mixture till smooth, add baking powder last. Pour into greased sandwich tins. Bake in good oven 5—7 minutes. Turn out to cool, spread with jelly or soft jam.

2. Peppermint Creams.

Whites of two eggs and as much icing sugar as will form a stiff paste, and a few drops of essence of peppermint.

Mix well and roll out ¼-inch thick. Cut in small moulds and spread on sheets of paper to set. Ready next day.

3. Queen Cakes.

6 ozs. flour, 4 ozs. butter, 4 ozs. sugar, 2 ozs. sultanas, 1 oz. candied peel, 2 eggs, 1 small teaspoonful baking powder, milk if necessary.

Sieve flour, clean sultanas and shred peel, and mix a teaspoonful of flour with fruit; cream butter and sugar, add flour and eggs by degrees and beat well. Then stir in fruit, add baking powder last and a little milk if necessary to make mixture of a dropping consistency. Half fill some small well-greased tins. Bake in a hot oven for 10—20 minutes.

4. Turkish Delight.

1 oz. gelatine, three-quarters of a teaspoonful tartaric acid, 2 breakfast cups castor sugar, half teacup cold water, three-quarters teacup boiling water, 1 teaspoonful essence of vanilla, juice of 1 lemon.

Soak gelatine in cold water, put sugar in boiling water, boil 7 minutes with tartaric acid, add lemon and pour over gelatine. Stir well, add essence. Pour into flat tins that have been dipped in water. Cut in squares and dip in icing sugar.

"MARIAN."

LIST OF WELDON'S BOOKS AVAILABLE.

Ladies' Journal. Illustrated Dressmaker. First Woolies for Baby. Children's Underwear. Net Weaving. Children's Fashions. New Crochet Series No. 3. Evening Dress.

* * *

Photographic Notes.

EVERYBODY has met the lady who says she knows nothing about pictures but she knows what she likes. So do we. Usually we can guess only too well what she will like.

Nevertheless, the lady who knows what she likes has started. (Some unfortunates can't even like.) She has taken the first step towards a real appreciation of pictures. The second is to know why she likes. To know why you like a thing is to have a critical appreciation. Half the time of the book reviewers, art critics, dramatic and film critics is spent in explaining to the public why it will like the works of art; not, as the critics' critics unjustly complain, in explaining why the critic himself did **not** like the play or book, etc. The true critic is an appreciator.

Now one knows a number of keen amateur photographers whose pictures, during the years one has known them, have shown no real improvement. After the first few rolls they learned how to avoid spoiling a good film, how to avoid over- and under-exposures, camera-shake, tilting and other distortions, and so forth. But there they have stuck. When they show their holiday harvest one looks in vain for a real picture: the unusual angle, the perfectly "right" background, the composition that leads the eye from all parts of the picture to the centre of interest, the lovely pattern of light and shade.

The trouble is that these photographers have never acquired the art of critical appreciation. They realise vaguely that the bromide enlargements in their photographic dealer's shop are fine pictures, better than their own efforts, but they have never troubled to ask themselves why these and other exhibition photographs are so good.

Perhaps they believe that some super-camera is responsible. A closer look at the

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dealer's enlargements should dispel that illusion. Usually it is stated in print that they are enlargements from snapshots made with cameras obtainable in the shop at a price well within the means of most amateurs. Many of these specimens, as a matter of fact, are actually the work of amateurs.

No, it is not the camera. Any good camera with an anastigmat lens, and perhaps the addition of a tripod and colour filter, is sufficient equipment. The good picture is made before the button of the cable release is pressed. It is made in the mind of the photographer.

The secret is to know what to photograph, in what light, and from what distance



"Kodak" Snapshot.

and angle. It is a secret that cannot be imparted here in a few words: if it could it would not be worth learning. It must be learnt by an intelligent, a really appreciative —that is critical—study of the other fellow's good pictures.

It really is a secret worth learning, and the process of self-education is only less fascinating than its sequel—the putting into practice of the lessons one has learnt. Making a good picture by mistake is a pleasant surprise, but pleasant surprises are rare in this life. In the long run it is better fun to make one's good pictures on purpose.

The best hunting-ground for the student of novel and beautiful pictorial effects is, of course, the cinema. How much they miss who only go to see their hero or heroine of the moment accomplish feats of daring or seduction! The standard of photography in "the movies" is always improving. Even the "pot-boilers" of the famous producing firms are full of beautiful "shots"; while such productions as Anthony Asquith's "Shooting Stars," the Ufa Film "The Wrath of the Gods"—in fact, all the Ufa productions—are orgies of photographic loveliness and originality.

Yet how many camera-owners ever remind themselves that all these film pictures are photographed by a man like themselves, a man very likely with a felt hat and a board school education and nothing about him more marvellous and different than the fact that he has spent time and thought upon the choice of angles and lighting.

It is true he has an extremely fine camera, but that is not his real secret. Any good camera, if rightly used, will make remarkable pictures. He does not rely on artificial lights; many of his best shots are made in the open, and if he uses reflectors so can any amateur—a sheet of white paper or cardboard, a white towel even, will reflect light. In bright lights he uses a "filter" so that his skies look blue and his costumes and trees have the right tones. So can every amateur: a sky-filter or colour-filter for an ordinary folding or box camera costs only a few shillings.

There is trick photography and plenty of it in the best films, but the master trick of all is the trick of thinking hard before "shooting." No one suggests that the amateur with a box camera can rival the most brilliant productions of Ufa and Mr. Hitchcock. But it is a pity that so much brilliant photography should be wasted (because it is not critically appreciated); and it is quite certain that if the millions who go to the films would cutivate a more critical appreciation of the work of the movie camera men of to-day the snapshot albums of to-morrow would be twice as interesting, and would give their owners double satisfaction.

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2. —— NO. 10.

OCTOBER, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

BY the time these lines appear, we shall all be in harness once again; ready for the winter work. We hope everyone had an ideal holiday—good weather, rest and freedom from anxious thought. We wonder, as each holiday comes round, whether it is possible to be free from thoughts of business. Take a case in point. The chosen spot was 160 miles from Calne, so that there was only a remote possibility of meeting Calne friends. We arrive, and, after changing, stroll out through the town. Here we get our first reminder. An old friend, squatting on his haunches, beams at us from a shop window. It is our well-known "cut-out" pig, and we smile in return. Other shops give similar reminders, and we resolve, in pursuance of our temporary policy to forget Calne, to avoid shop windows. Breakfast next morning brings comparison between our dish and the "Crown" brand. Small talk on this subject brings further reminders, and we resolve not to talk "shop" at meal times.

We stroll along the Front and feel quite safe, as surely here is a spot without reminders. Alas, a careless litterer has left an empty box behind. Staring us in the face and printed in bronze blue are the words, "Harris Veal, Ham & Egg Pie." We give it up. It is impossible to get away from our work entirely, as each of these reminders send our thoughts back to Calne. However, we take comfort in this reflection: that the goods we take our part in producing are known and liked all over the country. We cannot get away from our work, but, nevertheless, we are proud of the fact.

Autumn and Winter are indoor seasons, and our friends will be able to consider the Magazine in the comfort of their easy chairs and glowing fires. We, on our part, are planning out the Christmas Number, and should be glad to have suitable "copy" for this issue. Specially should we like to hear from our friends overseas. Will our friends at home get into touch with them on this subject?

We do not want your efforts to be on our Christmas Number only. The Magazine appears monthly, and we gladly welcome contributions throughout the year. To the various secretaries we express the hope that the activities of their sections will be many, and that their reports come along early.

The branches have always "done their bit" and we feel sure that this side of our Magazine will not lack "copy" during the dark days.

Between Ourselves.

WE shall all be interested and delighted to learn that Mr. John N. Powney, the esteemed Manager of the Totnes Branch, who was elected to the Totnes Town Council on November 1st, 1927, has received the unanimous invitation of his colleagues to become the Mayor of that ancient Borough.

With his usual courteous consideration Mr. Powney at once desired to know if his acceptance of this office would meet with the commendation of the Directors, and we were glad to associate ourselves with the Members of his Council in our desire that he should accept this honour for the next year.

The writer's first public duty in 1925 as Mayor of Calne was to attend the Civic Banquet at Totnes on the evening of his election. He hopes that his first engagement on November 9th next, after investing his successor at Calne, will be in Totnes in the evening to support his friend, the new Mayor of Totnes, and knows that in anything he may have to say about Mr. Powney he will be expressing the warmest wishes and congratulations of all who are associated with us.

It was my good fortune to be present on each day except the last at the Grocers' Exhibition, and to receive afresh the knowledge that, although this business was founded 158 years ago, the days of expansion which we are enjoying are but the prelude to far greater progress.

Happily the margin between the price of English and Danish Bacon was almost non-existent, a circumstance which one thinks must have broken all records.

It was very cheering to find on all sides common agreement that with a moderate margin between the two classes of goods, far greater turnover would be possible.

Many came and bought our goods who had never handled English Bacon.

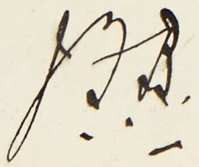
Of the dignity of our display on the stand and the enthusiasm of all who assisted it is difficult to speak too highly.

It is a great thing that from Head Office we should have the opportunity at any rate once in a year to meet so many customers, large and small, and thus strengthen the goodwill which so happily exists not only between the firm and those who work within the walls but also the many thousands of customers up and down the land.

And although a week at an Exhibition may develop unexpected and insistent leg muscles and very weary feet, there was nothing in the Exhibition of 1928 to leave a sore heart or a pessimistic outlook.

Many representatives have responded nobly to my personal letters to each in regard to the wider distribution of our English bacon.

I appreciate the efforts which have been made. I would say to each—Do not let the first flush of your inspiration die down. It is on the reputation of our bacon that we have built up our great business. It must always be the first call upon your energy. Couple with that during this autumn and winter season a sense of your opportunity for the other lines we are handling, and we shall beat yet another record.



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By the Way.

The "Tea Fund" is a worthy object, and for a small sum weekly the promoters provide tea and biscuits to thirsty souls. The treasurer of one of these funds departed for his holidays, leaving behind him a respectable balance. On his return he discovered the balance had melted to vanishing point. Enquiries brought to light the fact that, during his absence a heat wave overtook the inhabitants and they succumbed to the lure of ice-bricks! We have heard of odd commodities at tea-time, such as haggis and the like, but ice-bricks!!

A Bed-time Story from the Golden West.

Once upon a time a charming damsel bought a tongue. Hearing that the lady's fancy was pickled tongue, an eligible bachelor was desirous of acting as "Pickler." His prowess at pickling was known throughout the Golden West and the permission was gracefully given. There are no casualties to report, and no doubt the tongue, pickled with a will but without a bill, gave every satisfaction. Better luck next time, William!

"Post and Pessant." These words appeared on one of our packing notes. We are informed they refer to a musical composition, and by altering two of the letters the correct title can be discovered. We leave the problem with our musical friends, as our ability in this direction ended with our childhood days, when we played on the linoleum.

A recent notice stated "Bully off at 6.30 p.m.," but no date was given. This was a pity, as we also noticed that A. N. Other was to play in both goals, and we should have dearly loved to see this player's performance.

Invoice No. B.2527 has puzzled us. There is a note at the foot "Pin to Mr. ——" (it would not be fair to mention names). Is this particular invoice some decoration "for valour" or other doughty deeds? We do wish the writer of this intriguing note would enlighten us.

To such as are interested, we would mention that there is a partial eclipse of the sun on November 12th, visible at Greenwich. The eclipse begins at 7.33 a.m. and ends at 12.3 p.m.

Where the Flies Go.

I think I've found the reason for what at first looks queer
Just why each winter season flies always disappear.
As you are not dull-witted, it is no news to you—
Whenever flies have flitted the swallows flitted, too.
When flies forsake the ceiling the swallow starts to pack;
Then, testing first his wheeling, sets out upon their track.
To swallow flies he follows (or that is my surmise),
The flies the swallow swallows are where the swallow flies.

CHARLES R. S. COLLINS.

"Two blue blacklead pencils" was on a requisition received by our Stationery Department. We are not told what was actually delivered. We expect it was "Two lovely black-blue leads."

Is Present Day Education Worth While?

The following account opens up many possibilities, and will, no doubt, give the schoolboy furiously to think:—

A schoolboy simply could not write. He held his pen too tightly and pressed too hard. The aid of science was solicited, and within six months he was writing easily. How was it done? Special writing lessons were given with a steel pen so constructed that if he pushed too hard he received a slight electric shock on the back of the neck. A development of the idea may lead, when calling the triangle ABC "ACB," to shocking results.

"Ex Don R" agrees that "Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt." His local magistrates assured him lately that his maxim should be "Motorists should be seen and not heard." ("Ten shillings and costs for a 'healthy exhaust' was sufficiently convincing," he adds).

Our Motor Corner.

OCTOBER!—And very nice, too, so far. I think this summer has been the longest and finest I can recollect, from a motoring point of view. It has induced me to renew my licence for the remaining winter months.

Those who will not be using their "steeds" in the winter should make proper arrangements for storing, etc. Engines and gear boxes should be well flushed with paraffin and re-filled to the proper levels with clean oil. Car chassis should be lifted on to "blocks," and the wheels stored away in a really dry place, preferably absolutely dark, as this latter prevents tyres from perishing. Tyre pressures should be reduced by about 30 per cent. The motor cycle or car should have a thorough good wash down and then a general "shining up" of all plated parts. These latter should then be coated with a thin coat of vaseline. Car radiators should be "run off," kept empty, and batteries taken out of the car.

Those using their mounts during the winter should, after cleaning, coat all plated parts with any of those "non-rusting" weatherproof preparations sold at all garages for the purpose. After cleaning magneto parts, such as slip-ring, carbon brushes, filing platinum points and placing just one spot of oil on the "stud" that takes the rocker arm fire bush (to prevent rust and sticking of rocker arm) administer a liberal coating of "plasticine" over the external parts and connections (h.t. wire) to keep out damp; this is better than sheet rubber or tape. Waterproof plug terminals are essential for no-trouble runs, also really good tyres are needed to avoid skidding. I, personally, choose October each year for fitting new tyres, as the ensuing four or five months are those in which a good tread is most needed.

Lighting sets, too, should be "looked over." Most bikes to-day, and nearly all cars, are electrically equipped. Look over all connections and terminals, tape them where needed; tape also prevents wires "chafing" by friction and causing "shorts." Accumulators should be charged each four or five weeks, whether needed or not, and in the intervals should be kept filled (by the addition of distilled water) just over the top of plates.

There are no special remarks needed with reference to acetylene lighting sets, as the same rules apply for fine or wet weather. As cold weather approaches, and especially on night runs, we may find our bus develop a bad habit of either refusing to "start-up" or "spitting back" into the carburettor. When starting up, we usually overcome this by "doping" or priming the engine with an injection of petrol; but this doesn't prevent "spitting back" when on the road and going moderately.

I invariably obviate both these troubles by fitting an adjustable and variable jet to my carburettor (if it has not already several jets, as some have). Whereas, in the summer we have been using a certain size jet aperture, we simply turn the knob (or open out) the jet—enlarge it a very little indeed. This always allows me to start up without priming. Also when your bus "spits" during a ride just open the jet the smallest bit and the trouble vanishes. The jet, however, should be regulated as small as practicable for petrol-consumption and engine-cooling.

For motor cyclists the most suitable clothing would be:

(1) A one-piece "climb-into" Poncho.
(2) A Sou'-Wester hat.
(3) A pair of "Trench Waders," with seat.

Seatless trousers are not only useless, but are dangerous to health, as they provide a permanent wet seat. The whole clothing should be oilskin. For very fine weather just a good leather coat, breeches and leggings would be ideal. Gloves should be waterproof.

In winter, valves and pistons are often to be found "gummed up." An injection of petrol or paraffin soon relieves this.

Don't leave your bus for unnecessary periods in the rain or snow. We did a lot of this in the Army in France, but found that, by just throwing a ground sheet, or in fact anything of no particular value, over the machine, a deal of trouble was avoided and a lot of comfort saved.

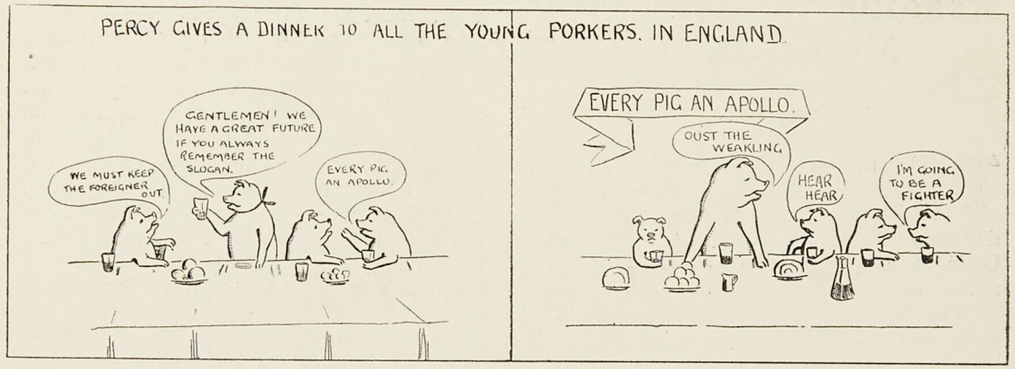
October 6th will see another big event at Brooklands (B.M.C. and R.C. meeting).

The M.C.C. have an event on the same day, but at a different venue.

Ex Don R.

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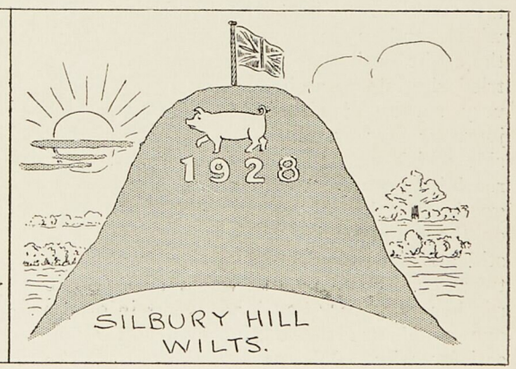
GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



1.--"I have driven Dan back to Denmark and now it is up to you to keep him there I want you one and all to be 'Standard Pigs,' as YOU will have to fight the foreigner next year."

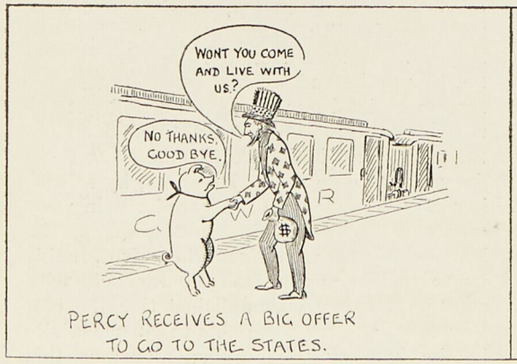
2.--"Don't let your feeder put C 3 pigs in your sty, insist on proper feeding and keep A1. Oust the weakling! I repeat Percy's words, 'Every Pig an Apollo.'"

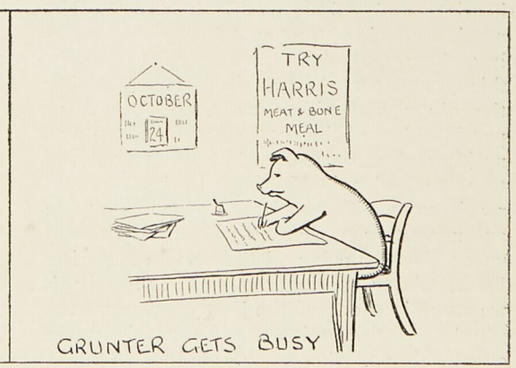




3.--To commemorate the great fight, the trio set off for Silbury Hill to construct a white pig, and the result of their labour is shown in the next picture.

4.--Silbury Hill as it now appears. We hope all will pay a visit and keep any mischievious youngsters from damaging the trios' good work.





5.--Percy receives a visit from "Uncle Sam" who makes him a big offer to come to the States for Films, and other purposes, as America considers him the ideal pig.

6.--Grunter writes to prospective Parliamentary Candidates and Agricultural Committees urging them to use their efforts to improve the British Pig in all counties and offers his services.

Reading to Bath in a Motor Boat.

(By Captain C. Herbert Smith).

CHAPTER NO. IV.

THE next morning we were too tired to move early and it must have been 12.30 before we got away. If the previous day was difficult, the next was worse still. Owing to engine trouble we only did seven miles and passed through nine locks.

The heat during the day was as severe as it was the two previous days, and our arms and legs got so sore that it was extremely painful to expose them to the sun, and one hand at least had to be on the steering wheel the whole time. It was impossible after a time to keep the left arm on the wheel, and one was obliged to steer with the right until that got too painful. We tried rigging up a shelter, but that was not very successful either. To continue our journey: Our first lock was Beenham, outside which we had passed the night. The reach between there and Hamstead was quite good. We had thought that now we were on the canal proper, where the water was still and we should get worse weeds between each lock, but this was not so. Some reaches were very bad indeed, but in others one could use the engine and get along satisfactorily. We passed through Hamstead and into the next reach, which we should have covered without trouble from weeds but the engine, however, was overheating and missing. Half-way up the reach we decided to stop, take out the sparking plugs and clean them, as we thought this was causing the trouble. After replacing the plugs and oiling we tried everything possible, but could not re-start. There was nothing else, therefore, but to get out the tow-line and tow the boat until we could reach some village where we could engage an expert to remedy the trouble. We towed up to Copse Lock and then on to Drewitts Lock. After passing out of Drewitts Lock we came into one of the best reaches on the canal. At this point the Kennet is again canalised, and the reach, about two miles long, is deep and without a weed in it. It was here we decided that we would try to get the engine to run again. With difficulty we got the boat into the side just above a weir, where the water passes over and back into the Kennet. At this place there is a good stream running, and we were apprehensive lest we should be drawn up against the weir. Having cleaned the propellor and the shaft the lock-keeper pushed us out into the stream for us to start our engine, but forgot to hand us the boat hook. He pushed us with sufficient force to send us across to the other side, where there was deep water, but having no boat hook we could not hold on. He then tried to throw the boat hook across to us, but it landed short, and the point stuck in the middle of the stream. There was a good current running, the weir was close behind us, and the boat hook was stuck in the middle of the stream. We only had the paddle to hold the boat from going down over the weir. We had to get the boat hook somehow. We paddled the boat out into the stream, and were within a few inches of reaching the boat hook when it suddenly released its hold from the bottom, popped up into stream and started to flow down towards the weir. There was nothing else for us to do but to follow it, and this we did, eventually catching it up not many yards from the weir. We then had to paddle the boat and get back to the far bank. By super-human efforts we managed this and hung on with the boat hook to the bank while we tried to start the engine. We turned the handle until we were completely exhausted but without result. We could not get a "kick" out of her. We therefore decided there was no help for it but to tow up the reach as far as Kintbury, where, so we were told, we should possibly get an engineer to help us. We were on the opposite side to the tow path, and we had to get across the stream to land our young man and get the tow line ashore. We were not very far from the weir and had already used great endeavours to escape it. However, by following up the bank with the paddle, using our mop and the boat hook as poles, we got the boat sufficiently away from the weir to enable us to paddle across to the far side with safety. Having accomplished this the rest was easy, and we were able to sit peacefully in the boat and be pulled along up this beautiful reach. Our pleasure would have been greater had we been able to sail up under our own power. However, it was

peaceful, and the reach was exceptionally pretty. Of all the parts of the canal we passed through this reach was the most attractive. Many other parts of the canal are beautiful, but they have, as often as not, other detractions such as weeds, mud banks and the like. The Kintbury reach, however, is ideal in every way. It is deep water and partly overgrown in places. While on the subject of scenery I should have mentioned that some of that we passed through after leaving Beenham Lock was also pretty. The reach between Hamstead and Copse is also one which should not be passed without comment. The south side is beautifully wooded and the tributaries of the Kennet coming through into the canal under overhanging trees, with the sun shining through on to the water give an exceptionally beautiful effect. Copse Lock itself is built on the side of a wood, and the trees placed it in the shade, which was most welcome on a burning day such as Whit-Tuesday. In this account of our journeyings descriptions of scenery have not been very fully dealt with. We are endeavouring to give an account to place on record the happenings during the trip. Space will not permit to expand very fully on scenery which we passed; some of it was exceptionally fine and much could be written on this aspect alone.

To continue the journey: We arrived at Kintbury Lock, which adjoins the village of Kintbury beside the railway station. Our first duty was to find the nearest garage. This was about half-a-mile or so distant, and we sent for somebody to come and overhaul our engine. It took a little time, but eventually a most competent engineer arrived. Meanwhile some of the party went off to procure some tea and boiled eggs, since time was drawing on and we were getting hungry. The engineer took the carburettor to pieces, tested the plugs, and generally gave a good overhaul. Two of the plugs were ineffective, and these were replaced and the engine ran again without trouble. A halt at Kintbury of about one and a half hours was made. We filled up with food and stores, including a tin of much-needed methylated spirit. At this point also we met a Mr. Chivers, who had spent a great many years of the earlier part of his life on this waterway. We therefore engaged him to see us through as far as the other side of the summit level. We found his assistance invaluable, and he gave us much valuable information as to the length of reaches, where bridges were situated, and other points. We left Kintbury about six o'clock, and we had perforce to pass Hungerford that night since we had made arrangements to call for our correspondence at the Bear Hotel, Hungerford. We were then some 3½ miles from Hungerford, and had it been possible to use the engine the whole of the way we should have got along very comfortably. From Kintbury up to Brunsdons we managed to get along with the engine, but only with difficulty, and we decided after reaching Brunsdon Lock that we should do much better by having the boat towed. We therefore gave up using the engine and towed the boat with the help of Mr. Chivers, the lock-keeper, and our young man from Brunsdons through Wire Lock to Dunn's Hill. After passing Dunn's Hill, however, we found to our great joy that the weeds had recently been cut, and there was a nice stretch in front of us. Once more we were able to start the engine, and we ran in great style up to the outskirts of Hungerford. Just short of Hungerford, however, we met with a swingbridge which had not been opened for a long time. This bridge caused our assistants on the bank, and many others who had collected to help us, considerable trouble, but it was opened at last, and we passed through and ran in under Hungerford Bridge. We pulled up here and landed, walking down to the Bear Hotel, where we collected our letters and visited the bar. Never was liquid more favourably received. We called on some relations who lived at Hungerford, but were not received with any great excitement. No doubt it was just their dinner-time and they did not want to be troubled with water tramps at that time of the day, so we pushed ahead to find our next camping place. People were again passing up the tow path to watch us, and we had to shake them off. We passed through Hungerford Lock and another swingbridge to the tail end of Hungerford Marsh Lock. We could not find a satisfactory place to tie up, but we managed to fix up at the side of a big common away from the tow path. The hour was late, and being fully tired we did not waste more time than necessary in getting ourselves ready for the night. The weather had now changed, and

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a wind was blowing cold and hollow. We therefore let down our outside curtains and did our cooking on the boat, not taking the stove to the shore. Our young man was dispatched to fix himself up at Hungerford, and arrangements were made for Mr. Chivers to meet us next morning at 11.30. The dog was fed and put to bed, and soon we had our curtains down and fixed up for the night. This was perhaps our worst camping place since it was in such open exposed country, and there were so many people about. However we managed to pass through it successfully.

* * *

Is Present-day Education worth while?

OUR many readers have read with interest the articles on the value of present-day Education, which have been appearing in the columns of the "Harris Magazine."

There is general agreement that the youth of to-day have greater opportunities for mental development than those of previous generations, but there is also a belief held by a section of the Public that the results are hardly in comparison with the public expense. The principle aim of education is to equip the individual to take his or her place in the world. Is this aim carried out satisfactorily under our present system?

R.E.H. says "Yes," but after describing the "good old days," and the advantages of co-education, he mentions some defects in our present system, "We do not seem to be able to pick up modern languages." Yet languages have been taught in the schools for years. What is wrong with our present system in this respect? It is even said that very few people can speak English correctly. R.E.H. passes on to regret the disuse of the old system of indenture. Has not the growth of education been partly responsible for this? "Education has resulted," he states, "in the proprietory goods system, but cannot teach a student to cut up a side of bacon economically." In conclusion he refers to the Farming Industry, but the connecting references to the subject are so slight and vague that they add nothing really useful.

N.F.W. is an enthusiastic supporter of the idea that our Educational system is of value to the nation. N.F.W. tells us, "Present day education aims at teaching children to think." Evidently a large percentage think twice about continuing their education when it is no longer compulsory. The fees for attendance of L.C.C. Evening Schools are very low and yet the attendances are very disappointing. She follows with a tilt at the employers. Mathematics are taught as mental gymnastics; our youngsters get plenty of this exercise and yet do not seem agile enough to add up. "If the writing is bad they do know what they are writing about." What is the use of this if the writer cannot read what is written? The employer pays the piper and is surely entitled to call the tune.

Our youngsters are taught to think and yet N.F.W. calmly says "It is amazing the few people who can really think." Our present day education is responsible, one presumes. It is certainly a matter for concern that the man with all the advantages of a University education is usually so poorly paid. If education is worth while, he, with the cream of it, should be commanding due reward for his studies. A disconcerting fact of another description reveals itself in the report of an examination.

It appears that out of 1,500 girls only 15 obtained full marks for the five simple sums set. Scores who tried shorthand could not read their own script and many were unable to secure a mark in the typing test.

We may safely come to the conclusion that education is necessary, but that the present day system is not consistently planned. As a result we are getting fragments crammed into our youth; nothing is thoroughly learnt and the brain is so disorganised that it cannot function efficiently. Is it not possible that there are too many people about operating their own pet theories, at the expense of the ratepayer, and that the results do not quite justify the expense?

EDDY KASHON.

* * *

It is difficult to talk effectively to a barber. He can so easily make cutting replies.

* * *

What makes our modern poetry so interesting is guessing what it is supposed to mean.

Gardening Notes.

THE CARNATION.

WHICH is the most popular of all flowers as a buttonhole? If this question was put to mere man alone it would probably be found that an overwhelming majority of votes would be cast in favour of the carnation, particularly the pure yellow and white varieties. With the ladies also this lovely flower is also greatly favoured either for wearing or made up as bouquets for weddings and other festive occasions, or as cut blooms for indoor decoration. For either of the above purposes the carnation is almost unequalled in its lasting qualities, and these are such that when worn as a buttonhole, etc., it will retain its freshness long after other flowers have faded. The oft-heard jesting remark that "Flowers fade on flirts" cannot be applied when the carnation is worn. It also has the added advantage of being obtainable at almost any period of the year.

It is somewhat surprising that, having regard to its many excellent points, this grand flower is not more extensively cultivated by the average garden enthusiast. This may possibly be due to the prevailing impression which still exists in many quarters that the carnation is somewhat difficult to grow, or that a greenhouse is necessary to success. These suppositions are really an injustice to the plant, as whilst a greenhouse is desirable for the perpetual or seedling types, the border carnation can be grown successfully in any good soil providing the same is not deficient in lime. Being a very hardy perennial the aspect of the garden is of no great importance if a reasonable amount of sunshine reaches it during a good proportion of the day. Although a protected or sheltered spot is sometimes advocated, an open site is preferable, as exposure to full sunshine is always the best.

As it is proposed to deal principally with the border carnation, a few hints on culture will suffice to show that this is really a very simple matter, and no amateur need be deterred from attempting to grow these lovely flowers.

Where space permits of a bed being made the same should be commenced in the autumn by digging down two spits, and incorporating at bottom some well rotted manure; this must be well covered and not allowed to come to the surface. To the upper portion of soil add a good dressing of old mortar rubble, old soot, sand, wood ashes and bone-meal, also a small quantity of well decayed cow manure. A slight surface dressing of coarse agricultural salt will be very beneficial. In a few days this will disappear, when the bed should be formed down; it will then be ready for planting. It is essential that the ground should be well drained. In most cases the best plan is to raise the bed a few inches above the surrounding level. Stagnant or consistently damp ground is fatal to the carnation. Too rich a soil is not desirable, but lime in some shape or form should always be present. When planting out avoid disturbing the roots; make the holes with a trowel and do not plant deeply, otherwise stem rot may be caused; leave the layers level with the surface. When filling the holes add a handful of mortar rubble if available, and press the soil very firmly all round the roots.

The Real Secret of Successful Carnation Growing is Firm Planting. They must always have a firm roothold, and if at any time they become loosened the ground should at once be trodden again. A good spacing is from 15 to 18 inches apart, which allows room for layering the following year. In southern districts it is an advantage to put well rooted plants out in the autumn; they appear to transplant better than in spring time; but if very wet ground is likely to be encountered it is better to keep them in pots until March. Border carnations require protection from continuous rain rather than from cold. A sprinkling of fresh crushed oyster shell lightly hoed in during springtime will give an added lustre to the petals of the blooms.

The chief pests are earwigs and the carnation maggot. The first are difficult to eradicate, but if the plants and surroundings are kept clear of rubbish, an occasional dusting of soot, with a spraying of weak quassia extract in summer, will keep these insects in check. The carnation maggot should be destroyed immediately it appears in the leaf. A sure sign of its presence is a whitish appearance on the leaves, or the top shoot dropping off when touched.

The beginner naturally desires to know

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which are the best kinds to grow, but in the choice of these, individual taste in colours must be the deciding factor. The following list are fairly well known varieties, and any of them can be recommended to give satisfaction, whether grown in the open or under glass :—

Pure White : Snowline, Snowflake.
Scarlet : Red Gauntlett, Bookham Scarlet.
Dark Crimson : Joan Wardale, Bookham Clove.
Yellow : Mary Murray (this is the best yellow).
Orange Buff : Elizabeth Shiffner.
Coral Scarlet : Regina.
Purple : Louie Smith (very vigorous).
Lavender : Yvonne Thomas.
Heliotrope : Bindle.
White Ground fancies or picotees : Mrs. E. Charrington, Mrs. G. D. Murray, Mrs. A. Brotherston, Dorothy Murray, Esme Murray, Kate Dew (strongly perfumed).
Yellow Ground fancies or picotees : Viceroy, Mrs. N. Lakeman, Florence Grisby, Lord Steyne.

Other good fancies are Ebor, Thundercloud and Penelope (plum blue striped rose). Last but not least, mention must be made of "Ivan Lowe." This is a really beautiful flower of superb shape, and is strongly recommended; the colouring is rather uncommon, being deep apricot, overlaid with old rose.

When the blooms are required for show purposes dis-budding should be practised, and a good method of preventing the bursting of the calyxes is by placing small rubber bands around the buds.

Those in possession of a greenhouse should try raising a bed of seedling carnations. To do this obtain a packet of first class seed from a reliable firm; sow in early spring each seed singly about 1 inch apart in a pan or box of fine sandy loam. Cover seed and press firm. Water carefully and cover with glass or paper until the seed germinates. Transplant into other boxes when two pair of leaves are formed; place near the glass and give only slight ventilation. Plant out at the end of July. After a few weeks fork in a top dressing of slaked lime. Seedlings grown in this way will flower the following summer and the resultant display of blooms should amply repay the efforts made.

Space will not permit of much reference to the perpetual carnation, but the following hints may be useful. Mid winter is a good time for inserting cuttings, which should be about 3 inches long. The best cuttings to be taken are those midway on the shoots. When inserted the cuttings should be kept close until rooted; then place near glass in sunny position. Perpetual carnations require plenty of air; they will not succeed in a dull or stuffy greenhouse. The flowers should always be cut the full length of the stem or new growth will commence and tend to make the plant "leggy" and unsightly.

AMATEUR GARDENER.

* * *

Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, the bloom is dead;
Or, like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.
Burns.

REMEMBRANCE DAY.

As November 11th this year is on Sunday the Service of Remembrance will be held on the actual Anniversary of Remembrance Day.

The British Legion will parade on the Strand at 2-15 p.m. for the Service at the Memorial at 2-30, if fine, and in the Parish Church if wet.

A collection will be taken on behalf of Poppy Day Fund.

POPPY DAY.

Poppies will be sold in the town on Saturday, November 10th. Although the proceeds are forwarded to the British Legion headquarters the Local Branch is entitled to a refund of the whole amount collected or even more, if required, for the assistance of local necessitous Ex-Service men.

It is hoped that everyone will help the Calne Branch to send up a larger sum than in any previous year.

HOW MOTOR CATALOGUES MIGHT BE IMPROVED.

The 7-90 h.p. Shiftar, Model D.S.F.

ENGINE.—This vertical metallic parallelopiped is situated behind the radiator—hereinafter mentioned—and adjacent thereunto. Slabbed together in one chunk are the cylinders, of which the Shiftar possesses no less than four. The head is mounted on top and covers four dinky little pistons, each with the fashionable low waistline. By a masterpiece of design we have provided valves to regulate the flow of the gases; combustion is caused by means of sparking plugs. The bore, stroke and capacity are wide, long and phenominal respectively.

RADIATOR.—This takes the form of a cellular cored cistern situated in the early part of the chassis. In the unlikely event of the Shiftar engine becoming hot, we have provided this handsome plated erection to remove the superfluity of B.Th.U.s. The water is actually circulated without effort on the part of the driver; another achievement of the Shiftar Co. As the engine never blushes we do not provide a fan.

CHASSIS.—As the mustard is to the railway station sandwich so is the frame to a motor car. On our D.S.F. model we not only provide side members, but also a cross member, which runs from side to side and back again. All parts of the car are attached to the chassis. This gives unusually satisfactory results in practice. With the Shiftar there is no fear of the body falling off; special patent devices called bolts are used at intervals. These function as connections.

GEARBOX.—In order that full advantage may be taken of the terrific power of the Shiftar engine, we have provided a gearbox. This is disposed behind the engine and, reading from right to left, may be seen the top gear, second gear and first gear. Subjacent is the reverse gear, which after waggling the hand lever, causes the vehicle to retrogress. Further to simplify our already magnificent speedbox we have provided a special oiling system. All that the owner has to do is to pour oil in and the Shiftar gearbox gets on with it.—(Patent xxx/oooooio.)

TRANSMISSION.—Leaving the gearbox on our left, we find the propeller shaft which on the Shiftar is made from a hollow straight line of magnesium sillysallykate.

REAR AXLE.—This axle, on the Shiftar, is rearwardly located, provision being made to prevent its moving into contact with the other axle, from which it should be separated on all cars worthy of the designation high class. The axle is of the turning worm unsinkable type, having a double-sided closely knit bevel, one face being purl and the other plain.

FRONT AXLE & STEERING.—The handsome Q-section drip forging employed on the Shiftar is one of its individual features which others have copied with disastrous results. The steering is of the Yale type, giving an enormous lock.

BRAKES.—We have evolved a retarding mechanism fully in keeping with our reputation. Four wheel brakes are not good enough; the Shiftar has brakes on all five.

SPRINGING.—To provide adequate comfort the Shiftar is mounted on laminated helical springs of the seven-eighths epileptic type; the owner of a Shiftar travels in lolling luxury, not in painful palpitating purgatory as those who use cars of meaner design.

WHEELS AND TYRES.—To support the car we provide a wheel at each corner and one beside the driver.

BODYWORK.—This dinky little saloon is the creation of our carroserie department. Executed in a charming shade of dog's rose blue, with captivating trimming of an exclusive bilious beige, this perfect parlour car is just the thing for fast work. The frameless windows are of pale transparent glass with delightful handles of ambone; tastefully draped and pleated casement curtains complete a saloon which is just too sweet.

GENERAL.—All Shiftar cars are supplied in running order with a bottle of scent and a copy of the parish magazine. Before delivery all engines are thoroughly done in, turned up and rubbed down.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Shiftar cars are essentially a class product, and we want all users to remember it. Come to us when in trouble. We can help you; if we cannot, nobody can. Bear in mind that YOUR Shiftar is one of

"THE MOTORS WHICH MASTICATE MILES AND GREEDILY GUZZLE GRADIENTS."

G. G. P.

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The Town of Redruth.

IN talking to a Calne friend some time ago he made the remark, "Well, you must find things a bit slow in such a small place as Redruth." We can of course understand his pride in belonging to such an enterprising borough as Calne, but think that it is up to us to enlighten our Calne friends with a few facts concerning Redruth. In the first place, it has an urban population of 10,000, so that it is somewhat larger than our Calne friend was led to suppose.

The earlier history of the town is somewhat obscure, but at Carn Brea, a rocky and picturesque eminence which overlooks the town, there can be seen large stones in circular formation and of huge dimensions which are believed to have been associated with Druidical sacrifices. This hill of Carn Brea is surmounted by an ancient Castle precariously poised on huge boulders piled on top of one another. Nothing is known of the early history of the castle although it was described by a 15th century writer. A fine panoramic view of the coast line can be obtained from the summit of the hill. Near this castle is a granite cross 60 feet high, erected to the memory of Lord de Dunstanville. This was built by miners of the district, who gave their labour to perpetuate the memory of a worthy man. Unfortunately we are unable to trace the derivation of the name Redruth, but it is certainly not arrived at as our humourist remarked by calling it after a ginger headed maiden.

The place, however, was of sufficient importance that during the Reign of Edward III. in 1332 a grant was received to hold two weekly markets and two annual fairs each of four days. The fluctuations of the mining industry, however, caused the town to vary greatly both in character and importance, and the conditions of life in the county being crude, as can well be imagined during the 16th and 17th centuries, it may not be wondered at, that few documentary records of this period can be found. It is interesting to note that John Wesley visited Cornwall 34 times during the period 1743-1789 and appears to have devoted a good deal of his time to Redruth, and although received with jeers and stones on his earlier visits he, with his brother Charles, was able eventually to influence people towards the attainment of a higher moral standard. During the closing years of the 18th century Redruth was, in view of later developments, the very hub of the universe. Its population at that time was roughly 4,000, but in that small community ideas were being hammered out that presently were to move the world. In a small house in what is now known as Cross Street lived William Murdock, who was employed by James Watt. From 1781-1783 Murdock spent most of his scanty leisure in constructing a model non-condensing locomotive steam engine somewhat like a tricycle, 19 inches long and 14 inches high. It was successfully tried and a patent was granted to James Watt during the same year. He also invented Gas Lighting and used it in his house in 1792. He was followed by Richard Trevithick, who in 1808 exhibited in London an engine capable of carrying passengers from 12 to 15 miles an hour.

Mining was in full swing during the early part of the 19th century, and here the bulk of the produce of 263 mines was disposed of by the mining men at Tabb's Hotel. During the latter part of the century the industry waned and dwindled away. Happily, however, there are signs of a revival of the tin mining industry at the present time. The modern town is well lit by Gas and Electricity and contains many commodious and well stocked shops. The Tin Smelting Company employ a large number of hands, as do also Smith's Boot Factory. We have two bacon factories and a slaughter house in the town, and also a large Brewery, so that our readers will gather that as a commercial town Redruth is fairly prosperous. It is also an ideal holiday centre, being within easy reach of Newquay, Falmouth, St. Ives and Penzance, all these towns being reached either by rail or by a splendid service of Buses. The climate is bracing, but much milder than our friends up country are favoured with. We are about 2½ miles direct from the coast line, but the sea can be seen quite clearly from our factory here at Redruth.

"CORNUBIAN."

* * *

Hope is the parent of disappointment.

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THE PIG QUESTION.

I am reminded of a remark made to me recently by a Danish expert to the effect that "You in England live in a fool's paradise if you think that you can always command a higher price for English bacon than that from our country. The time will come when you will only equal Danish price, and then only if of Danish uniformity and selection."

This is the key-note of the whole position. There is an element of truth in this statement as well as a serious warning. There may be a natural prejudice in favour of home produce, but there is a limit to what the public will pay for the promptings of sentiment.

Nothing less than a revolution in the pig industry can put matters on a sound footing. At present we are only producing about 40 per cent. of the pig products consumable in this country, for the simple reason that to increase this production would bring prices below the economic level. We can never secure regular supplies of English pigs until we prevent other countries from sending over large quantities of pig products below the cost of production here.

Place some form of duty on imported pig products, Empire goods excepted, based and varied according to an ascertained index figure of cost. Something of this nature seems to be the first essential.

With increased stimulus in the industry at home, and larger numbers of pigs being produced, factories can then become more selective in their buying, and more easily introduce schemes for the improvement of the pig.

In the meantime, the policy would appear to be for every factory to aim at maximum killings. This, I know, would bring the price of English bacon down, but would not the factories be recompensed somewhat by the proportionately lower overhead charges and distributive costs.

I realise there is much the farmer himself could do if he would only specialise in this section of his business, but the lack of stability in the industry, and constant disappointment, is entirely disheartening the pig feeders in this country against any organised improvement.

J. E. SMITH.

MR. CROOKSHANK AND "POLLY."

"MY last Will and Testament—£10 to Mrs. Death, the flower seller at Queen Anne's Gate." I expect most of our readers read in their daily newspapers recently, about the ten good sovereigns that Mr. Crookshank left in his Will for "Polly"; but in case anyone did not, let me pass on this priceless piece of romance.

It appears that this Mr. Crookshank was a city gentleman, a man of stocks and shares and not the Mr. Crookshank of Dickens' fame, but nevertheless on his homeward journey each evening he would stop under the arch of Queen Anne's Gate to pass a kindly word to "Polly," who had spent the last forty-four years with her basket of flowers on that "pitch." He would then pass on with his buttonhole or posy for home in Queen Anne's Mansions.

Of such a charitable nature was Mr. Crookshank possessed, that amongst so many other thoughts there was room in his mind for humble "Polly," even so much so that when writing the document that would decide the distribution of his worldly goods, he included the sum of ten pounds for the little lady under the arch of Queen Anne's Gate.

But by some misapprehension the surname of "Polly" he thought to be Death, was Mrs. Heath, and it so came about that a Mrs. Heath lived in a neat little house in a Mews near Queen Anne's Gate, near the Park of St. James.

Kind-hearted Mr. Crookshank has now departed from this world and his charitableness exposed by his last Will and Testament, which includes this paragraph:—

"£10 to Mrs. Death, the flower seller at Queen Anne's Gate."

Numerous friends of this good lady, Mrs. Heath, have called at the neat house in the Mews to offer their congratulations, but Mrs. Heath is emphatic in replying that the money is not meant for her. She is not a seller of flowers under Queen Anne's Gate, and does not know of the late Mr. Crookshank.

There was no doubt that this gift was intended for Polly Willis, the flower girl, who had stood by the gate this forty-four years; but poor Polly, whom everyone loved, had

left her "pitch" and passed over the "Beyond" a month ago.

Polly's "pitch" under Queen Anne's Gate now stands vacant; no other has been allowed to take her place. The memory of this little lady, to those other flower sellers, is such that that spot beneath the gate is her Memorial.

"Be they ever so humble in calling,
Such heartfelt feeling shows their nobleness."

In the City of London there are, I suppose, hundreds of these little friendships of kindliness between the city gentleman, the Bank clerk, and the humble people on their "pitches," the flower-girls, the old man with his bundle of newspapers, and the blind beggar of Threadneedle Street, who sits in the sun reading his Braille, with sightless eyes turned upwards towards the skies. Friendships that have grown through constantly coming in contact with these people and friendships that show the better side of nature.

Self-consciousness gives to some of us a false label; people are often considered snobbish or conceited, but should an opportunity of a close acquaintance occur, this estimate of their character is often found to be wrong. Beneath the veneer of self-consciousness, of apparent aloofness, the true spirit of friendship lies dormant, hidden until some circumstance should expose it.

W. Greenhalgh, Dunmow.

* * *

THE EDINBURGH SHRINE.

A recent visit to the new Scottish War Memorial proved so impressive—the dignity and feeling of reverence conveyed by this Memorial—that a short account of this visit may not be out of place.

This Shrine is built in the centre of Edinburgh's Castle, on the lofty and majestic rock that rises from the heart of the City—to perpetuate and honour the memory of the fallen Scotsmen in the Great War.

Joining the pilgrimage of visitors, in the old fashioned cobbled street, the stones of which are worn smooth by the feet of past generations, we wend our way slowly up through the precincts of the Castle until we come to the Memorial, solid in structure with its massive walls and buttresses.

Gradually we approach the entrance, and upon entering the Hall of the Shrine we become awed with the dignity of the various monuments, the softness and warmth of the colour design, and the creative effort in making this noble scheme so magnificent.

In effect, we liken this Shrine to a miniature Cathedral, and we feel it difficult to assimilate all the details of the designs, and various episodes depicted, but as we slowly pass along, we see the different Memorials to the Scottish Regiments, the bronze panels of the scenes that were familiar to us during the War, the Roll of Honour Books of the different Regiments, in whose pages we search for the names of friends that recall the bygone days of happy friendships—that sparkled and lit with a glow of warmth, then suddenly spluttered, and flickered out for ever, leaving but a memory behind.

As we look at the bronze freizes that cover the lower part of the walls, we see in processional order, the various types of Scottish Soldiers and Sailors in war dress, representing the many parts they played in the War, and will leave to future generations a true historical picture and record.

We observe the numerous stained glass windows, symbolical in effect, which portray the various emotions of "Sacrifice" and "Triumph," of "Suffering and Patience," and the "Overthrow of Tyranny," and as we enter the inner Shrine we see the steel casket that contains the complete Roll of Honour.

As we reverently wend our way downwards we meditate on the futility of warfare, the call for human sacrifice, and the price we pay for success and freedom, and wonder whether sanity cannot prevail to curb our barbaric instincts, and prevent these Cataclysms, that trail naught but death and destruction in their wake!

To these Heroes who died, we believe that they have not died in vain—and we are reminded of Pericle's famous funeral oration.

"The whole world is the sepulchre of famous men, not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten Memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men."

W.K.P., Edinburgh.

Harris Welfare Association.

BEFORE these lines appear the clock will have been put back, and once again we shall have the long, dark evenings with us. Cricket, tennis, putting and other summer sports will take a back seat for a few months. Our immediate problem is what are we going to do during the winter? Now as far as the H.W.A. is concerned, we put the question to every member, **What are we going to do?** Are we going to be content to sit the winter out and brood over the weary wait for next summer or are we going to continue our activities throughout the winter, so that although seasons make it necessary to transfer from outdoor to indoor, our enthusiasm shall not wane in the least? The writer's experience in the past has been that when one season has closed, the curtain has more or less been drawn, with the result that the friendships which have been made, and the wonderful times we have had together, have closed with the season. This should not be, and it is hoped that the H.W.A. will be the means of keeping everyone in touch throughout the year. In reviewing the closed season as an Association we have every reason to be proud of what has been attained, and we think that the joining up of the various activities has been very successful.

During the summer season Lickhill has naturally been the venue of all our sport, and it has done some of the "old hands" good to see hundreds of employees making use of the grounds instead of a handful as in the past.

We know that our President has been working for this for years; he has had disappointments, but we are sure the summer enthusiasm has wiped them out, and if we can keep the chain from being broken during the winter his hopes will be nearer fulfilment than they ever have been. The Entertainments Section, which may be looked upon as purely a winter section, has not been content to rest upon their oars, for during the summer season, as is well known, the "Arristocrats" gave us a delightful outdoor concert with the aid of the Harris Orchestra. They also assisted in the Flower Show, so it may be said that they are now well harnessed, and we can safely rely on something good during this winter.

The Pastimes Section will soon be bringing their winter programme before us, and, in their case, we can also rely upon something good coming along. This Section deserves every encouragement, and we look to all members for support.

It is up to the Association as a whole to give every Section all the support possible and thus avoid any possible chance of a link breaking.

What are YOU going to do?

* * *

ENTERTAINMENTS SECTION.

It is with much regret that we announce the resignation of Miss P. Aikman from the Committee, who has left Calne to take up another appointment. We should like to express our sincere thanks for all her efforts on our behalf, and to wish her the best possible luck for the future.

Next month we hope to be in a position to announce our winter programme. Plans—ambitious plans—are well in hand, so look out next month for all the good things to come!

With your support and co-operation we hope to make this winter a very jolly affair as far as entertainments are concerned. With rueful memories of last winter's weather, which amongst other things chose New Year's Eve to visit us with a snowstorm, we wish we could guarantee that the weather would be as jolly as we hope to make our programme. Mr. Editor, can't you see about it for us?

(Sorry! It 'sno use!!... Ed.)

* * *

PASTIMES AND LECTURES SECTION.

Putting Green.

It is particularly pleasing to report the complete success of the initial venture of the Pastimes Section of the H.W.A.

Since the opening of the Putting Green nearly 1,000 "rounds" have been played, and interest has been maintained up to the time when we put back the hands of the clock.

For this consideration we were indebted to the Weather Clerk on the one hand and

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our worthy Green Keeper, Mr. Tom Burton, on the other.

Thoroughly representative semi-final and final rounds of the competition were played on the last Friday of the season, and after close and exciting struggles resulted as follows :—

Semi-final :

Miss Lucy Holley beat Mr. W. Collis.
Mr. A. McLean beat Mr. C. Flay.

Final :

Miss Lucy Holley beat Mr. A. McLean.

The special prizes so generously offered by Mr. W. G. Gunning for the three lowest scores during the summer were gained by Mr. B. Dolman (40), Mr. G. Ashman (41), and Mr. D. Dolman (42).

* * *

TENNIS SECTION.

As we write the summer draws to an end, and it is with pleasure that we are able to record a very happy and successful season.

The weather has been exceedingly kind, and the evenings when tennis has not been possible have been very few. This, coupled with the real enthusiasm and general good sportsmanship amongst the members, has resulted in many very enjoyable evenings being spent at the nets.

We hear on all sides very flattering remarks on the improvement shown by individual players, and we look forward to the time when the Harris Tennis Section will be able to put out a team capable of " licking " other teams in the district.

A.A.F.

* * *

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

The Annual Meeting of Members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section will be held in November, and it is hoped there will be a large attendance of all those interested.

Arrangements are now being made for the forthcoming Christmas Carnival. Any new ideas or suggestions will be welcomed by the Committee.

(Editorial Note.—After the Flower Show and Christmas Carnival there are many who say what might have been done. Will they, please, this time, say what can be done, before these events.)

HOCKEY.

By the time these lines appear in print we shall be in the thick of the fray. Two matches will be lost or won ; the first at home against the Avon Rubber Co., and the second at Bradford-on-Avon. The matches arranged for November are :—

3—Wills's (Swindon) 2nd XI. ... Away.
10—Avon Rubber Co. ..... Home.
17—Rodbourne Cheney ..... Home.
24—Calne Secondary School ..... Away.

We welcome all, who care to come, as spectators to our home matches.

* * *

CRICKET.

G.W.Rly. Stores, Swindon, were our visitors at Lickhill on August 25th. For several seasons we have managed to get the better of this team, but this year the tables were reversed and they beat us. H. Hill and I. J. Taylor bowled very well, their analyses reading : Hill four for 25, Taylor five for 24.

Saturday, September 1st, saw the finish of the season. Our opponents were Wills' Imperial, Swindon. This turned out to be a real needle match, and we succeeded in winning by two runs.

Much has been said in the past about the fielding of " our Sam " ; much more could be said, but I will be content with saying that the team were very proud of his catch that day.

The season, on the whole, was quite successful, and in our next issue we hope to publish the gains and losses.

W.P.

* * *

Our Post Bag.

To the Editor, Harris Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

I would suggest that in future all wedding presents given to any member of the office staff be presented publicly.

At present we all give our " Bobs " willingly, but we should like to express our good wishes in a public manner, and see the poor " victim " squirming when he or she has to make a speech of thanks.

Yours faithfully,

" ONE WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH IT."

Photographic Notes.

ON PHOTOGRAPHING GROUPS.

The words of the title " On Photographing Groups," noticed while looking through the far back files of certain photographic periodicals, acted as a reminder that a note on this subject was overdue. The periodical in question was one published by a famous photographic firm ; the issue was No. 1 of Volume I. and the date May, 1895 ! But the advice on photographing groups which it contained was so sound that it is possible to repeat it word for word to-day, and since the magazine is now defunct there is no one at all to whom apologies are due for reproducing it in full, as follows :—

" Bright sunshine, as we all know, is usually advantageous for landscape photography, but when groups are to be taken out of doors, this is about the most awkward light with which the photographer has to contend, as heavy shadows are cast which are certainly not conducive to a satisfactory result. A bright diffused light is certainly the best, where the sun is veiled by light clouds, thus preventing its glaring into the eyes of the sitters, or casting heavy shadows from their head-gear, etc.

" Should, however, the sun insist upon shining broadly, the operator must look for some suitable spot, under a large tree, verandah, etc., where his sitters can be shaded from the direct rays.

" It is a good plan to make all arrangements before the members of the group assemble. This can be done by measuring off the space they will occupy, and then, by getting someone to stand at different points within the line, the focussing can be done with exactitude. Then set the correct ' stop ' between the lenses, and, in short, prepare the camera for the exposure.

" By doing this before the group is formed, chance of failure is reduced to a minimum, as the sitters are fresh and interested, and the picture is taken before they have time to feel tired or restless.

" When photographing a group at a short distance, it would be a distinct advantage to arrange it to follow the curve of the lens, and to take a slightly concave form ; by doing this, the members at the extreme end of each row will be equidistant from the lens with those in the centre.

" Do not photograph in a direct front light. This will make a flat and uninteresting picture. The light should fall over the operator's shoulder, about midway between the front and side ; the effect produced will be soft and true, and the resulting likeness pleasant and natural."

* * *

CALNE & HARRIS UNITED F.C.

Confronted with a severe financial drop on the past season the members at their Annual General Meeting gave the impression that they intended to put the Club on a better footing both financially and from a playing point of view this season.

We met Frome Town in the English Cup on the Rec. on the 21st September, and the result (3—1) in our favour, together with the standard of play of our our team, gave our supporters every satisfaction.

Two away matches, with Swindon Vics. and Westbury, brought in the full points, and following this we survived another round in the English Cup by defeating Clandown on the Rec. by 3—2 ; and our " shares " in the football world were looking very bright—some had visions of a good draw by the sea, others dreamt of Wembley. Our high spirits were, however, a little damped with a defeat by Swindon Vics. in a mid-week match, but we came along again with a capital win over Devizes on their ground in the Amateur Cup.

The supporters turned up in full force expecting to see their favourites defeat Salisbury Corries in the English Cup on September 29th, but we were pipped by 2—1. There is one thing that our supporters do not mind, and that is being beaten by a better team, and the Corries certainly were the better team on the day's play.

There is every prospect of a considerable improvement in the team this year, which, in addition to being the smallest and lightest, is probably the youngest team in the League.

It may also be of interest to some of our supporters to know that the team is chosen by the full Committee, who meet every Tuesday evening for that purpose, and it must be evident therefore to some of those whom it is almost impossible to please that if players are dropped, or their positions changed, the Committee have a very good reason for doing so.

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Our Picture Gallery.

MR. PERCY ASH.



A Devonian by birth, Mr. Percy Ash is quite at home at Tiverton. He came to Calne early in 1908 as Assistant Master at the National Green School.

He joined the Staff at Calne in 1915 and in August, 1916, accepted the Managership of Evercreech. A further move took place in 1921, when he relinquished Evercreech to take up Tiverton.

Of a humorous disposition, one is always sure of a merry time in his company. He confesses to no particular hobby, but is interested in gardening, photography, and wireless, which, to our mind, covers his spare time for all the year round.

* * *

Arriving at school an hour late, Teddie was asked to explain.

"Well, we're going to have a little boy at our house," he announced, triumphantly.

"A little boy? How do you know you are going to have a new brother?"

"'Cause a year ago when mother was ill we had a little girl; and now father's ill!"

Wedding Bells.

The wedding of Miss Kathleen Holley and Mr. P. Hillier took place on October 3rd at Castle Street Baptist Chapel. Miss Holley, who has been a member of the Office Staff for over 11 years, was presented with a canteen of cutlery and a rose-bowl by her many friends in the Firm. The happy couple have our best wishes for their future happiness.

Miss Francis Comley and Mr. F. Corrick, of the Pie Dept., were presented with a teapot and an oak overmantel, on the occasion of their wedding. Miss Comley had four years' service with the Firm, and Mr. Gunning conveyed our good wishes when making the presentation.

Miss Madge Burt, also of the Pie Dept., after five years' service, was the recipient of a handsome copper box curb and companion set, on the occasion of her wedding to Mr. H. Lawrence, of the Sausage Dept. The happy couple have our best wishes for their future happiness.

* * *

WHO WROTE IT?

There are tens of thousands of poems the authorship of which no one knows, and possibly never will know. The following is one of them :—

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favoured as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed,
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend,
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence where I should defend.

Let me to-night look back across the span
Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say:
Because of some good act to beast or man,
The world is better that I lived to-day.

The Broad Highway.

WHEN we were last writing we were just at the beginning of the great Bacon push. Prices have continued on approximately the same level as Danish for some weeks and we have certainly reaped the benefit and obtained conclusive proof that English Bacon is still the more popular if the price is anything like competitive.

With the prospect of continued good supplies of pigs at reasonable cost and some indication that Danish prices are not likely to break to any great extent, we are hoping that the present conditions may continue for some time to come, with the fervent hope that we shall never again see 30/- and 40/- margins.

The present Bacon position could not have occurred at a better time. We secured the benefit of the Scotch seasonal trade and it also ensured a record London Grocers' Exhibition. The Exhibition will be described in greater detail elsewhere, suffice it to say here that we never had a better dressed Stand or one that was more convenient from every point of view.

It was good to meet so many of our friends of the Broad Highway and to see how keen everyone was that the show should be the best ever. The Harris stand becomes each year more and more so the centre of attraction and is eagerly sought out by buyers from all over the country.

OFFICE RULES.

By a Broad Highwayman.

(1) Gentlemen entering the Office will please leave the door wide open.

(2) Those having no business will please call often, remain as long as possible, take a chair and make themselves comfortable.

(3) Gentlemen are required to smoke, especially during Office hours.

(4) Havanas and Newspapers supplied.

(5) The money in the Office is not intended for business purposes; it is solely to lend.

(6) Talk loud and whistle, especially when others are engaged; if this has not the desired effect, sing.

(7) Put your feet on the tables, or lean on the desks, it will be of great assistance to those writing upon them.

(8) Having no occupation for our Office Boy, he is entirely at the service of callers.

(9) The following are kept at the Office for public convenience—a stock of umbrellas (silk), all the local Newspapers, Time Tables, Bus, Tram and all other Guides and Directories, also a supply of Note-paper, Envelopes and Stamps.

N.B.—Private Note-paper for Private letters may also be had if desired.

(The above were compiled by a Broad Highwayman. No doubt the modest, shrinking Office Staff will rise to the occasion.)

Pigs.

The Agricultural Census taken on the 4th June shows an increase in the pig population of approximately 10 per cent., and this would seem to indicate that breeders and feeders have some confidence in future markets. As is usual at this time of the year, pigs have been in plentiful supply, and although prices are lower, they have not dropped to any alarming extent. We are particularly glad that this is so, as with the high prices of feeding stuffs, feeders cannot well afford to take too low a price. The long expected drop in the price of various feeding cereals seems near at hand; in fact, it is now possible to buy forward for October or November deliveries at considerably reduced prices.

Those of our friends who feed in a scientific manner will appreciate the following extract from the "Daily Express" :—

What is Time to a Hog?

A scientist, who was full of theories about feeding animals, was spending a few days in the country. One morning he watched a farmer feeding his pigs.

"It is all wrong," he said, "to give those animals uncooked food. If you cooked it first they'd digest it in half the time."

"Suppose they did," said the farmer; "what is time to a hog?"

L.A.T.

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Friends Elsewhere.

THIS month we want to have a word with our "Friends Elsewhere," with reference to the Winter months.

It is admitted that the opportunities for communal gatherings are not so great as here in Calne. It is felt, however, that some organised social activity would be another link, binding our Branches to the parent body. The idea appeals to many of our friends and they have asked for suggestions. In doing this, one is handicapped by lack of information regarding local conditions and existing institutions.

The first thing to consider is what to go in for. We would suggest a general social club. This automatically brings up the question of accommodation, and a suitable room should be obtained. It should be fairly large so that the members are comfortable and the room not crowded. The club should be a mixed one, as it is evident that in many of our Branches the Staff is not sufficient to run two clubs. It is not advisable to have the club open every night, and arrangements should be made for definite nights. By having "open" nights, during which members could bring along their wives or friends, popularity would be added to the club.

Now comes the question of organisation. It is a mistake to have big Committees and numerous Officials. A small, enthusiastic Committee, under capable Chairmanship, together with a Secretary and Treasurer, will do far more good than a large cumbersome Committee with its many meetings.

The actual social activity adopted, naturally, depends upon the requirements of the members, but the following general suggestions may be useful. That there should be facilities for games is self evident, but do let these games be many and varied. We are not all Whist "fans"; try cribbage and such-like games as well. Chess and Draughts are also desirable, but do not despise the humbler parlour games. It may sound childish, but "Snakes and Ladders" cause more hearty laughs than the sternest Chess battle, and laughter and fun should predominate in our Social Club. Many other things will, no doubt, occur to our friends.

An occasional social evening, when the talents, musical and otherwise, of our friends find an outlet, adds to the popularity of our club. Special nights for Whist Drives and Concerts are further suggestions. Dances, at a first glance, appear difficult to arrange. We would suggest a gramophone as one of the first essentials to ensuring a successful dance. In a small hall the music is sufficient and quite a change from the piano for every dance. Someone should be appointed O.C. gramophone and it would be his duty to beg, borrow or otherwise obtain a gramophone. The records would, no doubt, be offered in sufficient numbers, to last the evening, by various club members and friends.

We think we have said enough to show the possibilities of social activity at our Branches, and we are sure they can rely on the hearty co-operation of the parent body —The Harris Welfare Association.

* * *

BRISTOL.

We were pleased to receive a visit from an old friend, Mr. Walker, from Dunmow, who called on us while in Bristol.

We congratulate our colleague, Miss Baggs, whose Guide Company were successful in winning the Swimming Challenge Shield of Bristol.

* * *

CHIPPENHAM.

The holiday season has now come to an end, and all the staff, both indoor and outdoor, have settled down to their respective duties anxious for a good supply of pigs, an



Two of our Chippenham friends on holiday.

increasing output, and a busy time generally from now until the next break in the usual business routine at Christmas.

During September the margin in price between "Royal Wilts" and Danish was smaller than has operated for a very long period, and as a result our orders were much

larger, and this, coupled with a better supply of pigs, has kept the Factory in full work throughout the month, which is to the good of everyone.

One of our representatives since August 1st has been successful in opening 37 absolutely new accounts, and re-opening with an additional eleven customers whose accounts had lapsed, an achievement of which he may well be proud, and on which he is deserving of our heartiest congratulations. That it is possible to do real good business in an article which for quality, selection and flavour is second to none, we think is clearly shown by this record. To our representatives who are readers of these notes we would say, "Be determined to demonstrate your ability as salesmen and go and do likewise."

Our Sausage Season has opened well, and we have already received many high commendations as to quality. We anticipate a good season's trade in this department.

W.V.L.

* * *

DUNMOW.

I should not be one bit surprised to receive a polite note from the Editor in the morning asking when my notes for this issue are likely to be posted—already they are two days overdue, and may arrive just too late.

We are now able to report a full staff for the first time since June, and as the months recently left behind have been some of the busiest known here each absentee, in his or her turn, has been greatly missed.

The last but one holiday maker from this office rather fancied three instead of the usual two weeks' rest and change, so thoughtfully arranged to fall off a tram two days before return to business should have taken place. An arm was badly grazed and bruised, which meant an extra week to recover. Things might easily have been much more serious, so we'll say no more about it.

Writing October notes so late does not really give me a leg to stand on, but nevertheless I wonder how many there are like me who would welcome an earlier Magazine publication each month?

It would, I think, be nice if we could have it at least a few days before the Editor sends along his reminder for next month's copy. It would, I feel sure, help those of us who sit gnawing the ends of our pens each month wondering what to send as copy. As things stand, it means that an article or item in September issue cannot possibly be commented upon until the November issue—two months later—and by that time ofttimes it is either forgotten or allowed to slip by.

What does Mr. Editor think about this, please?

E.W.W.

HIGHBRIDGE.

We feel sure our friends will join us in congratulating two of our staff in their recent successes.

Mr. A. C. Chedzoy, in the Burnham Show, secured 7 Firsts, 1 Second, 1 Third, 2 Highly Recommended and 1 Commended, and in the Pinton Show 4 Firsts, 2 Seconds, and 1 Third.

Mr. E. Cann, in the Burnham Show, secured 6 Firsts, 1 Second, and 2 Thirds; in the Pinton Show 2 Firsts; and in the Bridgwater Show 2 Seconds and 2 Thirds.

(We should welcome entries from the above gentlemen in our next Flower Show. —Ed.)

* * *

IPSWICH.

The month of September is with us once again, and although with feelings of regret we have to realise that summer is practically over; when we have such beautiful weather as we have experienced this year we cannot help feeling that September is really a delightful month.

It does, however, bring us to the point that we are now actually facing the winter months, and many of us in our calculations have already to take Christmas into account.

For one thing, September brings the sausage season along once more, and we all start the new season with hopes of increased business exceeding all previous records.

Then again, in September comes the Grocers' Exhibition, which is always an interesting event. Those attending at the very attractive Harris Stand renew old friendships, both personal and business, and there is also the opportunity for all to meet our chiefs.

The Harris Stand was one of the most attractive at the Exhibition. All the goods were most effectively displayed, and many were the expressions of admiration to be heard from the public generally, as well as

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the trade, at the inviting range of goods so excellently displayed.

We understand that the volume of business transacted was highly satisfactory, and it is very gratifying to realise that now the price of Harris bacon compares so favourably with popular imported brands the trade generally welcomes the opportunity of encouraging the public to buy the home-produced article. The trade freely expressed its pleasure in increasing its business in Harris bacon, and almost without exception stated the hope that the present competitive position would continue.

The attractive display of coal black Bradenham Hams, also Seager's Suffolk Hams, both flanking the Harris Stand, also proved of great interest to the trade, and we understand the business transacted was very satisfactory.

Nothing of very great importance has happened at the Factory, but we are looking forward to increased business all round, whilst present conditions obtain.

Ipswich appears to be a very desirable place just now, judging by the anxiety to obtain business premises in the town. We hear of a good many changes, both actually in progress and pending. The old established business of Messrs. Limmer and Pipe, on the Cornhill, where this well-known business has been established for a great number of years, has been sold, we understand, to Messrs. Footman, Pretty and Company, a branch of the Drapery Trust, as also has the adjoining shop occupied by Messrs. Salmon and Gluckstein. Messrs. Limmer and Pipe, we understand, have acquired more commodious premises in the Butter Market, where they will shortly open their grocery, provision and catering business on a very large scale.

Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. have opened a very large restaurant in the town, and Boots (Cash Chemists), also J. Sainsbury, have both acquired further very commodious premises.

This certainly indicates that Ipswich, as a business centre, is becoming of much greater importance.

Wedding Bells at Ipswich.

We extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Mr. E. Sharpe and Miss Grace Spall on the occasion of their marriage. Both have been employed in the Small Goods Department for some considerable time, and as a token of goodwill they were presented by Mr. Ludgate, on behalf of their fellow-workers throughout the Factory, with a bronze kerb, half a dinner service, a trinket set and an alarum clock. It was thought that the latter would be found very useful.

* * *

LONDON.

This note is written just when the glories of an exceptional Summer are fading into October chills. The last week in September; the best that remains of Summer are the few precious hours of Summer-time and in a day or so we alter our time-keepers and face the coming of the dark Winter days.

From a purely business view a splendid Summer has, in some ways, proved disappointing. Day by day the Press has reported outbreaks of illness, which some people attribute to food poisoning. The immediate consequence of all the newspaper talk has been that the public has got a bad scare, and as some, at least, of the reported cases of illness have been more or less traced to the supplies of imported food stuffs, people have been very difficult; and Cowcross Street, in common with other Wholesale Houses, has had great trouble. However, nothing is quite so bad that it might not be much worse, and, if our imported trade has been difficult to run, the difficulties have but tended to help the other and more important side. So it is that this year's Grocers' Exhibition has been opened and is being, as I write, carried on with most exceptional opportunities for the Wiltshire Bacon Trade. Supplies are large and on all sides the Retail Trade is deserting Imported goods and making a leading feature of our Home grown produce.

A detailed report of the Exhibition will, no doubt, appear in the Magazine. One can at the moment only write of what we anticipate. Year by year, as our experience of these Exhibitions grows, we are able to improve in detail, and so this year, although the Exhibition is on the same lines and on the same site as last year, yet those who have handled the display of the goods have been able to add small improvements here and there, so that one may safely say that this year's stall is the best yet. We Londoners look to the Grocers' Exhibition not

only as a means of increasing our trade, but also because our Travelling Staff come along and give us the opportunity to renew old ties and old friendships. As the years pass, we are glad to see the old familiar faces. Staff changes, if any, are not noticeable at this Show; all the old crew have appeared again and all in the best of good form. All of them bring to the Exhibition a host of customers, so we Cockney men get a chance of personal introduction to our customers, who come to the stall from the four quarters of the British Isles. It adds to the general interest to be able to get first hand opinions from all the Shires and Counties. Perhaps, it may be, that a Lancastrian rolls up. We might regard him with awe and respect, for has it not been said that what Lancashire says to-day, England will say to-morrow? But in the Bacon Trade, Lancashire says what England has said for the past 100 years or so. Lancashire, in fact, produces no new slogan, but merely repeats the well known words, though perhaps in a broader sounding speech than our soft lisped Southern tongue, "Harris Bacon! Yes lad, take it from me, Harris Bacon is the best." And so say all of us.

R.E.H.

* * *

REDRUTH.

In connection with the Redruth and District Homing Society's long distance race of 213 miles, from Reading to Redruth, the first prize, a silver cup, was secured by Mr. J. Merritt. The pigeon was trained by Mr. Geo. Webb, who is also an employee at the factory here. These two gentlemen have held the record for speed flying throughout the season, one bird covering the journey from Reading to Redruth in just under three hours in a previous race.

Our cricketing friends in Calne will, no doubt, be interested to know that the Redruth (East End) Cricket Club have won the League Championship and Silver Cup in the Truro and District League. Their success is of particular interest to us, as the team is largely comprised of members of our Staff at Redruth.

Leslie Hocking, the Captain, who received the Cup on behalf of the team, is our chief executioner (sticker); Jack Cook and Jack Salter, from the slaughter gang, and W. H. Hall, from the Lard dept., are also members of the team. W. Edward Faull, our despatch clerk, was wicket keeper for two seasons, but has been unable to turn out this year; whilst Joe Perry, another of our stalwarts, holds the arduous office of team umpire in a most creditable manner.

At a supper, celebrating the victory, the Chairman of the Urban District Council spoke highly of their sportsmanship, and we join with him in congratulating the team on their achievement.

OLD SPORT.

It is not often that one hears of Railway accidents occurring in these days of safe transit, but last month a truck of coal consigned to the Redruth factory became derailed just outside Truro, with the result that traffic was dislocated for some hours. The coal was subsequently re-trucked, with the addition of a quantity of stone and about a ton was lost by the wayside.

We are glad to say that the supply of pigs continues on the good side and our killings, subsequently, are well maintained.

As a visitor to the Grocers' Exhibition, the writer was impressed by the exhibit of the Parent Company. It is refreshing to be able to say that the standard of excellence is more than maintained, especially in connection with the display of Fresh Goods, Pies and Sausages. Being to a certain extent an outsider, one is able to see better any improvements made in the manufacture of the various commodities. The improvement in the finish of the article was most pronounced and several of the Fresh Goods lines were altogether better, both in manufacture and in turn-out. As far as can be seen from a brief survey of goods turned out by other firms, we have nothing to fear on the score of quality or appearance. All that remains is to increase the output in the same manner as the quality of the goods has progressed.

I trust that our friends who are responsible for this will not need a larger size in hats, but the display certainly was worthy of their efforts.

CORNUBIAN.

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TOTNES.

It has always been the custom in this district to regard the Totnes races as the close of the summer season, but although this event took place early in September the glorious summer weather has certainly shown no signs of coming to an end up to the time of writing. This has proved very beneficial to our home trade, having doubtless caused many visitors to prolong their stay in Sunny Devon.

With good supplies of pigs available there has been a very welcome period of activity in the factory.

Apropos of pigs, we recently received quite a startling request from one of our Agents, which illustrates how the omission of a word can alter the meaning of a sentence. This is what we found written prominently across a trucking advice :—

"Please kill Mr. ——— at once as he is very suspicious."

A careful examination of the truck was made when it was discovered that Mr. ——— had not arrived with the pigs, and as none of us at Totnes are of a really bloodthirsty nature, the suspicious one is still alive.

W.J.T.

* * *

Just Between Ourselves.

THE month of October seems to herald in the activities that we associate with the dark months of the year.

Saturday afternoons see some of us enjoying a good game of Hockey, which, to be truly enjoyable, matters not so much whether we win or lose, so long as the game is a good one. By that I do not mean that it is immaterial whether we win or not; everyone is out to win, but many of the most enjoyable games and those looked back on with pleasure, are those hard fought struggles, when the victory has just eluded us, probably by one goal.

Others who do not play Hockey will probably find their recreation in long tramps, and find life very well worth living, as they fill their lungs with pure, fresh air and set the blood dancing through their veins.

May I give a word of advice to those who do not play hockey, and do not care for walking. Probably the former is too strenuous, but there is no excuse why you should not go in for the latter, which, after all, is the oldest and most natural form of exercise. Don't "waste" your precious Saturday afternoons. *Do* something. Get out into the fresh air, and do not be content with walking up and down one street. Go for a real tramp; take notice of all the interesting things you can see even during a quick walk, the different birds you meet, the wonderful colours in the hedges and trees. You will be amply repaid by the feeling of fitness which will help you through the next week.

And then the long dark evenings—how cosy to sit round the fire with book or work or pleasant chatter, to say nothing of the other delights of parties and dances, and the whisper of Christmas in the air.

Certainly, although summer is delightful (and this year has been one of the best), yet winter with its entirely different pleasures deserves a welcome too, and can be enjoyed as much as summer.

The great thing is to make up one's mind to get the very best possible out of the dark months, and then we shall be ready to enjoy summer delights to a greater degree when the time comes round for them.

Anyhow, here's to the winter of 1928, and may it be the most enjoyable we have ever spent!

"MARIAN."

* * *

OUR COOKERY CORNER.

I have no Recipes this month, but a very interesting question has been submitted to me. I will quote from the letter I have received :—"A friend of mine enjoys Harris Chipolatas regularly, but dislikes eating skin. Does one require to consume the skin to get the meat, or is there a special way of cooking these whimsical delicacies which will coax the skin off?"

I shall be very much obliged if someone can help my friend, and incidentally his friend, out of their difficulties.

* * *

LIST OF WELDONS' BOOKS.

Ladies' Journal.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Children's Fashions.
Bedroom Slippers.

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2. —— NO. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

WE have received a complaint! As it may be an expression of what other of our readers have thought, we ask your leave to consider same. The complaint was to the effect that it would be so much better if our Magazine appeared earlier in the month. The request is quite reasonable, and we only wish it were possible to do this. Unfortunately, there are factors which operate against this, and perhaps if we explain the procedure in making up and printing the Magazine our readers will understand. Many people have said to us, "It must be a job, doing the Magazine." Yes, it is a job, but the various expressions of pleasure we receive compensate us for any effort we put forth. Now as to the difficulties. We fix a definite date for receiving reports from secretaries and contributions from our branches. We have to make the date somewhat early owing to some of our friends needing reminders that "copy" is overdue. It is necessary that our various activities are recorded and the late "copy" cannot be held over. Then the MSS. has to be edited, and in some cases re-arranged suitably. The next step is the typing of the MSS., from which the printers set up the type. The type is set up by outside printers and proofs are sent to us. These proofs have to be read, and any corrections noted. We have then to fit the type into columns, pages and so on. This type cannot be put up anyhow, and attention has to be given to the appearance and general make-up of the Magazine. As soon as the pages are ready, "pulls" are made and read over to make sure all is correct. Now comes the awkward time for our printing department. The printing of the Magazine has to be fitted in with other work and, more often than not, urgent printing work keeps all our machines going, and we have to wait or "sandwich" our Magazine printing in between. Such are, briefly, our difficulties, but we are endeavouring to make a definite publishing day—the 24th of the month. Should we be late, however, we ask you to bear in mind this little homily. In conclusion, we would ask everyone to help by sending in their contributions early.

Between Ourselves.

IN some respects November is, of all the months of the year, extraordinarily interesting.

In pre-war days, if one spoke of it, say, in June, its notoriety for fog was one's parallel thought. That curious and distasteful association still applies, but for ten years the month has risen above all others in overriding significance.

Once again we have just remembered the Sacrifice of 1914/1918, and in view of the drift of current events, thinking men and women are asking anxiously whether we have really seen the last of Great Wars.

To speak merely of material things, none of us in our time will see the rebuilding of the waste of material wealth that, taken to its last analysis, did no one any good, whilst the gap caused by the passing of our million dead has robbed our National life to an untold extent.

It is a matter for rejoicing that November 11th has long since passed as an occasion for jingoistic celebrations of Victory: it now stands as the opportunity for a Sacrament of Remembrance and Resolve.

The signatures to Pacts and Treaties can never, of themselves, secure freedom from War. The essential factor is the recognition and practice of the principles of Peace by the individual. A people at peace within their own borders will not lightly allow their progress to be retarded by any war that is not in defence of the weak or for the sake of a great moral principle.

The cause of national unity on essentials is, therefore, of paramount importance, and at no time in English history has this been more pressing than it is to-day.

This has been at the back of the minds of some of us who have worked for the creation of the atmosphere in which the material problems of our Companies and our Employees may be discussed freely, intelligently and to their solution. To the extent to which we all assist to that end, we make our contribution to the unity of the Nation and the general cause of Peace.

In a Nation, between two friends, in the family circle, or in an industry, it is in times of unrest that suspicion and enmity are born, and these are the elemental principles of what we call War.

We shall best serve our day and the generations yet to be by devotion to those factors that were properly remembered on Armistice Sunday.

And November has another significance. It is the active period of the municipal life, when elections take place and when Mayors don their robes and chain—and when some, with grateful memories of all who have helped them in civic service, lay them down. I was privileged to represent the town of Calne and convey a message from the Corporation on the night of November 9th at the banquet given in Totnes to celebrate Mr. Powney's election as Mayor. I also expressed the warm regards and congratulations of all who are associated with our firm everywhere.

It may be enough to say that from what I observed of the new Mayor of Totnes on that memorable evening the old borough has found a Chief Magistrate who, with the utmost dignity, ability and tactful humour, will worthily rank as the 550th holder of the office in that town.

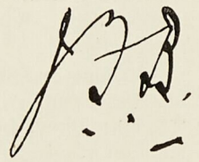
But November has yet another word. This year she has to some extent successfully endeavoured to disguise herself in the garb of autumn and even yet holds on to a few green and golden leaves here and there. Yesterday she gave us the greatest storm of the century; to-day she rolled her clouds back in a wonderful imitation of a summer day.

Mistress November has been in petulant and contradictory mood. She reminds one of a self-conscious artiste appearing near the end of a play to find a tired and expectant audience waiting for the settlement of all their doubts and fears when the curtain rises on the last act.

And this spirit is upon us all who are preparing our individual stock taking for 1928. "Another month to go! Can we make up our totals of achievement to tally with the estimates we framed on January 1st?"

A very fine train used to be timed to leave Swindon at 3.45. If it started on time it almost invariably reached Paddington before it was due at 5. A great performance! I have known it to leave Swindon seven minutes late and yet to be at London by 5. It made up for its initial deficiency.

I'm not so sure that even accellerated speed in December can do that for us humans: but anyhow, let's have a shot at it.



* * *

By the Way.

The Needlecraft Class is advertised at "2d. per night for 6 attendances, afterwards free." We propose to start on the seventh night.

* * *

We believe parties are arranged during early January for the express purpose of visiting the Bristol pantomines. Is it not possible for this to be undertaken and advertised by the Pastimes Section of the H.W.A.?

* * *

"Lost—2 Canaries," was followed a week later by "Lost—a ginger kitten." The material in these two notices would gladden the hearts of our writers of detective thrillers. The title could be, "Was it remorse."

* * *

We recently saw a letter which ended: "and there would be no doubt about the goods going wrong in the future." Doubtless there is no doubt a doughty member of the staff doubted whether, "no doubt," without doubt, conveyed the meaning intended.

* * *

It is not good manners to lean against one's doorpost when talking to callers. We consider just retribution overtook an offender in this respect. Standing on all-twos returning thanks for a hoe was too tiring, so he leaned, but—he forgot there were eggs in his jacket pocket. Result—omelettes and a hasty retreat. Ho! Ho!

"Jeanne" sends us the following: What animal has death no effect on? A pig; because directly you have killed him you can cure him and save his bacon. There are two sides to this question, "Jeanne!"

* * *

Were the remarks of our Totnes friend "Sweet and Low" or "Ivan Lowe" when he found the stray cat and dog had chosen a pet portion of his garden as a prize ring?

* * *

We are told that the quietest half-hour the Office has ever known was during the inaugural meeting of the V.A.D.

* * *

When at your work it is not advisable to let your thoughts wander. A friend of ours who evidently did this made the following entry: "½ year's Quart Rent," and this was not during the thirsty season.

TOTNES CARNIVAL.



A Miniature Wedding.

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Our Motor Corner.

Skidding.—This is not necessarily due to worn tyres. The most prevalent, yet unsuspected, cause is a badly adjusted or worn steering head and column. In new bikes these should be regularly examined for "play" and same "taken up," and the whole working parts regularly lubricated. In old bikes, ball races and cups should be replaced if worn, and well greased. A properly adjusted steering head will allow riding "hands-off."

The "Fly Squad."—Scotland Yard's "Flying Squad" are being equipped with fast light cars, capable of 70 miles per hour. This is likely, in all human possibility, to provide a nice problem before very long. Quite rightly, the drivers of these cars take no heed of speed limits, or of the directions of traffic policemen, but have instructions to keep at least a car's length behind any car in front, so that in a traffic block they can shoot over to the opposite side of the road and so break through. Sooner or later there may be a first-class "smash." It will be interesting to see if damages could be obtained against the police, because it might, reasonably, be argued that a Flying Squad driver is not driving "negligently"—the factor which decides liability—if he is in pursuit of a criminal.

Petrol Pumps.—Our old, "round-faced" pal is again in trouble. This time a self-appointed "Clean up England" Conference has condemned him, and a letter is to be sent to the A.A. and the R.A.C. suggesting that their members should not, except in cases of extreme necessity, buy petrol from any garage which disfigures a country road. There is confusion here. Is it the petrol pump or the garage that is the culprit? If the garage is to blame, why is the petrol pump so often singled out for abuse?

Progress.—The Port Talbot Motor Club (of which the writer is a member) is really a young club, only having commenced its operations a season or two ago. So successful were their efforts on the Aberavon Sands and their reliability trials that they are now about to complete arrangements with the Aberavon Rugby Football Club for the joint control of the latter club's fine football ground in that town. The ground is used in winter for football, but I understand that the motor club will be able to run some high-class grass-track racing once or twice a week during the greater part of the year.

More Noise?—You may buy a car for a "song," but someone simply has to supply the "notes."

"Come on, Steve."—A lady member of our local club calls the brakes of her car "her kimono" because it is something she slips on in an emergency. She also carries in her car a hand mirror—to see if its "bonnet" is on straight!

Tyres Reduced.—This is the only occasion we like to see them "down."

"I got a Motto."—The rears and bodies of several cars and combinations recently were adorned with the following:—"7 days in this makes one weak." "Four wheels, four brakes and four more instalments to pay." "I ain't a-going to run much more."

Answers to Correspondents.

"E.W.W." (Dunmow).—Very many thanks for your queries re "Harris Motor Club." Your impatience only shows your sincere interest in our movement, which I feel sure will be evolved in time for the spring. The writer is handicapped, momentarily; he is residing and working in West Wales. I am hoping to get the H.W.A. to start a central body at Calne first, to which we provincial branches can later join. In the meantime, send along something for "Our Corner"; you can help in that way.

LETTERS, etc. (for publication or otherwise in the forthcoming issue should be in our hands at the earliest possibility to ensure attention and to prevent "waiting-over."

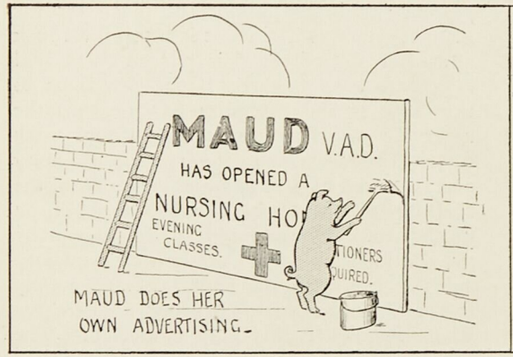
"CARDIFF."—No, I cannot give you the nationality of the Scotsman who has forwarded us £10 towards the formation of our Club!

"EX.DON.R."

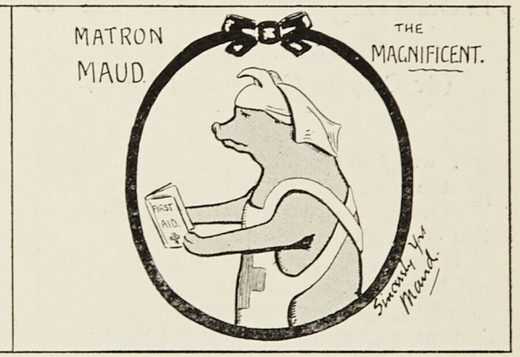
* * *

If only the good would be clever,
If only the clever were good,
The world would be better than ever
We thought that it possibly could.
Alas! it is seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should,
For the good are so hard to the clever,
And the clever so rude to the good.

GRUNTER, PERCY AND MAUD.



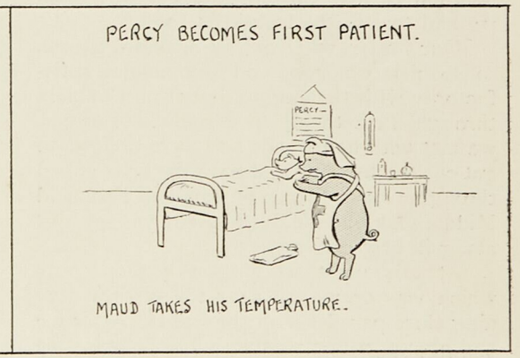
1.--Maud founds a Nursing Institute at Blacklands, where she intends to impart to others her valuable knowledge of Home Nursing and First Medical Aid, so essential in these days.



2.--Mr. George fills the position of first Hon. Chairman and presents the Institute with a large studio portrait of Maud, the founder, by Mr. Y. Plain.



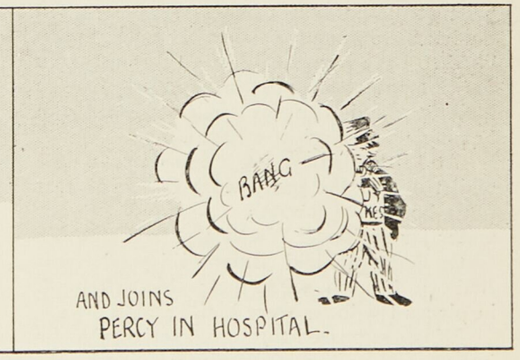
3.--The Hunting Season opens and Percy hires a mount to chase Brer Fox. Unfortunately his horse is not a steeplechaser and Percy parts company at the first jump.



4.--As soon as the accident is known Maud receives many applications from local and district ladies who are anxious to become probationers, and also help in the nursing of Percy.



5.--Grunter feeling lonely decides to amuse himself on the night of the 5th. by keeping up the old tradition of blowing up something, and tries to explode Guy Fawkes on the end of a Rocket.



6.--But the explosion is premature, which blows him out of the picture. He gets badly scorched and knocked about and needs treatment. He therefore joins Percy in the accident ward at Blacklands.

Reading to Bath in a Motor Boat.

(By Captain C. Herbert Smith).

CHAPTER V.

IT was tedious work preparing breakfast the next morning. It was very windy and dull, although later on the wind died down and it became hot again.

It was close on mid-day before we started and before the day closed we accomplished 10 miles, passing through 19 locks and Savernake Tunnel. This was our longest day's journey during the trip.

We had plenty of assistance, which no doubt accounts for our good progress. In addition to Mr. Chivers and our own man we had two of the lock-keepers.

Our first reach from Hungerford Marsh to Cobblers was good and we managed satisfactorily with the engine, but from Cobblers through Picketfield, to Froxfield Bottom, we met with bad weeds and were obliged to get out the tow-line and have the boat pulled through. From thence onwards to Froxfield Middle Oakhill and Little Bedwyn, we got along in first rate style.

At this point we passed a motor car which was drawn up near the stream running close parallel with the Canal. After we had proceeded for another half mile or so we happened to mention the name to our lock-keeper of the General Manager, Sir Felix J. C. Pole. We were then told that we had a short time passed his motor car. Had it been at all possible we would have turned the boat and gone back since we should have liked to have personally thanked him for all the Company had done for us in granting us facilities, and also for their assistance in helping us through the Canal.

At Little Bedwyn we stopped for a time whilst one of the party went to the nearest farm house to purchase eggs and get our water jar re-filled. We then passed through Little Bedwyn Field, Burnt-Mills and Great Bedwyn Church without trouble, although in places the locks were bad.

We next passed through a series of locks known as Crofton. There were nine in all, and as they were only about 100 yards apart we seemed to be coming out of one and preparing to go into the next.

We got to Crofton Top Lock and this is possibly the most important place on the Kennet and Avon, since it is a top level lock and after summit level is passed the Canal begins to drop towards Bath. Previous to this lock is the Pumping Station and the reservoir which supplies the Canal with water. The reservoir is of very large capacity and is served by streams and rivers from the Highlands lying towards Salisbury Plain on the South. It is situated so that it can by gravitation supply the Canal on the Newbury side; it was also the source of the supply to the Canal as far as Kintbury, where the River Kennet is partially canalised. The supply, however, for the top level is supplied by the pumping station at Crofton. Unfortunately, when we arrived at the pumping station it was after 5 o'clock and the place was closed. Otherwise, our lock-keeper informed us he would have been pleased to have allowed us to look over the station, which would have been of considerable interest since the engines which were put in when the Canal was made some 100 years ago are still working, and are among the few old beam engines still existing in this country.

Two locks before you get into the Crofton top lock you pass through a very deep reach which is supplied by the reservoir mentioned.

From this reach there is a conduit deep down underground which leads under the pumping station, and the water is raised by pumps into an open channel which flows by gravitation into the far side of Crofton top lock.

On emerging from Crofton top lock the Canal made up for its kindness by presenting us with the worst patch of weed we had met during the whole of the trip. Even with towing we could not see how we were going to get through. There was not a space of a yard square where water was visible, and one might have been looking on some derelict field. However, we had proceeded so far and had to go on. All hands went ashore except the Steersman, to get us through this mass of weed. After a terriffic struggle we managed it. The weed extended in this condition right up to within a few yards of Savernake Tunnel. Our boat is not like a barge, and having a propellor underneath it the weeds cling, and the farther you go the more you collect. We dragged out, by the roots, yards and yards of the Company's weeds, and it is a wonder the tow-line stood the strain, and the stanchion on which the tow-line was fixed remained fast. The lock-keeper at Crofton was delightful. Full of reminiscences and jocular tales, and for 50 years in the Company's service. It was a pleasure to be addressed once more in the broad Wiltshire dialect, which he possessed to a marked degree. We were now left with our own party and Mr. Chivers to struggle through these weeds as best we could. As soon as we were into water again we had to bring the boat alongside to clear the propellor. This took us a good half an hour, and when we had finished there was quite a big heap on the bank. We took great pains in this clear-up as our next stretch was through Savernake Tunnel, and we were careful to see that everything was in first rate order before we ventured through. At last all was ready and we got on board, started the engine and pushed off into mid-stream. We got her into a good position, pointing straight for the mouth of the tunnel, through which at the far end we could just see a speck of light about the size of a pigeon's egg. Through Savernake Tunnel was undoubtedly the most interesting of the whole trip, and we were excited at the prospect.

Through the tunnel there was a good depth of water and no weeds. It was a most uncanny experience. Once inside, the sound of the engine (which in the open air is not oppressive) created a roar. We had to steer by keeping the light straight ahead and inside the tunnel it was not possible to see the engine controls. We had therefore to arrange these by touch. We were somewhat nervous that the engine might let us down half way through, and had this happened we should have been in an unpleasant situation. The tunnel is between a quarter and a half mile long and had the engine broken down we should have had to paddle the boat through the whole of the length, which would have taken us a very long time besides being very hard work. There is no reason to dwell on this, since the engine did her work well, and we went through in first rate form. It was most interesting as we got near the end, and the light got larger, to gradually emerge once more into daylight and to hear the sound of the engine die away. To pass through Savernake Tunnel is an event very few people now living can have experienced. From the tunnel onwards the Canal is in a deep cutting overhung by trees on both sides. I have previously mentioned beautiful parts of the Canal, especially the Kintbury reach, but there is nothing on the Canal which is quite so unique or attractive as that portion of it which lies just beyond Savernake Tunnel, towards Bath.

The hour was now late, and after proceeding about a quarter of a mile beyond the tunnel we decided we could not possibly find a more attractive place to spend the night, so we brought the boat alongside and tied her up for the evening. We were not so late that evening nor were we so tired. Beyond the bad patch of weeds we met with outside Crofton top lock we had not been so seriously troubled with these abominations.

Before turning in for the night we had to pay off Mr. Chivers. Not having sufficient change for this purpose we had to walk back a mile and a half to the Savernake Hotel to produce this, and at the same time we had our water jar re-filled. This was accomplished after some trouble with the Hotel Manager over breaking up a £5 note for whom, he doubtless thought, was a tramp from the road. Anyway, we returned to find some of the party had already lit the stove, but as they had never handled this before, and the wicks had not been re-placed correctly, no result had been achieved. This was remedied and soon the kettle boiled and supper was served in most delightful and pleasant surroundings. Eventually we got aboard when it was dark, and soon passed into the realms of slumber for the night. Next day we were due back home and we had planned to take our boat as far as Messrs. Robbins, Lane and Pinniger's place at Honeystreet Wharf.

(*To be continued.*)

* * *

Although there are about 3,000,000 baby carriages in the kingdom, the industry's history never seems to have been told. In 1780, the first "pram" was built for Georgina Dorothy Cavendish, daughter of the Fifth Duke of Devonshire. Two were constructed by a coachmaker, and both are still preserved at Chatsworth.

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Is Present-day Education worth while?

I SHOULD like, if I may and space permits, to be allowed to write a few lines in reply to the comments of Eddie Kashon on my recent article dealing with the above question. It would appear from these comments that there are points in my article which are not quite clear. My reply to the original question was in the affirmative.

To be entirely critical is easy enough and we know well the type of mind that is constantly critical of any form of Government, whatever shape those forms may take. To my mind, broadly speaking the Educational system of our own land is very good. There are, however, details which, to my way of thinking, would be better for re-adjustment. That our system is not absolutely defective is surely shown by the undoubted fact that of all people the English are most adaptable as colonists. But there are a few screws which appear to be in need of re-adjustment to make our educational machine work to better advantage. One of these is that mentioned by Eddie Kashon, that matter of the teaching of foreign languages. I said that we English people do not speak foreign languages well. Candidly, do we? Eddie Kashon replies, "and yet foreign languages have been taught in the schools for years." I know, I spent hours of my school-time at that job, but the results do not allow me to converse very freely when I go to France or Switzerland. The teaching of French in our schools does not seem to produce effective results. How is that? Partly it is because of *environment*. Look at the map of Europe. England is a sea-girt Isle isolated from the main land by a belt of salt water. Switzerland set around on every side by foreign countries. Our Englishman, in whatever county he may reside, may take his week-end recreation by motoring or walking. The man of Surrey may go into Kent and so on through Sussex to Hampshire. The Yorkshireman into Lancashire; but his week-end only serves to take him into touch with his own people. How different in Switzerland. A brief spin and we are out of Switzerland into Germany or France or Italy. What happens then? Does a mile of roadway in Switzerland pass a traveller, in a moment of time, from one set of conditions and language to another? Of course not. Right back throughout the Ages the communications and familiarity with the neighbouring villages and towns along Continental frontiers has been going on. The results flowing from these different conditions must, surely, be apparent, and are not only apparent but extraordinarily effective. It means, in the working out, that I can jog along fairly comfortably with my one language, but the people in my little village of "A" in Switzerland have intermingled with their near neighbours in Germany "B."

The consequence of this proximity of Continental peoples is that there one has only to hang out one's tongue to catch the accent. Here we swot up foreign languages through the painful mediums of text books and teachers. And I think, if indeed an inexpert may be allowed to be critical, our tendency here is to bother over much about grammar and what our specialists consider to be solid foundations. I would pitch the grammars out of the window and go on with a grounding of purely conversational French and the other and less important part would shape itself. The insistence on grammar makes those of us who know a bit of French shy of airing it through fear of making mistakes, but one remarks that foreigners coming this side are by no means shy of making blunders in the detail of our grammar. Education would be more effective if made more simple, and we need that because of the changes that have occurred in the rapidity with which the means of communication have grown. England is, geographically, still the sea-girt isle, but science has brought the world to our doors, and our old-time isolation has passed.

I would pass here to Eddie Kashon's remark, "It is said very few people can speak English correctly." Speak or write, I suppose? And correctly? Perhaps not correctly! What is the standard? If I were too shy a person, I should not risk to run my pen over paper to help to fill up the "Harris Magazine." If the standard is to be that of Browning and Meredith I had best retire into my shell, for I am aware that not only may I scatter the split infinite broadcast and to the utter disgust of the high-brows and pedants of classic literature, but I may even go so far as to spell a word like parallel incorrectly. If I do, what do I care? Not a whit. But I do care whether or no my meaning is clear to the average English people. Grammar, syntax, spelling may be perfection, but even so may lead to obscurity, over-cleverness and playing conjuring tricks with words and phrases. In all affairs I love best that which is direct and simple. I would plead then for simplicity, and I would advise my contemporaries, the average men, not to be scared off by the high-brows from taking an interest in literature and even from making contributions to our Magazine. And so in all affairs of life. Those who are scared off, for fear lest they should make mistakes, close the door of life to wide fields of interest and in so doing shirk contributing their quota to the common fund.

R.E.H.

* * *

"PERSONALITY."

Our Personality—our Individuality—that strange something which makes us everyone absolutely distinct and separate in our identity from any other living soul in all the teeming millions of mankind.

Of course, in personal appearance there may be, and there often is, someone who resembles us very closely and there are cases almost daily of mistaken identity, but it ends there. There are plenty of self-conscious people about us, but I wonder if we really understand the responsibility that is ours in the daily round of our life.

"No man liveth unto himself," and ceaselessly day by day, as distinct personalities we are living unto others, and very many, if not all, we live and work with are reading our lives. Are not we doing just the same of other people—very often in open criticism and nearly always in quiet thought of their words and actions?

Now if this be true, what a tremendous responsibility is ours. Consciously sometimes, but more often unconsciously, we are exercising an influence upon others' lives, either for good or evil.

Now I have already tried to show we are every one thus living, all bringing to bear upon those about us our "distinct characteristics," "our personality," either for their uplifting or for their undoing. And now, without having any choice in the matter, we have to act our part in the great drama of life, and not only that with inherited tendencies, maybe to weaken our endeavour, rather than to inspire us. And yet we are held responsible for our daily actions. If this be true, it seems hardly fair to very many of us.

As far as my own life's experience goes there is only one remedy for conquering our many weaknesses and to enhearten and strengthen us for the Battle of Life. If we are just constantly longing to live truly and helpfully a sincere and happy life, there shall come to us the Great Governing Principle—to inspire and guide us every hour of every day, let there come to use what there may in the constant change and strange happenings of our lives.

And not only so, with this "coming" there shall remain with us an abiding "joy." One has almost envied some one or another who you realise possesses what you have not—a gladness and winsomeness that does cheer and gladden you on the journey. Admitted we have not all inherited that sunny disposition, those tactful ways of sympathising with and helping one another, and yet I feel sure we every one can acquire that disposition of mind and heart that shall make us channels of blessing to other lives.

Now you may wonder what all this has to do with our daily work and duties in the great businesses to which we are attached. You may say "Sunday is the time for all this." Is it? Are we not spending the greater part of our working days in very close contact with our fellow workers, year after year? Should they not have the very best we can give of our life's influence? And this because our duties shall be carried through in the very best possible way from the standpoint of moral integrity and uprightness.

E.W.

* * *

WHAT MAKES HAPPINESS?

The happiness of life is made up of minute fragments, the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, a kind of look, a heartfelt compliment, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.—Coleridge.

* * *

No matter how much or how little beauty you are endowed with, you are always better looking when you smile.

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Gardening Notes.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

By Amateur Gardener.

WHEN these lines appear in print Flora's Autumn King will be reigning supreme among flowers in the homes and gardens of every part of Britain, admired and prized by all our fellow beings. The Chrysanthemum or "Golden Flower" is justly entitled to be termed "one of the four floral gentlemen," which is the description given to it in the far East, where it is probably more highly esteemed than in any other part of the world. It may not be generally known that the Chrysanthemum is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of all present-day flowers, having a history which goes back over 2,000 years. It was first introduced into this country about the middle of the eighteenth century, but its merits do not appear to have been fully recognised by the gardeners of those days, as nearly a hundred years elapsed before any noticeable progress was made in its cultivation. The first Chrysanthemum Show in England was held at Norwich in 1845, and since that time its popularity has been ever increasing, until to-day it has become indispensable to every flower garden whether situated in the city, suburb or open country. It is suitable for any position except dense shade, and can be grown in pots, window boxes or borders. One of the most striking points about the plant is the ease with which it can be cultivated to suit any requirements. Perhaps the best way to describe this is to say the Chrysanthemum is like clay in the hands of a potter, as with its unfailing good nature it can be made to do almost anything that a plant will do, and this with nothing beyond ordinary attention. Seeing that this floral gentleman will respond in such a remarkable way to methods of treatment which have different purposes in view, it is no wonder that it has become such a favourite with all lovers of the garden. You can have either one or two immense blooms on a plant, or any number even to a hundred or more. If you require a huge plant five to six feet high it is quite easy matter to obtain it; on the other hand, if a medium sized or dwarf specimen of from 12in. to 18in. in height is preferred, well, that can be secured with even less trouble. It goes without saying that every amateur should grow Chrysanthemums, as there is a great fascination in the rearing of such a responsive plant. There will be no dull moments during the gardening year when a commencement has been made, and it can be truthfully said that should the budding enthusiast desire an attack of swelled head then the easiest way to get this is to start growing these fairest flowers of the autumn. You begin with a tiny cutting; pinch off its top, and it answers by branching out and producing two or three stems. You nip these off in turn and again they will double themselves, and so you go on from early spring until mid-June. Eventually you will become the proud possessor of a specimen bearing a dozen or even a score of stems, each with its desired number of blooms. Then comes the "alone I did it" feeling, possibly followed by the writing of a glowing description to the gardening papers, but in the latter case you may end with a heavy fall back to earth, when acquainted with the fact that your great feat has been accomplished many times before.

There can be no question of what the answer would be if you were asked "Would you like to grow a Chrysanthemum bearing over a hundred blooms?" Then why not try to do it. There is no difficult problem in front of you, it is quite simple, but perhaps a few hints may be useful:—

Commence in February with a sturdy shoot about three inches long taken some distance from the old stem, and detached with a few roots on it. Pot this up in a three-inch pot, using a fair amount of sand. As soon as fresh growth appears pinch out the top, allow the side shoots to grow to about six inches long, then transfer into five-inch pot containing a fairly rich mixture with a little quick-acting fertiliser to promote stem growth as quick as possible. Allow a day or so for the plant to settle, then stop the shoots, and when the third series of stems has made similar growth remove into permanent flowering quarters in either a twelve-inch pot or a tub, or deep box, but either must have good drainage. A week later give all shoots the final stopping, which should happen in June, certainly not later than the end of the month. If there are more than 25 to 30 stems, cut out the weakly ones, after which staking should be done, using long canes, the number being equal to the number of stems. They should be radiated out at angles from the central pair, the outer ones being sloped at about 45 degrees, thus forming a symmetrical bush. If the shoots are trained along the canes the latter will be completely hidden by the foliage. A little quick-acting fertiliser is again necessary to aid growth, followed by a slower acting one to produce good blooms. A good compost is a mixture of loam, leaf mould and sand, with a little finely-ground bone meal, in addition to the stimulants mentioned. Watering must be attended to, as the soil must not be allowed to shrink away from the sides of pot or tub; it is only natural that with such enormous growth huge quantities of water will be required. You can scarcely overdo this, as little or no rain can reach the soil. When the buds appear disbudding should be carried out according to the variety chosen, and from then on copious supplies of weak liquid manure should be given. If these simple hints are followed there should result a specimen which will amply repay the grower for the attention given.

A greenhouse or even cold frame, although very helpful, is not absolutely necessary at the outset. Simply place the pots in a sheltered spot, and cover with old sacking or similar on frosty nights, as the plants do not require coddling. But just a note of warning: do not attempt to get one of these giants from the varieties which usually flower in August or September; these are unsuitable, as there is insufficient time for the plants to attain the necessary development. Amongst the varieties most suited to this method of cultivation the following can be recommended, the first-named being, perhaps, the best:—

Jean Pattison (old gold and bronze).
Anthea (peach pink).
Countess (white).
Ethel Harvey (yellow).
Polly (orange).
Champagne (ruby red).
La Pactoli (bronze yellow).

(This interesting article will be continued in our next issue.)

* * *

Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are pleasures.

THE TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

(1) Thou shouldst not leave thy home until the sun is high in the heavens.

(2) Thou art a traveller, thou art IT and there is none like unto thee. Therefore thou shouldst not be in haste. Tarry thou on the road, feasting thine eyes on the beauties of the countryside.

(3) When thou reachest the city, consider thou the abode which is the poshest. Thou art of all men most blest and thou shouldst consider thy comfort.

(4) When thou has satisfied thy "inner man" and done thyself well, thou shouldst recline in the Arms of Morpheus.
(Author's note: Morpheus is not the Maid of Barr.)

(5) When thou dost awaken and find night hath fallen, thou and thy kinsmen shouldst "swap tales." 'Tis thus, in merriment, wilt thou then get thee to thy couch, if thou canst.

(6) When thou payest thy rare visit to the man of business, talkest thou not of thy goods. His time is of great import to him, therefore tarry with him awhile, even though the highways and by-ways are thick with others of thy tribe.

(7) Thou shouldst take no account of epistles from the Tribes of Calne. They are sent thee for thy use and to provide thee with spills for thy pipes.

(8) When thou inscribest on thy tablets to the Tribes of Calne thou shouldst not direct thine epistle to the Tribe thou desirest to receive it. It is a far, far better thing that thine epistle shouldst journey round to all the Tribes than that thou shouldst inscribe thereon the correct Tribe.

(9) When thou receivest thy commission thou shalt quote the profit, saying "Mo Neyforj Am."

(10) When thou sendest in thy report call to thine aid the brothers Grimm.

COUNT TERRBLASTT.

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London Grocers' Exhibition, 1928.

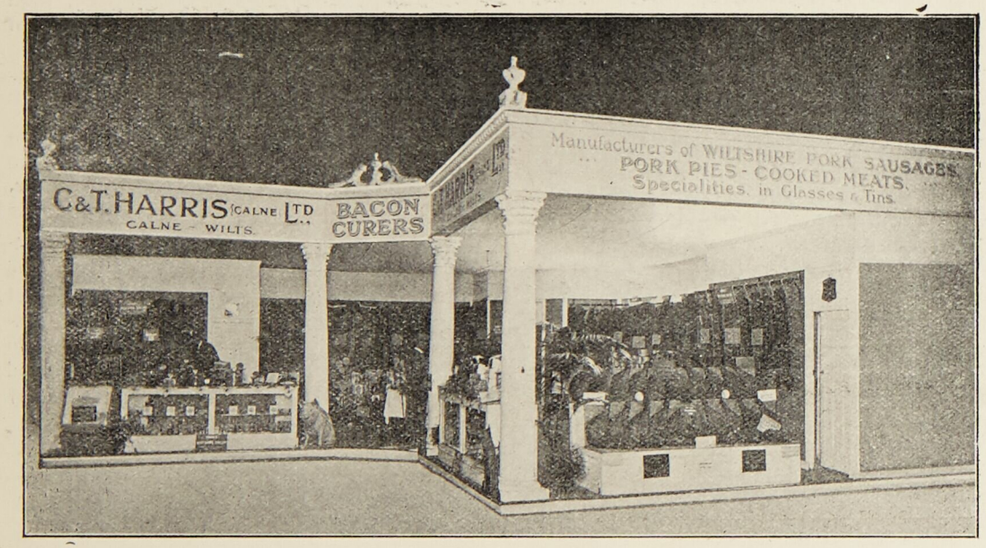
ON this page appears a photograph of the Harris Stand at the 1928 London Grocers' Exhibition. It is difficult to do justice to the exhibit in a mere photograph, as this does not give the true prospective of the depth of the Stand.

The general arrangement was on the same lines as last year, but the back of the stand was further forward to show up the Glasses and Tins to better advantage, and to leave room for increased office accommodation, which was found to be necessary.

the Pig were two Smoked Heads and two Cooked Heads, stuffed and decorated. These features constituted the novelties which it is so desirable to introduce every year. The counters at the front of the Stand held a further display of Cooked Meats, Sausages and Pies, and below were fitted out as illuminated show-cases with displays of Glasses and Tins, thus utilising space which was lost to us in the previous year.

In the main office were pictures of the Calne Factories, together with a complete range of show-cards.

As far as business is concerned the Bacon position could not have been more favourable, and it was possible to bring home the final argument to customers to convince them



Seager's Suffolk Hams, Chaps and Breasts were staged on the left of the stand, changing place with the Bradenham Hams and Chaps, which this year appeared on the right.

The sixty sides of Bacon were hung round the entire length of the Stand, with the Glasses in tiers at the left centre and Tins at the right. There was a display of Cooked Meats on a dining table in the centre of the Stand, at the back of which, on a raised platform, rested a smoked whole pig, which caused much comment and for which a substantial number of orders were booked for the Christmas trade. On each side of

that now is the right time to take up the sale of Harris' Wiltshire Bacon "Crown" Brand, and this possibility was turned to considerable profit by all our representatives. The trade in all the other lines was correspondingly encouraging, and customers from all over the British Isles and, in fact, the world, were interviewed and convinced to the point of placing substantial orders. Altogether we can safely say that the 1928 Exhibition was quite one of the most successful that the firm has ever known, and it was an inspiration to all to sense the spirit of co-operation and mutual support which pervaded the whole atmosphere.

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Photographic Notes.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

We are now very close to Christmas and you should take the opportunity of making your Greeting Cards with the help of your own prints.

A Christmas Card should say a personal greeting, the more personal it is, the better it fulfils its mission. The one you have had a hand in making yourself is in every way to be preferred to one bought ready-made in a shop.

You can either buy slip-in cards and leave it to your photograph to provide the personal touch, or you can design and make the whole card yourself.

The latter, of course, is certainly the more interesting and the results are more individual and distinctive. If you are going to follow it, you will need to start soon to be sure of completing the work in good time.

You can either make your card all photographic or you can use plain card or drawing paper as the frame and mount your photograph on that. That will mean hand work in the way of lettering and design on every individual card. So when a "large edition" is called for, the all photographic way will probably be the most convenient.



"Kodak" Snapshot.

Let me now describe the way to set about making a plain single sheet unfolding card; it is the simplest and one of the most effective types. It will be obvious that the same method, slightly elaborated, can be used to make the more complicated kind of card.

First, obtain a sheet of smooth surface card about 12in. x 8in. Decide on the main features of your card and lightly sketch them on the card. Select the negative you want to use and enlarge it, or if you have not got apparatus for enlarging, get it enlarged so that it will be the right size in proportion to the whole design. Mount this enlargement on the card, then draw in the lettering and design. Use black Indian Ink if your background is a white card, or process white if you have chosen a grey card.

You will probably include a short greeting as a heading, "From . . . .", possibly a quotation, and certainly followed by your name and possibly your address, and "To . . . . .", leaving space for a name to be written in after.

Some decoration will be necessary, if only a line round the photograph—keep it as simple as possible.

Having finished off your large card to your satisfaction, you need to have it photographed. Have a copy negative made from it, the size you want the actual card to be, say 6in. x 4in. Probably you have not so big a camera as this, but your dealer would do the copying and provide you with the negative for a couple of shillings or so.

All that then remains is to print the negative and to trim the print and your own personal greeting cards are ready.

* * *

"Can I borrow your pen, Bob?"

"Certainly."

"Got a sheet of writing paper I can use?"

"Yes. Help yourself."

"Going past the post-office when you go out?"

"I can do."

"Wait a minute till I finish this letter, will you?"

"All right."

"Want to lend me a stamp?"

"Don't mind."

"Much obliged. By the way, what's your girl's address?"

Harris Welfare Association.

THE CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

Arrangements are now being made for the forthcoming Christmas Carnival, which will be held on Saturday, January 5th. Mr. Bodinnar has again kindly given consent for this to be held in the Factory. A conjuror has been engaged to entertain the children in the afternoon, and after this, they, with their guardians and all the old employees of the Firm, will sit down to tea. The children will all be assembled in the Boning Dept., and march through to the Christmas Tree, at which it is hoped Mrs. Bodinnar will preside, together with Father Christmas (Mr. Henry Carpenter). Mr. Bodinnar has again promised a monster Christmas cake, whilst Mr. Redman is again giving each child a packet of sweets. A strong Committee has been appointed to deal with the question of side shows and amusements, and it is hoped to introduce several new features. Prizes will be offered to those coming in fancy costumes, a new class having been added for the best representation of any firm, or article manufactured by any firm. Our own Entertainment Society are giving a concert and a sketch in the evening, while the Town Band have again promised to play for us. This is our big annual effort, and when it is realised that nearly 400 children are given tea and toys, and that all employees (provided that they have paid their 1/- subscription) can come and bring the wife or a friend, it can be seen that the Committee have no easy task before them, to keep everybody amused and interested. We do our best; now we rely on you, one and all, to rally round and make this an outstanding success.

E.C.K.

* * *

ENTERTAINMENTS SECTION.

A very successful Whist Drive was held at the Company's Hall on Friday, October 19th. Sixteen tables were made up, and the evening was voted a great success by those present. The prize winners were: Ladies—1, Mrs. H. Slade (lady's handbag); 2, Miss N. Dew (large box of chocolates); 3, Mrs. G. Haines (small box of chocolates). Gents—1, Mr. P. Carter (toilet set in case); 2, Mr. R. Winter (100 cigarettes); 3, Mr. H. Dean (50 cigarettes).

The Committee felt very encouraged by the success of this drive, and hope to run others during the course of the winter.

At the moment of writing we are busy with our preparations for the Armistice Dance to be held in the Town Hall on Saturday, 10th November.

The next dance we shall give will be on New Year's Eve, and the Town Hall has already been booked for this date. Posters in connection with this dance will appear in due course.

We extend our welcome to Miss E. Biffen, who has joined us on the Committee in the vacancy caused through the resignation of Miss Aikman on leaving Calne.

* * *

PASTIMES AND LECTURES SECTION.

The needlework class re-opened for the winter season on Thursday, October 25th, when quite a nice number of those interested gathered in the upper room of the company's hall.

A membership fee of 1s. is being paid by those attending the class this season, which will, of course, entitle members to preferential treatment in any other activities of the Pastimes Section.

We regret that Mrs. Pearce is unable to continue the superintendency of the class, but we are sure Mrs. Sewell will prove a most efficient leader, and with the assistance of Miss L. Smith and others, this branch of welfare work will be as useful and as highly appreciated as it undoubtedly was last season.

* * *

TENNIS SECTION.

We have now "closed down" for the Season.

"Good-night, everybody, good-night."

* * *

HOCKEY.

We have started the Season well by winning our first two matches. On October 20th we met the Melksham "Avon" team and managed to beat them by three goals. The following Saturday we went to Bradford and after a very good game we were again the victors, the score being 4—1.

The 2nd XI. first match is on November 3rd, at Swindon, and we hope to be able to report a win for them in the next issue of the Magazine.

Our fixtures for December are as follow:

1.—Old Euclideans 2nd XI. ..... Home.
1.—Tytherton ..... Away.
8.—Bradford ..... Home.
15.—Marlborough ..... Away.
29.—Swindon Wills' 1st XI. ..... Home.

* * *

CRICKET.

Although Cricket has gone to rest until next year, I venture to append a record of the season, hoping that it will prove of interest:—

	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.
1st XI. matches	10	2	7
2nd XI. ditto ...	3	0	11

Thanks to fine weather we went through our fixtures without cancelling any 1st XI. games, and only two 2nd XI.

We feel that the Club would like to place on record their grateful thanks to Misses V. Biffen, E. Biffen, F. Dean, B. Trembling, P. Rutty and Mrs. Sewell for the splendid way they attended to the catering. By giving us so many of their Saturday afternoons they must have sacrificed a lot.

W.P.

* * *

Our Money Box.

A depositor, who had evidently turned the matter over in his mind, enquired recently of one of the Secretaries, "How is it possible for Harris' Saving Scheme to allow 6 per cent. interest on deposits when the big banking companies will only accept deposits at a much smaller rate of interest?"

It is quite likely that other friends have asked themselves the same question, and we therefore take this opportunity of stating that it is only through the generosity of the Firm, and with the sole purpose of encouraging thrift amongst their employees, that the managers of the scheme are in a position to supplement the interest allowed by the bank to the extent required to make up the stipulated 6 per cent. per annum.

A meeting of the Savings Scheme Committee was held on the 18th October, 1928, when the minutes of the meeting held on the 20th July, 1928, were confirmed.

Mention was made of the transactions which had taken place since the last meeting, and the amount standing on deposit at Lloyds Bank, Calne, as at the 30th September, 1928, was reported, as was also the total amount of the sixpenny stamps sold to date.

Statements of accounts for the months of July, August and September were presented, together with the bank pass book. These were passed as correct.

Arrangements were made that for the future a check of the whole of the cash book entries with the bank pass book shall be carried out monthly.

* * *

CALNE & HARRIS UNITED F.C.

As was anticipated, we failed in the Amateur Cup at Welton, but only after a good struggle. A pleasing feature about the games in the English and Amateur Cups this season has been the gates, and we should benefit from an £ s. d. point of view, although we have found that the "expenses" of some teams are exceptionally heavy.

After a blank Saturday we sent a rather different team to Frome, and they surprised the supporters by a decisive win.

On the 27th October we were paid a visit by Westbury and confidently expected a win after defeating them on their own ground. It was a wet day and we only managed to draw, and some were forced to the opinion that to see the best of our team we must have a dry ground and ball.

Our Reserves have been doing very well and if we can only keep the two teams together there is no reason why both should not occupy respectable positions in their respective league tables.

Many will no doubt agree with us that the tit-bit of the month (October) was "Kebbel's" debut in goal at Avebury. It was decidedly better than the "Pictures." Neither football or the result of the match worried the Avebury crowd—all they wanted was to see "Kebbel in action."

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Calne Voluntary Aid Detachment.

IN contrast to the tense atmosphere which pervaded meetings to inaugurate Voluntary Aid Detachments some twenty years ago, there was a feeling of freedom for happy service at the meeting on October 30th. Twenty years ago, many who were interested in this movement hoped for the best but feared the worst—a fear which time eventually proved correct. The meetings of those days were held under the shadow of the Agadir and Panther episode, and it was only natural that the service of the V.A.D. then stood forth primarily as one of succour in war.

At the outset of the meeting the Mayor (J. F. Bodinnar, Esq.) struck a note which marks the changed conditions of these days. Referring to the usefulness of the Warehouse floor in promoting happiness for young and old at the Christmas carnivals, he stated that this meeting was in support of a movement for further social service.

Col. Sir Herbert Bryan, who addressed the meeting, emphasised the same point. He stated that the impression that the Red Cross movement had nothing to do when there was no war on was an erroneous one. The aims of the Red Cross were actually embodied in the League of Nations, and consisted of pledges to help the prevention of disease and the mitigation of human suffering throughout the world. The war on disease never ceases and more workers are wanted. The training a V.A.D. nurse receives, not only enables her to be of service in rendering first aid in the case of accident, but also helps her to carry out doctors' instructions when there is illness in the home, thus increasing the comfort, and assuring the more rapid recovery of the patient. Sir Herbert outlined the Red Cross organisation from the headquarters in London to the village units, and proceeded to state that the V.A.D. is the nursing arm of the Territorial Army, and he appealed to the ladies present to help on this side, as their husbands and brothers had on the other. Anyone could join straight away as a probationer, and upon passing two examinations, one in simple first aid and the other in home nursing, would be entitled to wear the Red Cross. In conclusion he appealed to his hearers not to be afraid of any effort necessary to pass the examinations, and to grasp this opportunity for social and national service.

Mrs. Burton referred to the excellent detachment which rendered service under Sister Gowan (applause) during the War, and she appealed to the local patriotism of the girls not to allow the movement to lapse in Calne.

Mr. R. P. Redman, who proposed a vote of thanks to Col. Bryan, also stated that what other girls had done Harris Calne girls could do. He urged them to give up a little time to help others and themselves.

In conclusion Mr. Bodinnar made an appeal (one of his last as Mayor of the borough), urging the girls to fill up entrance forms so that Calne should have an excellent detachment.

* * *

Hubby : " My dear, this is the sixth time in succession we have had fish."

Wife : " Well, do you know, darling, at the V.A.D. class last week I learnt an awfully good remedy for a swallowed fish bone."

* * *

A policeman caught a Welsh motorist exceeding the speed limit.

" Your name, please," he demanded.

"Aubrey Llewellyn Brynmot Llewellyn," came the reply.

The policeman put his notebook away and looked sternly at the offender.

" Well, don't let me catch you again," he said, severely.

* * *

A certain general's gift for " useful language " has long been famous in the Army.

He was warned to avoid such emphatic eloquence on parade, and bore the warning in mind when his brigade was inspected recently.

He had posted a trumpeter at the gate by which the Field-Marshal would arrive, but for some reason the order to announce the great man's arrival by a prolonged blast was not obeyed.

The general descended on the delinquent with a crimson face, and in a voice hoarse with passion bellowed out " Oh, you wicked, wicked, wicked little trumpeter ! "

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Our Picture Gallery.

MR. S. NORTH SMITH.



It was early in 1920 that Mr. North Smith brought to us a whiff of the health-giving breezes of Scarborough, for he is a native of that charming resort on the Yorkshire coast.

He also enlivened our organisation with a wealth of sound and mature business experience which he had acquired as the result of his long association as a Chartered Accountant with such eminent firms as Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co., and Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., whose reputations are world-wide.

On the incorporation of the present Company in 1922 Mr. North Smith became Secretary of the Harris Company and its various subsidiaries.

Quite apart from his business acumen our friend possesses an intriguing sense of humour,is quite at home with a horse or gun, is a cricketer of more than average ability (for does he not come from the land of famous cricketers?), is a connoisseur of music and the arts, and it may not be generally known that he is an amateur gardener whose products call forth universal commendation from his friends.

Wedding Bells.

Miss Elsie Nutland and Mr. George Bennett, both members of the Firm, were married on September 29th. A set of cutlery was given to them by their fellow workers, who wish them every happiness in their new sphere.

* * *

Mrs. Hatter, on the occasion of her wedding to Mr. Ben Brown, foreman of the Traffic Dept., was the recipient of a canteen of stainless cutlery. Our best wishes are with the happy couple in their new home at Foxham.

* * *

On October 6th a quiet wedding was solemnised at Calne Free Church, between Miss Ethel Brewer, who for nine years was in the Firm's employ, and Mr. Edwin Lawrence, of the Lacquer Dept. The present, which accompanied the good wishes of their many friends, took the form of a canteen of stainless cutlery, a square fruit dish and a blue tray. Mr. F. Gale made the presentation.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Cora Furneaux and Mr. F. R. Weymough took place on October 4th at the Congregational Church, Buckfastleigh. The bridegroom is a member of the Totnes Office staff, which he joined from school at the opening of the Factory there in 1912. That he is held in very high esteem by the Totnes employees was shown by his being presented with a half dinner service and cruet. Mr. Powney conveyed the good wishes of all in making the presentation.

* * *

CANDOUR.

The proprietor of the seaside amusement hall had been summoned for using a gambling machine on his premises.

" I shall fine you £5 and costs," said the magistrate.

" What for?" was the reply.

" Because this is not a game of skill. It is a game of chance."

" Not likely," was the indignant reply, " the players ain't got no chance whatsoever."

The Broad Highway.

Elsewhere in this issue appears a full report of the London Exhibition. While we are writing the Bradford Grocers' Exhibition is in progress and bids fair to be as successful on a proportionate scale as the London Show.

This is the first Exhibition in Bradford's New Hall, specially converted for this purpose, and a fine building it is. There are 90 exhibitors, and the attendance during the first two days has been very encouraging. A large number of the general public are attracted in addition to the trade, and the Harris Stand comes in for a close examination, as the old name is a household word in Bradford, thanks to certain far-seeing customers and a very energetic representative.

Our bacon prices are not quite so near to those ruling for imported as when we were last writing, but still sufficiently close for the out-put to be maintained at a high level. We are now nearing the start of the Christmas trade, and there are still more records to be beaten at Christmas, 1928, with sausages, pies, and all our seasonable goods. Let us all get at it early.

We welcome Mr. John Tingle, who has taken over our important Birmingham territory with his assistant, Mr. C. A. Sampson. Mr. Tingle joins us after a considerable connection with Messrs. Shoolbreds, of London.

The representative of a London firm had been sent North in an effort to recapture a valuable customer lost many years previously. He did his best, until, his money exhausted and in despair, he wired: "Send ten pounds. Am worried."

That afternoon he succeeded in performing his mission, and arrived at the office next morning with a definite promise of renewed business.

He met curious stares from the clerks, but, with much satisfaction, informed the boss he'd done it. "So I understand," observed his superior drily. "Why? How on earth did you know?" queried the representative.

For answer he was handed a telegram which read; "Send ten pounds. Am married."

Friends Elsewhere.

The roll call this month reveals the following "absent without leave": Privates Bristol and Tiverton. We hope they are not under "a-rest."

* * *

CHIPPENHAM.

Our sympathy is extended to Miss E. Leavey, who has been an assistant at our Retail Depot, Market Place, for the past 11 years. Miss Leavey was admitted to the Chippenham Cottage Hospital on 23rd October to undergo an operation for the removal of varicose veins, which, we understand, has been succesfully performed and that she is making satisfactory progress. We hope ere these lines are in print she may be completely restored again, and enjoy permanent good health in the future. With his usual kind thought and consideration for everyone, our Managing Director, Mr. Bodinnar, wrote one of his characteristic letters of sympathy and encouragement to Miss Leavey immediately he heard of her trouble, which enabled her to face her ordeal with a good heart, and it will prove an excellent tonic in helping towards a speedy recovery.

W.V.L.

* * *

DUNMOW.

For quite a while I have been staring at the blank sheet of paper before me wondering what to give the Magazine this month.

It is appreciated, no doubt, that our scope for copy is not so great as is that of our factories situated in larger towns, where social and other activities abound. We are just a small happy family living in a wee Essex town that develops little, if at all; with very little ever happening of interest to our friends elsewhere. Nevertheless, our end must be kept up, and after half-an-hour's thought had proved futile and the blank sheet of paper was still a blankety blank, it was suddenly suggested to me that many of our friends, especially those who have not hitherto contributed to the Magazine, might easily give us a series of amusing results and awkward situations brought about by the "inadvertent misuse of the aspirate," "absentmindedness," and so on.

It seems to me worth trying, and if you like we could name the series as "Things which take our Minds off Business."

In making this suggestion it would not be consistent if I did not give a lead to illustrate, so will relate the consequences of one true case of the droped aspirate, and one of absentmindedness—both of which cannot fail to raise at least a smile.

The first story concerns a lady I know very well, and her then employer, whom I also knew. The story is true and has a lesson for those who need it.

The employer—Mr. X we will call him—was in the habit of taking regularly a tonic prescribed by a chemist nearby, and one day, when particularly busy, he discovered that his supply of physic would need renewing for the week-end; to ensure not being without he asked the lady in the story if she would be kind enough to go to the chemist for him, as he had not the time to spare, and get his further doses. The lady very readily consented, and naturally enquired "What shall I ask for?" The reply was, "Just say it is for me; he knows" (meaning of course the chemist). Off to the chemist's gaily trips the lady, and when in the shop ask the assistant there for a bottle of tonic for Mr. X. The assistant, not knowing the requirements of Mr. X, desired to know exactly what was wanted, whereupon the lady, seeing the chemist himself in another part of the shop, nodded towards him, saying, "'e knows."

Very soon the assistant returned with a neat package which was taken away by the lady, who later handed it to Mr. X, pleased to have been of service to him.

The package was not opened at once, but on the Sunday morning, and to the great astonishment of Mr. X, he found that instead of his usual tonic he had a bottle of "Enos." Somebody had a bad five minutes in the office on the following Monday morning, as you can imagine. The chemist was telephoned and asked why he had sent Enos when he should have known perfectly well what kind of tonic he was in the habit of taking, but the chemist was most emphatic that the little lady had asked for Enos, and so she had you will agree, and having learnt her lesson has been more careful with her aspirates since.

A short story I recently read would not be out of place here, so I give it:—

A customer was buying some groceries at a small country store, and had them booked. The old lady in charge wrote the items down, then burst out laughing. "Aren't I a silly?" she gurgled, "I've spelt hunions with a ho," and he calmly proceeded to saddle the unoffending vegetables with an "h."

An extraordinary case of absentmindedness was staged by a wife, when quite new, and as no one knows her better than myself I can vouch for the truth of this story also.

The vegetables for the midday meal had been prepared, and were soon steaming away. Presently the time came to dish them up, and the "cook" was greatly amazed on finding, where she had expected to see nice white potatoes, a dirty foaming saucepanful of cooked peelings. She had cooked the peelings and thrown away the potatoes, which were discovered, after searching in all other likely places, in the ash bin. Fortunately there was time to cook more. (Peelings?—Ed.) E.W.W.

Made in England.

Two items of particular interest in to-day's news caught my eye this morning—Razors, and the Dairy Show at Islington—two items as materially different as the proverbial "Chalk and Cheese," but the principle involved in each case is the assistance and progress of home industries in the face of foreign competition.

Dealing firstly with razors, I mentioned in one of our issues of the Magazine last year that the British Army was to be supplied with American razors for the ensuing year. To-day I notice that Birmingham has secured the contract, showing that the Government is at last backing the British manufacturer, a step which it is to be hoped will be continued in other directions.

The Dairy Show is to be commended as having focussed a faint limelight on the progress of British Agriculture; it is suggested that since our agriculturists are able to produce such a high standard of bacon, butter, cheese, etc., it is to be wondered why it is that Great Britain imports the huge quantities of dairy produce from abroad, a proportion of which could be supplied by home producers.

A bone of contention, the pros and cons of which are not perhaps so abstruse when

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one has the opportunity of probing beneath the surface of existing conditions, as shown by the summing up by Mr. Bodinnar of the correspondence on this subject in the September issue.

In the meantime we must be thankful for such crumbs of recognition as the press display before the public, who, generally speaking, appear indifferent to the source of origin of their purchases.

W. Greenhalgh.

The Lighter Side.

In a cricket match at Lickhill a stranger was persuaded to act as umpire. "There's nothing in it," he was told. "If your are asked, just give your honest opinion."

Presently the wicket-keeper did a brilliant piece of stumping. "How's that?" he cried. "'Pon my soul, it's marvellous," replied the umpire.

The bored traveller, wishing to make conversation, turned to the other occupant of the compartment and remarked. "Not much news in the papers. How are things in China, do you know?"—"Sorry, I do not," said the other, "I travel in tin."

"Excuse this bit of sarcasm," said Smith to Jones, "but I must say you are an infamous liar and a scoundrel!"

"Pardon this bit of irony," said Jones to Smith, as he knocked him over with the poker.

E. Pallier.

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

Another member of the staff, in the person of Mr. William Albert Emery, has left the dwindling "society of single men." He was married to Miss Isobel Mary Chappel, at St. Andrew's Church, Burnham-on-Sea, on Saturday, September 29th. Mr. Emery was the recipient of a silver tea service, which was presented on behalf of the staff and employees by Mr. Petherick. The happy couple have the best wishes of all for every good thing this life has to offer.

* * *

IPSWICH.

We regret to state that since writing our last notes we have lost one of our pioneers at this factory, in the person of G. Morcom, who, after a protracted illness since April last, passed away on October 12th. Much sympathy was expressed with Mrs. Morcom in her sad loss, and many tokens of respect were received, as all who knew George, both in the business and outside, held him in great esteem. He was interred in the Ipswich cemetery on Tuesday, October 16th, Mr. Fred Smart attending on behalf of the company. Wreaths were sent by the directors and the staff.

We have also to extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. Ludgate on the death of his father, Mr. J. T. Ludgate, at the age of 84. It will no doubt be recalled by many that Mr. Ludgate, senior, was connected with Calne for many years in the position of station master. He always took a deep interest in the doings of the company, and right to the last looked forward to his copy of the Harris Magazine, month by month.

We learn, with feelings of regret, that owing to pressure in other directions Mr. Bodinnar is unable to see his way to accept the Mayoralty of Calne again this year, and although wide disappointment will no doubt be felt at his decision his three years of office without doubt will have marked a great epoch in the records of Calne municipal matters. It has always been a source of wonder to us that he has been able to find time for so many activities, knowing how fully his time is occupied and the tremendous call upon him.

It is interesting to note that the Mayor-elect of Ipswich, Dr. Hossack, is a West Countryman.

During the close of October Ipswich was honoured by a visit from Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, who, with only four hours at her disposal, attended no less than six functions, including a civic luncheon at the Town Hall. Her first act was to open the Chantry Park, the beautiful mansion and grounds given to the town by Sir Arthur Churchman, where she planted an oak tree to commemorate the event.

After the civic luncheon the Princess witnessed a tableau display at the Hippodrome, afterwards visiting a sale of work by the Women's Guild and Institute.

She then proceeded to the Girls' Club, which she formally declared open, and accepted purses which had been collected during the campaign week.

The final visit was to the East Suffolk and Ipswich Hospital, where she opened the new Pathological Department, and took tea with the matrons.

It is with much interest I have read Mr. Bodinnar's article, "Between Ourselves," in respect to the views of those engaged in the various places of business, in consideration of the problems which the directors have to consider, but after reading Mr. Bodinnar's article it leaves me wondering what more can be said.

It did occur to me when reading a month or two ago, the suggestions made by contributors, that much was expected from the farmer in putting matters right, but I cannot feel in agreement with this, as the farmer has to regard pig rearing and feeding as an economic matter, and purely from the point of view as to whether it pays or otherwise to produce pigs.

We cannot look to the farmer to take the curers' troubles on his shoulders in addition to his own, but much can be done by propaganda in educating the farmer as to the most suitable type and quality of animal which will, whilst giving the curer a suitable article to meet all competition, give the farmer himself a margin for his trouble and outlay.

A certain amount of restriction upon imported bacon for a time would at least render a little more stability to the trade, and thus encourage the English farmer to increase his herds of pigs, with the assurance of a ready outlet at a fairly stable price, so that he might make his calculations in comparative safety. Proceeding along these lines we should see a steady expansion in the production of English pigs, and correspondingly in English bacon, but as long as enormous quantities of imported bacon are allowed to be dumped into this country to be cleared at any price the British farmer is in a most unsafe position, and has to proceed very warily. A modified restriction on imports need not necessarily increase the cost to the consumer, as the steady expansion in the production of English pork and bacon would rapidly make up any deduction in imported supplies.

To return to the question of the British farmer producing the right type of pig we believe there is more being done in this direction at the present time than ever before. As far as Suffolk is concerned, we can say with every degree of certainty that a vast improvement is taking place in the type of pig, and on all sides we find farmers anxious to obtain the right type of animal, as it is recognised that apart from the curers' requirements, if a pig breeder has store pigs or feeders of the right type, he is assured of a better price for them than if ill bred or nondescript character. It is interesting to learn that at the Dairy Show this year the highest number of points was obtained for bacon from cross-bred pigs, viz.: Large White/Large Black. This type is generally favoured in Suffolk.

The price of feeding stuffs has never really proved the all-important factor. Certainly fluctuations, favourable and unfavourable, always have and always will take place, but considerable assistance could be given by the retention of millers' offals in this country, instead of being exported to the Continent and elsewhere, to those who form our competitors on the English Bacon Market. As an illustration as to how this would relieve matters, we know of a recent instance of a local farmer selling a load of wheat to a miller, and returning with a corresponding weight of middlings. In addition to the value of the load of wheat he had to make an extra payment representing 25s. per ton to obtain the load of middlings with which he returned. Many farmers in Suffolk regularly make a practice of feeding no other than their own home-grown barley to their pigs, and they state that they are better off by doing so than by selling their barley at current prices and then buying inferior quality imported or mixed meal for pig-feeding purposes.

If, therefore, pork and bacon can be maintained at a fairly stable price by a regulated form of restricted imports the results to agriculture would be far reaching and beneficial. The pig breeder and feeder would have greater confidence in increasing his herds, and at the same time a badly needed encouragement for sowing increased acreage of barley or other feeding stuffs in the sure knowledge that it would be required on his farm. A mild form of restricted imports would work towards the stabilising of prices

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of pork products and bacon, which would then do away with the present drastic fluctuations, which at times take place, disturbing all the farmer's calculations, and so be encouraged to increase his herd, and this in turn would also have a beneficial effect, encouraging an increased production of home-grown barley and other cereals.

H. LUDGATE.

* * *

LONDON.

Circumstances have put us rather out of the picture this month. For the time being we are very quiet indeed. R.E.H. has contributed a reply to "Eddie Kashion," which will doubtless appear on another page.

* * *

REDRUTH.

May we offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. Powney on his preferment as Mayor of Totnes for the ensuing year. He has our very best wishes for a successful period of office.

The Rugby season is in full swing, and the Redruth Club again has a heavy fixture list to get through, besides supplying men to the County XV. from time to time. The team is again a strong one and should have a successful time this year.

A thoroughly enjoyable motor trip was arranged by the members of the Office Staff on Saturday afternoon, October 6th. Porthleven was first visited, and all were charmed by the peaceful aspect of the little cove surmounted by terraces of houses looking seaward and by the fishing boats riding at anchor in the harbour. The sea was somewhat rough, and the discomfiture of several of the more venturesome of the party when the spray dashed over the breakwater caused a considerable amount of amusement. The journey was then continued to the Lizard through Helston, the lake and gardens here being greatly admired in passing. Arrived at the Lizard, the most South-Westerly point in England, the party dismounted for a walk over the cliff to Kynance Cove. The distance is approximately two miles, and with the beautiful warm sunshine the walk over the grassy cliffs proved indeed delightful.

The ladies by this time had divested themselves of coats and wraps, which were unnecessary in view of the summer-like weather. An interesting feature to be seen at the Lizard was the workers in Serpentine Stone, with which the cliffs abound. It is highly polished, and is greatly sought after by visitors, who buy the various ornaments made up by these workers.

The homeward journey was made via Penryn, and after a thoroughly enjoyable ride home, during which an apparently enormous amount of sweets, etc., were consumed, the party arrived back in Redruth about 5 o'clock, after a ride of about 60 miles.

The Porker Season is now well under way. We are beginning to get our share of the pigs going, and hope to increase considerably as the weeks go on.

CORNUBIAN.

It is with deepest regret and sympathy that we record the death of our youngest employee, Sam Partridge. He had worked at our Factory for some months and was greatly liked by all. Although not 16 Sam was six feet high and of fine physique. He was a promising young Rugby footballer, having played for the Cornwall Schoolboys in the season of 1926-27, and gained his County Cap. He had also turned out for the Trewergie Old Boys this year. A member of the United Methodist Young Men's Fellowship, he was also a member of Mr. W. B. Friggens' Sunday School Class, in connection with the same church. Impressive scenes were witnessed at the funeral, when a large concourse followed the cortege and crowds of sympathisers lined the streets. The Cornwall Rugby Union and other football bodies sent representatives, and the West of England Bacon Co. were represented by Messrs. W. B. Friggens (Works Superintendent), J. H. Perry, W. E. Seymour, Tom Harry and P. Green. The floral tributes, which were very beautiful, included wreaths from the Cornwall Rugby Union, Cornwall Old Boys' Rugby Union, Trewergie Old Boys' team, the West of England Bacon Co., his Sunday School teacher and class, and his chum P. Green.

W.B.F.

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TOTNES.

The Annual Carnival.

Since our last notes were sent the principal social happening in our midst has been the annual Totnes Carnival in aid of the local hospital and other charitable associations. This consisted of whist drives, concerts, dances and shop window dressing competitions during the week, ending with a grand carnival procession on the 13th October. The procession is always looked forward to as one of the great events of the autumn, and this time it was generally considered to be the best of its kind held in this district for many years. Needless to say every possible effort was made to extract full toll from the sightseers in the crowded streets, and we believe a bumper harvest of coppers was obtained. The galaxy of talent was preceded by the Chief Marshal (an old friend of ours) well mounted on a fiery steed in the costume of Napoleon. Following came the car containing the Queen of Carnival and maids of honour; then the civic dignitaries, fire brigades, jazz bands, decorated cars and comic tableaux, mounted characters, and hosts of pedestrians in very original costumes. Amongst outstanding features may be mentioned "the Miniature Wedding," of which an illustration is shown. This deservedly secured premier honours among decorated motor cars, and the rattle of coins in the collecting boxes proved how much it was appreciated.

The various comic tableaux created roars of laughter, particularly one representing "the Missing Missionary." This showed a group of cannibals dressed in their war paint and loin cloths, around a camp fire, over which was suspended a huge stew pot with the feet of the unfortunate one protruding. Such was their hunger that they had not even removed the boots. Sympathy for the poor man caused many to show it in a practical manner when the ever-present boxes were held forth. Another great hit was the representation of "When Women Strike," showing the cooking and household duties being carried on by men alone. One was seen shaving a rabbit and finally putting it through the mangle: a unique way of preparing dinner. "The Demon Barber" was another car which gave great amusement. "The Burning Question: What shall we do with the money" was a topical allusion to the legacy left to the borough; many quaint suggestions were shown for its disposal, including the hanging of the rate collector, which may have caused that official great trepidation. The decorated car, "Xmas 1927," was decidedly effective, and made many of us feel quite chilly at the thought of last year's snowstorm. Space is too limited to enumerate many of the features which were of great merit, but mention must be made of the Widecombe jazz band, which attracted great attention and succeeded in making sufficient noise to drown the protests of the writer and others, when a "witch," "Indian," "gipsy," "vendor," and a young lady with slim waist and voluminous head all demanded contributions. There was no help for it; we had to cough up again, but felt easier for having done so. After judging was over, the streets began to assume a more normal appearance, many having gone to enjoy the carnival dance, and others wended their way home, lighter in pocket, but doubtless quite happy at having been able to give a little to help an effort which was so deserving of success.

W.J.T.

* * *

"REMEMBRANCE DAY."

The sound of guns and bugle calls,
Sounding signals; then silence falls.
When hands that wrought their arts are stayed,
We think of when all nations prayed.

Think! are they dead, or do they sleep
Whose lips the truth must ever keep?
Warrior death hath sealed their thought
Of war, and that for which they fought.

If dead, their memory shall fail;
Conflict and strife must then prevail;
But if they sleep, shall we forget
Their sacrifice for peace, our debt?

In war we try with all our might
To be the victors of the fight;
And each and all through thick and thin
Should strive to keep the peace we win.

May God's Goodwill toward mankind
Nations in peace united bind;
And science probe its wondrous brain
To heal them all, who suffer pain.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

Just Between Ourselves.

IT is difficult to realise that almost as soon as this Magazine is published we shall be thinking about Christmas, with all its attendant pleasures and happiness, not the least of which are the parties to which we are all sure of invitations. But some of the anticipatory pleasure is somewhat dimmed if the party happens to be a fancy dress affair, and we have not had any previous experience of making these dainty little frocks at home. Of course, if we happen to be one of those lucky folk who can simply go into a shop, try on various costumes, and order one's choice to be sent home, there is no difficulty at all about the matter, but for those of us who have to think about our pennies and shillings, it is rather a different matter. The following are a few hints I have gathered from a perusal of Messrs. Dennison's latest publications (who, as you are probably all aware, are the manufacturers of the famous Crepe Paper which is so useful for this purpose). The initial procedure, after choosing your costume, is to make a slip of some kind of material (muslin or sateen are very good mediums), unless you are choosing a slip-over costume, in which case you can wear it over any simple frock. All that is needed for the foundation is a straight strip of crepe paper, long enough to reach from the neck, front and back, to the waist line or below. But, if you are using a slip it should fasten at the back and fit fairly closely. Sleeves are usually unnecessary. Having made the slip, the next step is to arrange the lengths of paper forming the costume (using long stitches in a mercerised thread, a fair way from the edge of the paper).

In making skirts with several tiers, arrange the lowest in position first, and place the others over until the waist is reached. The foundations for many different kinds of hats are close fitting caps, or in the case of tall, stiff hats, or a crown, plain cardboard is cut into the shape required, and decorated as fancy dictates. These hints are, of course, merely given as a guide to beginners, and the finished dress will require all sorts of little finishing touches which will suggest themselves to the makers of the costumes.

* * *

"OUR COOKERY CORNER."

"Christmas comes but once a year,
But when it comes it brings good cheer."

The following two recipes for CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS are given, the first being a very rich mixture, and the second being a pudding more suitable where there are children in the family :—

RECIPE No. 1.—1-lb. each of beef suet, currants, sultanas, mixed peel, and Demerara sugar. ½-lb. each of breadcrumbs, flour, glacé cherries, muscatels, and Valencia raisins. ¼-lb. sweet almonds. 1-oz. each of citron, bitter almonds, pistachio nuts, and baking powder (unless self raising flour is used). The rinds of 2 oranges and lemons. 1 level teaspoonful of salt. 10 eggs. ¼-pt. brandy. ¼-pt. port wine. Mix ingredients in the usual way, after preparation, and boil 10 to 12 hours.

RECIPE No. 2.—1-lb. each flour, breadcrumbs, raisins (stoned and chopped), and Demerara sugar. ¾-lb. each chopped beef suet and cleaned currants. 3-oz. chopped mixed peel. 2 teaspoonfuls of allspice. A little salt. 3 eggs. ¼-pt. milk. Mix all the dry ingredients well together. Beat up the eggs with the milk, stir these into the other ingredients, press the mixture into buttered moulds, cover with prepared cloths and boil them for six hours.

NOTE.—When covering the basins with the cloths, take care to make a pleat in the cloth across the top of each pudding so as to allow it room to swell.

"MARIAN."

WELDON'S PUBLICATIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Children's Fashions.
Catalogue of Fashions.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Coats (and Hairdressing Supplement).
Ladies' Journal.
Fancy Dress for Grown-ups.
Fancy Dress for Children.
Knitted Outdoor Wear for Children.
Knitted Undies for Children.

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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 2. —— NO. 12.

DECEMBER, 1928.

Editorial Notes.

THIS issue sees the end of Volume Two of our Magazine, and perhaps our readers will forgive us if we talk about our stewardship during 1928. We are assured that our efforts this year, as in 1927, have been successful. We should like, in turn, to thank our readers for their support. We feel sure they will continue to support us in 1929. Our circulation is good, but it would be even better if every employee made a point of taking at least one copy each month. If other members of the family already take a copy you take one as well, and not only increase our circulation but also do a good turn by passing the spare copy on to a relative at home or abroad, who would welcome the intimate news of our Firm and its employees. We should like to thank our friends at the Branches. They have been most enthusiastic in their support, and there are very few of our "Friends Elsewhere" who do not take in the Magazine. We are certain the few will remedy this in 1929.

To our friends on the Broad Highway we would say just this: Your support has been good, but there are many of you who could contribute, but abstain. Your appreciation of the Magazine is valued, but we do want your views, articles and the like, to appear. A special word of thanks is due to the kind folk who month by month distribute the Magazine. One of the many pleasures we get in connection with the Magazine is that on publishing day one sees a splash of colour as crowds of our readers leave the Factory, each with their copy. This is due to the admirable way in which the distributors do their work, so that each and every reader gets his, or her, copy without delay. In expressing our thanks we should like our distributors to help us realise our ambition, which is to have every employee a reader.

To those who send us articles and contributions we tender our thanks, and hope they will have many inspirations for the coming year. Special mention should be made of the interest and care taken by our Printing Department in their work in connection with the production of our Magazine.

Between Ourselves.

IT has been extremely interesting recently to have had under consideration the various reports which have come to me in relation to the Sickness Benefit Schemes that are in force at some of our factories. These are managed entirely by those for whose benefit they have been formed. It was a happy inspiration to devise Societies of this sort to fill the gap between the actual date of illness and the time of receipt of benefits from either National Health Insurance or Friendly Societies.

One feels sure that this has been of great use in very many cases; but one of the most pleasing features of these schemes is the way in which, without red tape, specially necessitous cases receive consideration by an extension of the helping hand. Covering, as the benefits do, the extra grant for maternity cases and cases of death and hospital treatment, the schemes deserve to flourish and the Company has been very happy indeed to express its interest in practical ways.

I should like to suggest to all factories where no such schemes are in operation that they would be well advised to consider something of the sort. One has been particularly struck with the general attitude of the members, who seem to rejoice not so much in the size of the share-out but in the fact that they are allied to a Society which is of benefit to those who have times of need and distress. That attitude marks a big advance towards the altruistic view of things which makes for the well-being of a community as a whole.

It is more and more realised that sane sentiment without flabbiness has a real place in the scheme of living. There are two outstanding instances of this in England at the moment.

Very rarely has a nation been moved to unity in essential things more than ours has during the last three weeks in wide-spread anxiety in regard to the King's illness. On December 12th we heard on the wireless of a wonderful tribute to the commonsense and good feeling of a great crowd. The Queen left the King's sick room for an hour or so to unveil a memorial to those who lost their lives at sea in the War. The thousands who were gathered for the ceremony at Tower Hill raised no cheer but in silent sympathy with her in her anxiety bared their heads and raised their hands on her arrival. There was no cheer, but this respectful silence of the crowd to a woman's deepest feelings is, to my mind, one of the most impressive things that have occurred within living memory.

The other instance I have in mind is the widespread action that is being taken on all hands in regard to the distressed areas in South Wales. It is not a question now of the rights of mine-owners or the claims of mine-workers, but of the feelings of our common humanity that visualises the unshod feet, the cold hands and the empty stomachs of women and children. To this end I hope we shall all do our part in the real Christmas spirit to respond to the appeals that are being made for the provision of goods and money to assist those who are in distress.

In particular, I would urge all who are in Calne to support the forthcoming appeal of the Mayor in this connection.

A little extra sympathy, a greater expression of kindly feeling, and the broader expression of the real benevolence of heart of which Charles Dickens wrote will ensure to us all the Right Glad and Merry Christmas which with all our hearts we wish you.



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By the Way.

The Editorial Staff wishes all its readers a Very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year—

"Here's to ye, good as ye are, and to us, bad as we are, but good as ye are and bad as we are we're as good as you are, bad as we are."

* * *

Our best thanks to those who
Contributed to our Magazine,
Distributed our Magazine,
Read and supported our Magazine.
We feel sure we can count on their good services during 1929.

* * *

Who was the cyclist interested in shooting stars?

Also, in following his astronomical bent, did he discover any new stars when his machine turned into a "bucking broncho?"

* * *

This issue sees the end of Volume II. Will those who wish to have their copies bound please send them along to the Editor not later than January 16th. The cost of the binding will be 5s. 3d.

* * *

The order went forth:—"Take this load of goods up to the station." As the van had just been backed against the loading dock and as the "goods" were empties just brought down from the station we are wondering what actually happened.

* * *

A New Year resolution which we hope everyone will adopt: "I resolve to obtain at least one new reader for our Magazine."

* * *

"Shot rabbits with Maid." This newspaper heading rather startled us, and we wonder if we ought to report the matter to the R.S.P.C.A. or the R.S.P.C.Maids. If 'twas a buxom wench the end of the rabbit was, perhaps, painless. A further thought—perhaps the man considered the maid a human(e) killer.

* * *

A suggestion has been made to form an Allotment Holders' Section. This has the favourable consideration of the H.W.A., but before proceeding they would be glad to know what measure of support is forthcoming. Will those interested please communicate with the Secretaries, Mr. F. Nash or Mr. H. A. Olsen.

* * *

It is not often that we give a testimonial for whisky, but the following story is going the rounds. When we first heard it, it seemed mildly amusing. When it reached us in typewritten form it was too good to miss. It is, of course, a most immoral story and those intending to be shocked should read no further than this:—

Dear Billy,—How extremely kind of you to send me that case of whisky for Christmas. I have never tasted such marvellous whiskey in my life. I have never tasted such marvellous whisky and I keep tasting it.

The wishky you have sent me for Christmas is marvelous I keep tashing it and how kind of you to send me thish wonderlous whichkey for Xmas which I keep tashing.

Its realy really its moshkind of you to keep sending me thish whishky in cases which I keep tashing for Xmas and tashing hic doc dickery dock.

What kind whishky ole man how exthash ex tremely marvelous to tash on on Xmas you greatt fine ud thathank you ole for extrextra extrem whwhaishy ininain cash-case 6¼c you §§§ XXXX kisses Kissmus & Xmu (1½y 1¹³⁄₂₄₄ £olc opa ////.

CheeRI oo OO£ /½8g.

* * *

Don't argue with a fool in public. Listeners may not know which is which.

* * *

"Look before you leap" is sound sense, but, having once decided, get on with the work.

* * *

"I'm afraid I shall never understand your language," sighed a Frenchman who was in London trying to learn English.

"Why not?" asked his English friend. "You are doing very well."

"Well, what am I to make of this?" replied the Frenchman, showing his friend a paragraph in a newspaper, which read:

"If Mr. Brown, who sits for this constituency, consents to stand again at the next election, he will probably have a walk-over."

Our Motor Corner.

WHILE there may be several sports and hobbies which command greater support numerically, and from an attractive and "sporting" point of view, that motoring, this latter appears to receive more attention and censoring by legal authorities than, probably, any of the others. What with the registration, taxation, licences, "Road Fund" thefts, traffic regulations, insurances, etc., etc., motoring is, undoubtedly, the scape-goat of sports. Although we are told that his aims are to make the roads safe, the new "Road Vehicles Regulation Bill," which is being introduced in the House of Lords by Lord Cecil, suggests not only a few good points but one or two that are not practicable from a technical and engineering point of view. For instance, two independent brakes on each and every wheel; and again, a "check" on the speed of every vehicle (presumably a sort of "governor" attachment to all carburettors). These two points have engaged the attention of expert engineers and designers quite a long while ago, but were considered practicable on certain vehicles only. Whether or not Lord Cecil has recently acquired an engineering "brain-wave" which has evaded our experts in this line I do not know. His suggestion regarding "driving tests" before granting driving licences is a good one. Compulsory insurance re "third party" and the making of regulations for avoiding accidents on the precedent of the regulations to prevent collisions at sea are really necessary; though I know scores of motorists who have ridden or driven for over 20 years without a single accident of any note and who have not interested themselves in any type of insurance at all. However, as it is inevitable that some mentally deficient or physically deficient people, as well as a few "star-gazers" and incompetent drivers, are bound to get in the way of traffic, it behoves every motorist to at least insure for third party risks. (Usual disclaimer re insurance interest, Mr. Editor, please!)

Licences for vehicles are not to be issued unless the Licencing Authorities are satisfied that such vehicles are really safe. We may wonder how far this clause really goes. What about our 1923 Norton Combination, or, say, the notable old "crock" of a car that performed so excellently on the London-Brighton run recently—the "old crocks'" race—or, say, any model which is over, say, three years old. It is hinted in some quarters that such will have to be "scrapped" or condemned, though its mechanical condition and road-worthiness may be above question.

Speeding.—£10 first offence and £20 or a "month" for a second. Expert drivers will tell you that the abolition of speed limits, substituted by fines for the unduly slow traffic which obstruct, and really cause more accidents and collisions than fast traffic, are a necessity.

Personally, the writer thinks that compulsory acquisition of "road sense" (by motorists and pedestrians), together with "efficient" signalling by the police (or other controlling body) should be the first step to cut down the number of accidents. I have seen glaring instances of inefficient or incorrect signalling by police which, if acted upon, would have ended in collisions. While the "human element" remains there are bound to be accidents, but "road sense" is the best-known antidote.

White Lines.—As it is often necessary to "pull out" over a white line near a corner, on a narrow road, to take the corner, with, say, a "bad lock" on a car the white line should be substituted by a constable or a person on traffic duty at that point. Authorities are to be given the power to "tear up" the surface of roads on dangerous corners to make high speeds impossible for "speed merchants."

In conclusion, one of your poor, down-trodden, censored and "plucked" speed-hogs has still the nerve and audacity (?) to wish his fellow victims and all "Harris-ites" a right jolly Xmas and the liveliest (we are ensured this) of New Years!!

"Ex.Don.R."

* * *

Anxious mother: "You don't look well, Johnny. Are you in pain?"

Johnny: "No, mummy. The pain's in me."

* * *

A man may resist tears, harden his heart to importunity, turn aside invective, but there is no son of Adam who can deny a woman when she makes him laugh.



In the hurry of Christmas, Grunter, Percy and Maud were unable to include Chippenham, Tiverton and Wales. Nevertheless their intention was to include our friends in those places.

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Reading to Bath in a Motor Boat.

(By Captain C. Herbert Smith).

CHAPTER NO. VI.

THE next morning found a complete change in the weather unfortunately. The wind had veered round to the North-East and blew hard. It was quite cold, and spoilt the last morning of our pilgrimage and we were glad to put on extra clothing. It made the cooking of breakfast very difficult, and as it was too cold to shave we went without that luxury. We had nine miles to do and then to get back home again so at 11.30 we made a start. In this nine miles there were only four locks to negotiate, and these were down, which made progress quicker. We passed out of the beautiful cutting in which we had spent the night into more open and exposed country. Here we had the full force of the wind, which was blowing a gale behind us. It would not have been so bad if there had been no locks to negotiate, but it is not pleasant to be blown violently into a lock gate or into a lock that is open, to crash the bottom gate. During the trip we never had so much trouble with locks as here. There are only four at Wootton Rivers, but these open badly, and to keep back with the wind behind was difficult work. The wind was so strong that even by reversing the engine we hardly stood still. It was at our second lock where we had most trouble as the lock-keeper kept us outside for a long time, having to fill the lock twice before he could manipulate the top gate. We passed the remaining locks without incident and from thence onwards we were sheltered from the wind. Progress was good as we encountered no weeds. This part of the journey was uninteresting, but what a change when we reached Pewsey. For a mile we passed under overhanging trees and some remarkably finely-constructed and decorated bridges; one stone bridge in particular just beyond Pewsey being a gem and a work of art. We should, no doubt, have proceeded down to Honeystreet without a stop had we not met two swing bridges, pet abominations which we thought we had left behind. They caused a deal of trouble. The last of them refusing to move more than half-way, we just managed to squeeze through. Then our engine began to give trouble, and we crawled into Honeystreet Wharf the last mile on three cylinders. At 6 o'clock we drew up alongside Mr. Lane's wharf, used his telephone and asked for our car to be sent over. We tidied up and made fast the boat, then hastened to Mr. Lane's house, where we were most hospitably received and entertained with a gorgeous tea. We must have presented a sight for the blind—one member unshaven: black from head to foot and very sparsely clad. We apologised for our appearance, and we fed sumptuously. The car having arrived, we were soon on the road, feeling strange in our land craft.

Home again, a hot dinner, a hot bath, and, as Mr. Pepys used to say, "so to bed"—once again between sheets, but feeling that we were being stifled with a roof on top of us.

Our boat remained in Mr. Lane's charge until July 7th, and during that time we had the engine thoroughly overhauled.

We reached Honeystreet about two o'clock on the 7th and prepared the boat for the further journey to Bath. We pushed off about three o'clock, and had not proceeded half-a-mile when we again met weeds which clogged our propeller. We decided to tow, but had hardly been towing 100 yards when, rounding the corner, we met the Company's weed-cutting barge. Beyond this the weeds had been cut; there was a broad expanse of deep water. We tied up the barge and cleared our propellor, re-started the engine and proceeded peacefully and comfortably on our way, doing about eight knots. We kept this up, and after passing three swing bridges we again met trouble and passed into a very bad patch of duck weed just before Devizes. We would have passed through slowly but for the fact that hidden under this duck weed were masses of clotted blanket weed, which stopped the boat dead. Finally, the rudder hit a large mass of this weed and the steering wheel was knocked out of our grasp, snapping the steering cable. We at once went straight into the bank with a nasty bump. Luckily, we have alternative steering, otherwise the trip would have had to stop here. It was useless to try and proceed further with the engine so we again got out the tow line and proceeded towards Devizes. We passed the back of the Barracks and reached the bridge over the canal carrying the road to Coate. Conditions improved after we reached the bridge carrying the main London road Devizes-Beckhampton, and we started the engine and reached the first of the Devizes locks. We enquired for the Company's wharf, where we were advised by Mr. Lane to put the boat up for that night. We were informed that to get to this wharf we had to pass through six locks. The hour was getting on, and it took us some time to get through, especially as we were alone, but at last we reached it and made all secure for the night. The next day we returned to the boat ready to tackle the long chain of locks which run down parallel with the Bath Road from Devizes to Melksham via Caen Hill. These locks are so close together that when you pass out of one it is only about a lock's length to the next.

Between each of the locks, however, there has been dug out to the north side compensation ponds, about 100 yards by 50 yards. These are necessary, especially for craft ascending, as the space between each lock would not contain in itself sufficient water to fill the lock below.

The passage of descending craft through similar locks has been fully described, so we need not weary the reader. Had the reader been with us opening and closing 18 locks in succession without a break one feels sure that he (or she) would be far more wearied at the end than by reading about them. We had come suitably attired for the job, light canvas shoes, grey flannel trousers, and a tennis shirt. This refers to the masculine side of the party. We are unable to say what the feminine side had on. It looked cool anyway.

Soon after six o'clock it rained heavily, and we were glad to draw up under the railway bridge out of the rain and clean the boat. From this point we were clear of weed and put the engine at full speed ahead. We raced down the next reach, under the main Bath road, in clear water, past Seend village, until we were pulled up with a swing bridge. It rained hard, but the bridge had to be opened, so we ran up to the bank and landed. The bridge opened quite easily, and we passed through only to meet another round the next bend. We said things, and landed again. It was still raining hard. Then on again, through the Seend locks, to the Barge Inn. We ran alongside the back of Mr. Pike's house, made our boat secure, took off our bedding and cushions, which we handed over to the safe keeping of Mrs. Pike.

Home once more, and our journey complete. We were perhaps sorry to return to civilisation, none more so than the dog. She knows these excursions and enjoys them, although possibly no great help she is never a hindrance.

In conclusion we have had a right good interesting trip, and hope we have conveyed at least some of the interest and pleasure to our readers.

THE END.

* * *

"CHRISTMAS."

The last it is, but none may say the least
Of Christmas; last, but first; our greatest feast;
Our stores we open and enjoy the yield
Of youthful days, and summer's harvest field.

Blue skies by clouds may now be overcast;
Sol's warmth is slight ere winter o'er is past;
But when we take each joy from out our store,
We know no time could love be welcome more.

The Sacred Infant came to be our Sun,
And with Him love in a new light begun;
We learn from Him it is not what we keep,
But that we give, which gains of Heaven a peep.

Behold how bless'd whate'er the lot we hold,
But 'tis how we expend, our wealth is told;
Joy that is waste is vanity soon spent,
But who denies himself shall ne'er repent.

We do but lend indeed that which we give,
For what we hold we lose, and never live
A life that knows the joy of Him who gave
From this His birth, His all, all we to save.

Come then with greater joy and merry be,
For who more cheerful with a task like He
Who scorned vain wealth, but not economy,
And strove to bind us all in harmony?

Thomas H. Harvey.

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Gardening Notes.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

(Continued.)

AS the remarks in the last issue of our Magazine may have stirred the ambition of some of our gardener friends, it should be mentioned that an equally simple method of producing a giant plant is to raise the same direct from an old root. Perhaps the Chrysanthemum most suited for this purpose is "Madame R. Oberthur," which is about the oldest of the pure whites, but still equal to the best. Select the stool of a well formed sturdy specimen, and to avoid disturbance at a later date, place this at once in its permanent quarters. When the young shoots are making strong growth, remove the weakly ones, leaving the desired number with as much space as possible between each. These should, in due course, be stopped twice or three times, according to the size of plant required, but it must be remembered that to be successful by these means, the compost will need a generous mixture of fine bone meal, and ample supplies of liquid manure or fertilisers should be given throughout the growing period. When grown in a greenhouse, and the final stopping carried out early in July, "Madame R. Oberthur" should be at its best during Christmas time, and is greatly valued on this account; delaying the operation a few days will result in its blooming in January, when cut flowers are usually somewhat scarce. To obtain the best results, disbud or rub out to a single bud on each stem; in fact, this practice should be applied to all decorative types, as therein lies the secret of obtaining the high-class blooms that are so much sought after. During the past few days the writer has had the opportunity of inspecting a "Madame R. Oberthur" raised as described above, and now bearing over 60 fine flowers.

Many of our readers, having a less voracious appetite, will probably be contented with a more normal floral feast, therefore no better suggestion can be given than to try growing the well known "Blanche Poitevine." This, in the writer's humble opinion, is the Chrysanthemum par excellence for the beginner. Although considered to be a mid-season sort, it can, in most districts, be brought into bloom in the open unless very severe frosts occur in October. Being of a compact nature, it is admirably adapted to pot culture, as it never makes excessively long stalks. The usual height is from 18 to 24 inches, and given a large enough pot and a fairly rich compost with a liberal quantity of bone meal, it will produce a bush fully two feet across. "Blanche Poitevine" is a pure white, and when disbudded makes a very fine flower with splendid lasting qualities. If correctly stopped, any number of blossoms up to even 30 can be obtained. When a "dwarf" of this or any description is wanted, pinch out once or twice only, and not after the end of June.

Other proved decorative or early flowering double Chrysanthemums which can be depended on to give satisfaction, are:—

Framfield Early White.
Almirante (bronze).
September Glory (orange bronze).
R. Pemberton (good for all weather and stands wet and frost better than most).
Berengaria (rose pink).
Mrs. J. Fielding (bronzy red).
Maggie (bright yellow; dwarf habit).
Lichfield Purple (very fine).
Belle Mauve.
Silver Queen (pink).
Mrs. William Sydenham (red; good for all weathers).
William Ritchie (pale yellow).
In Memoriam (the best crimson; strongly recommended).
Romance (incurved yellow).
Josephine Bernier (rose pink).
Cranford Yellow.

All the above, with the exception of the last four, can be flowered in the open without the aid of glass.

Many growers still prefer the hardy, out-of-door border Chrysanthemums commonly known as the Masse varieties, which give such a profusion of sprays. Although these are sometimes considered obsolete, they are of great beauty, and invaluable for cutting, and generally they are still the most reliable. These spray flowered plants should not be disbudded. Any of the following will be found satisfactory, as they throw up good suckers:—

Madame Marie Masse (lilac mauve; an old favourite).
Carrie (dwarf yellow).
Nina Blick (bright red).
Roi de Blancs (white).
Horace Martin (yellow).
Perle Chattillonaise (pearl pink; very fine).

If space is limited, border Chrysanthemums can be grown in a reserved spot, and transplanted in July, or sometimes in early August, to fill the gaps left by removal of early summer annuals. Keep plenty of soil on the roots when this is done.

The grower of Chrysanthemums is generally on the look out for "Sports," and when a true one of decided variation is discovered, such as golden yellow on a white, or bronze on a pink, etc., efforts should be made to secure cuttings from the stem which bears them; this can be done by cutting away all other growth and layering the sported shoot on, or just under the surface of the ground. Pots can be laid on their side to admit of this being done. Later on remove and strike the new cuttings.

It will be noticed that reference to the magnificent Japanese types has been avoided, the reason being that these mostly require the use of greenhouses, and the attention of experts to bring to perfection, and in reality are more the cult of the "show" man, and what this means was illustrated by the remarks in the press on the recent great Chrysanthemum shows held in London, wherein it stated that many of the larger flowers had been *shingled, curled, and brushed.* No doubt this may be very interesting to our lady enthusiasts, but certainly it appears somewhat startling to those of us who are accustomed to the old-fashioned manner of dealing with garden products, and the compiler of these notes has to confess to possessing only a very limited knowledge of the modern art of dressing the head, even of a flower, being merely an

AMATEUR GARDENER.

* * *

The silent watches of the night are those we forget to wind.

Silence may be golden, but a good deal of speech is brazen.

IS PRESENT DAY EDUCATION WORTH WHILE?

This most interesting subject has served its purpose and to continue the controversy would mean boredom for its readers. Evidently we agree as to the "Education," but the present day methods, somehow, do not "get there."

There are just two points in R.E.H.'s reply. The conditions operating against the Englishman mastering foreign languages, likewise operate against the foreigner learning English. It is well known that the German (in Germany) masters the English language better than the Englishman (in England) masters German. The teaching of Grammar (both English and Foreign) is emphasised by our Education Authorities. Both R.E.H. and myself agree that in this particular case it is *not worth while.*

The other point is the remark about the English being most adaptable as colonists. The British Empire was built and consolidated by men and women who had not the advantages of "present day education," also colonisation was commenced somewhere about the time of Queen Elizabeth, which was some little time before the days of compulsory elementary education.

Reading between the lines, I am of the opinion that R.E.H. agrees with me that, although Education is worth while, the tendency to-day, with its bits of this and bits of that, is such that the results do not justify the enormous expense. Far better would it be to scrap all these frills and start afresh from the old-fashioned "three R's," and build up something more practical and suited to the "everyday need."

EDDIE KASHON.

[Editorial Note.—The thanks of our readers are due to all those who contributed to this subject. A new topic will start in the New Year.]

* * *

We recognise this year as 1928; the Mohammedans call it 1346; the Jews, 5688; the Japanese, 2587; and the Byzantine calendar says it is 7436.

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Christmas in other Lands.

U. S. A.

Christmas is celebrated in the U.S.A. in very much the same way as in the Homeland. The children sing carols on Christmas Eve and stockings are hung up to await donations from Santa Claus. To maintain a reputation for speed, candles are considered much too slow and Christmas Trees are lighted by means of coloured electric bulbs. As mistletoe and holly are not as plentiful as in England, the interiors of houses are lavishly decorated with artificial paper decorations. Branches of oak trees are used to give the necessary touch of greenery. The Stores hold huge stocks of those provisions which Englishmen associate with the festive season.

In such a cosmopolitan country the celebrations are, of course, not set to such a pattern as in countries with traditional and national characteristics. Side by side with our English customs rank the bizarre and exotic methods of the Latin, Teuton, Slav, and other branches of mankind. It is usually cold in December and we always hope for a "white" Christmas.

The Stores cater for the Christmas trade on quite as lavish a scale as in England, and there are numerous stunts to attract the present-buying public.

New Year Day is a public holiday, but Christmas Day holds pride of place for jollity and good cheer.

H.D.B., Detroit.

* * *

UGANDA.

The chief association with Christmastide at Home is the season in which it is held. Snow, frost and holly are inseparably allied with it; but in Uganda, although the weather is slightly warmer than during the rest of the year, there is no marked contrast to associate specially with the day of good cheer.

At all the Stations the day is a holiday, and, of course, Santa Claus arrives with presents for the children. Night time finds the Europeans gathered together for a Christmas dinner, which invariably includes turkey and always Christmas pudding. Dancing, games and music follow; but it is not like Christmas, although we try to make it so. People at the outposts are, of course, more cut off from the atmosphere of Christmas than those at the larger Stations, especially when the nearest white man is many miles away. Riding along hot, dusty roads, wearing sun-helmets and singing carols, deceive only the most imaginative into an English Christmas frame of mind.

One Christmas I spent on the Nile, and, being the only white passenger on the boat, spent the day on the bridge with the Captain. At the point where the river enters Lake Kioga, "half speed" was rung down to the engine room, but noticing no difference in our running, I called the Captain's attention to the fact. "Oh!" he replied, "they take no notice at all of the telegraph. I shall have to speak to the boys about it." At night I was put ashore on a lonely pier and prepared myself for a rough time on some bales of cotton, but a Goanese man invited me to his grass hut and I escaped what would have been my loneliest Christmas night and the mosquitoes lost a fairly good meal.

One year I experienced the nearest approach to an English Christmas, owing to the nearness of a round shaped, solitary hill. Just before dinner the boys were sent out to light the dry grass at its base and by the time the Christmas pudding arrived flaming on the table, the hill was a mass of fire, with flames licking up its sides and looking, in the African night, like a giant pudding ready for consumption by the whole continent.

Other stunts have been tried, to bring hearts close to the Home-land at Yule-tide, but never one as successful as that.

J.G., Kampala.

* * *

Mr. Smiles: "But why do you expect a Christmas-box from me? Surely I have had no dealings with you?"

Boy: "Yes, sir—please, sir, you tripped over my 'oop last week."

Photographic Notes.

THE NEGATIVE ALBUM.

What do most people do with the negatives which the "finisher" sends back with their prints? Of course you know. They throw some way because they made rather disappointing pictures and the rest they keep, in books, blotters, drawers, workbaskets, anywhere but where they ought to be kept.

Gradually these homeless negatives get rubbed and scratched and crumpled, even torn. By this time they are almost useless and really it hardly matters when, in due course, they disappear; lost, swept up and destroyed with other rubbish, hidden away somewhere "for safety" and forgotten.

It is very difficult to tell whether a negative will or will not be wanted again. Usually it is just the lost one that some friend asks for a print from. And one of the reasons why more enlargements are not made is that the negative is so often lost or scratched by the time that the need for an enlargement is realised.

A Negative Album should appeal to the lazy as well as the methodical person. It is such a simple way of settling the bother of looking after negatives till next wanted, and of avoiding littering up the house.

But probably the people who hate themselves most for having neglected to get a cheap negative album in the past are those who suddenly realise what a lot of amusing games can be played with photographs—"Adcut" scrapbooks, toy-making, snapshot card-games, and so on. All these games require a collection of prints, and many involve cutting up the prints, but no one wants to cut up the original print; probably it has been framed or pasted in an album.

Scratched negatives, crumpled negatives, and especially lost negatives, produce such bad prints!

* * *

What does it mean by 'being candid,' father?"

"Speaking unto others as you would not like them to speak to you!"

CALNE HANDBELL RINGERS.

I have been requested to give a short account of the handbell ringers' experiences, but as they have only recently been reinaugurated under the Venerable Archdeacon Coulter they are few but sufficient for our needs.

A few weeks previous to Christmas it is necessary for the ringers to spend a great deal of their spare time in practising the various carols which are heard at this time of the year. A week before Christmas they commence ringing on the outskirts of the town, finally ringing continuously during the night on Christmas Eve, ending their programme by ringing the church tower bells from 5.30 a.m. to 6 a.m. for early service.

The following days the ringers hear various complaints, such as pet flower beds have been trampled on, or someone's spring cabbages have been broken down, or strong words because someone was awakened from their beauty sleep. My motto for these nuisances is "Keep a dog."

The result of our ringing is the money collected from house to house on Boxing Day, which is handed to the church bell-ringers' secretary and banked in readiness for the ringers' annual outing.

In concluding, I would like to mention that all the church bell ringing in Calne is done voluntarily, and I would like to thank all those who so generously supported the church bell ringers last Christmas.

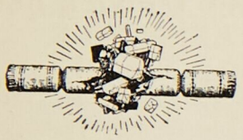
I. J. P. Taylor.

* * *

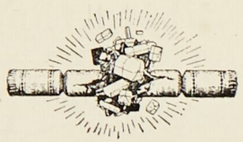
THE NUT RELAY.

Two lines of people are necessary. At one end of the line are two boxes containing an equal number of nuts (small nuts provide more fun); at the other end are two empty boxes. Each player takes hold of his right hand neighbour's left wrist. On the word "Go" the nuts are passed, one by one, from the box, hand to hand to the empty box. The winning side is that which first transfers the nuts from the full box to the empty one. It should be noted that the wrists must be held all the time the race is in progress.

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Christmas Crackers.



Just before Christmas two women were passing a butcher's shop, where they saw hanging in the window a pig with an apple in its mouth.

"Oh," said one of them, "that reminds me, I want to buy my husband a pipe."

* * *

Mrs. Newbride had had a brace of pheasants sent her for Christmas, and told the servant to cook them for dinner on Boxing Day, as some friends were coming.

Next morning the girl asked: "Please, mum, do you like the birds 'igh?"

Mrs. Newbride: "Like the bird's eye, Mary! What do you mean?"

Mary: "Well, mum, some folks likes the birds stale."

Mrs. Newbride: "Oh, like the bird's tail? Yes, certainly, Mary; bring in both the eye and the tail."

* * *

Dear Old Soul: "Look, John! Here's a card with a Yule log burning. Just the thing to send to Esme—she does feel the cold so!"

* * *

The village carol singers arrived outside the doctor's house on Christmas Eve. Appearing at a bedroom window, the doctor asked, "How much will you take to go away?" "Half-a-crown," said the leader. "It isn't worth it." "Isn't worth it! You wait till you hear us sing!"

* * *

Mrs. Newbride: "Well, Henry, how do you like my Christmas pudding?"

Hubby: "Dearest, it is just like the pudding my father used to say was not like those his mother used to make."

* * *

Critical Guest (in a whisper at a Christmas gathering): "My dear, these mince pies are as hard as iron."

"I know. Didn't you hear our hostess say, 'Take your pick,' when she handed them round?"

The organ-blower of a country church had passed his allotted span but still had a will of his own, and was very annoyed when the new organist informed him that the first hymn on Christmas Day was to be one which for some reason the old man disliked.

Relating the fact to a crony in the Goat and Compass on Christmas Eve, he recalled how he and his father before him had blown the organ for over one hundred years, and that one particular hymn had always been played first on Christmas Day. After expressing himself very forcibly on the matter, he wound up by saying:—

"Well, 'e can play what 'e likes, but I be going to blow 'While Shepherds.'"

* * *

Unpopular Doctor: "Ah, I've caught you under the mistletoe."

Girl: No, doctor, there's only one thing you'll ever have a chance of kissing me under."

"And what's that?"

"An anæsthetic."

* * *

When Freddy had polished off the last of the plum pudding, his father, after he had somewhat recovered from his amazement at the extent of his son's digestive capacity, asked him, sarcastically, whether he could not manage a mince pie. After thinking for a moment or two the young hopeful replied:

"I might manage it, dad—if I stood up!"

* * *

Old Brown tried to bear the wheezy trombone player's "Mistletoe Bough" with seasonable resignation. But when it was followed by loud and repeated bangs on his knocker he got angry.

"What do you mean," he roared, "by making this infernal row outside my house?"

"I'm a wait," replied a husky voice.

"A weight, are you? Then tie yourself round your neck and drown yourself."

When he woke up on Christmas morning little Wilfred found a box of paints in his stocking, and so fascinated was he by his present that he fell to work instantly.

"What are you painting, Wilfred?" his mother asked him, when she came into the bedroom.

"Heaven," answered Wilfred.

"Gracious, child!" gasped his mother, in a shocked voice. "You mustn't paint that. Nobody knows what heaven looks like!"

"They will, though," returned the youthful artist confidently, "when I get this finished."

* * *

"Well, my little man, what are you going to give your little brother for Christmas?"

"I dunno. I gave him the measles last year."

* * *

Esther (waking up on Christmas morning): "There! That's what comes of hanging up my stocking just to please father. A five shilling box of chocolates that's made a ladder in my new fifteen shilling stockings!"

* * *

It was midnight. In the smoking-room of a club a young man sat huddled in a chair. A friend entered.

"Hallo, Smith," he asked, cheerfully, "not going home yet?"

"No," muttered the despairing one. "I—I daren't."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter? It's the end of everything. It means ruin, grief, and a spoiled life!"

The friend looked frightened.

"Here, tell me what's up. Perhaps I can help you."

Smith clenched his fists until his knuckles showed white.

"No one can help me," he said. "I have come to the end of all things! At eight o'clock I telephoned to my wife and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and"—his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said."

* * *

Proprietor: "You come into my restaurant, you order a glass of vater, you drink it, and you calmly valk out!"

Scot: "What were ye expectin' me to do, mon—stagger oot?"

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR FLOWERS AT XMAS TIME?

Judging by the displays which have been everywhere seen, the Autumn can be regarded as having been a favourable one for the grower of chrysanthemums and other flowers, and with so many of our staff keenly interested in gardening, it may be that some who are fortunately in possession of a greenhouse will find themselves with a more than ample supply of blooms, and to these the reminder is given: "Don't forget the hospitals, or the sick room, during the festive season." It is there that your flowers will best fulfil their purpose in cheering the lives of mankind. Nowhere will they be more appreciated, and the atmosphere of brightness that they will carry with them may well prove a great aid to the physicians. The knowledge that the results of your efforts are conveying a real message of hope and joy to some less fortunate fellow beings will serve to make your Christmas an even more happy one, in the true sense of the word.

* * *

FOOTBALL.

Have you tried Blow Football on the floor? It provides rollicking fun, but it is not advisable to play the game in one's Sunday best. All that is required is an ordinary ping-pong ball and plenty of wind. The goals are two chairs on opposite sides of the room. The teams line up opposite each other along the field of play and goal-keepers either by the side or behind the goals. During the excitement of the game, the players move on to the field of play and bumps are taken and given. If the ball hits any player the game is stopped and a "free blow" given to the other side. Before this is taken the players take up the positions they had when the game started. The "free blow" is taken as follows: The player taking the "blow" is entitled to "blow" without the opposing team "blowing" at the same time. In other words the ball must travel in the direction blown before the opposing side counter-blows. Other penalties and rules will, no doubt, occur to the exponents of the game. The result is decided in the usual way, by goals.

Heritage Centre
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Seasonable Snowflakes.



Why did the fly fly?—Because the spider spid'er.

Why did the sausage roll?—Because it saw the apple turnover.

Why did the owl 'owl?—Because the wood-pecker wood-pecker.

Why did the bell push?—Because it saw the letter-box.

Why did the house fly?—Because it saw the tap run.

Why did the sofa spring?—Because it saw the hat stand.

* * *

A world-wide tradition has it that the mistletoe was the tree from which Eve plucked the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden, and the tree was punished by having its fruit reduced to berry size and being forbidden to grow in the ground. All attempts to raise a tree from seed have failed. It remains a parasite, feeding on the life of other trees. But its other use makes us forget its bad habit in that respect.

* * *

If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs would six hens lay in seven days?—Twenty-eight.

* * *

An ancient Christmas ceremony takes place each year at Queen's College, Oxford—that of ushering in a boar's head with the singing of a Christmas carol and trumpeting. Tradition says that this ceremony commemorates the deliverance of a student of this College who, while walking in the country, studying Aristotle, was attacked by a wild boar, whereupon he crammed the book down the throat of the savage beast and thus escaped from its tusks.

* * *

What is the word of seven letters in which the first two letters signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a brave man, and the whole a brave woman?—Heroine.

"Santa Claus," with his presents, belongs properly to the day of St. Nicholas, December 6th.

* * *

Perhaps the largest Christmas pudding ever made was that which was boiled for fourteen days in a brewing copper for "mine host" of the Red Lion, in Southwark, in 1718. It weighed upwards of 1,000lb.

* * *

What is the cheapest Christmas breakfast?—A roll in bed.

* * *

BEFORE THE TURKEY.

In the so-called good old days the alternative, or adjunct, to the boar's head as a Christmas dish was the peacock. The preparation of the dish was no light matter. Any Mrs. Beeton of the time would have given instructions as follow: Carefully strip the skin with the plumage adhering; stuff with spice and sweet herbs; baste with yolk of egg; when roasted to a turn allow to cool and stitch up again in the feathers; gild the beak, stuff the same with cotton saturated in spirits, to be lighted when the carver begins operations. In the ancient banqueting halls the peacock—food for lovers and meat for lords—was served with befitting ceremony. A lady guest, considered most distinguished by birth or beauty, carried the bird to the table and placed it before the master of the house. Peacock-eating among the nobility continued until about the time of William IV.

* * *

Who had the biggest appetite in the world?—The man who bolted a door and then swallowed a tall story.

* * *

Plum-puddings have grown out of an Elizabethan dish known as plum porridge; this was a similar mixture of fruit, etc., boiled without being put in a basin or tied in a cloth as is the plum-pudding of our day.

The old English name for Christmas, "Cristes Maesse," is first found in records of the date 1038.

* * *

Young men should remember that many who sit on stairs at Christmas afterwards walk up altar steps.

The height of the gas bracket on which the mistletoe is hung doesn't matter—if the gas is low.

Seeing is believing, so spread some of your heart's goodwill on your face.

Don't be lavish with "A Happy Christmas" and miserly in giving it.

Be of those who keep Christmas, but not of those who keep it all to themselves.

* * *

The keeping of Christmas was forbidden in England under the Commonwealth of 1644, and December 25th was ordered to be observed as a market day; the eating of plum-pudding and mince-pies being denounced as a heathen practice.

* * *

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Have a series of funny questions written out, and cut them out so as to have one on each slip of paper. If they can be on yellow or some other coloured paper, all the better. Then have some plain white paper also cut up into similar slips.

Give each guest a yellow slip with a question upon it, and ask them to write a humorous answer on the white slip (which should also be given them). Collect the slips and put all the questions into one hat, and all the answers (or white slips) into another.

Mix them up well, and then take out a question and read it, and then the answer and read that, the mixing of the answers causing many hilarious situations.

* * *

Good King Wenceslas, we are informed, was murdered in 1036. Some carol-singers, unfortunately, seem to think that there is no harm in history repeating itself every year.

* * *

We sincerely sympathise with the girl who, in the dim light under the mistletoe, kissed her sister under the impression that it was the good-looking son of the house next door.

FANCY DRESS.

Those who were interested in "Marian's" Crepe Paper Dressmaking may find the following costumes of interest:—

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—The skirt is made of rows of pointed petals, sewn to a muslin foundation. Use several layers. Five large leaves, cut across the grain of the crepe and wired, are sewn, evenly spaced, above the petals. The bodice is made of crushed green crepe and is trimmed with natural size flowers attached to the ends of the ribbon bow on the shoulder.

MR. RADIO MAN.—A "slip-over" tunic made of a double thickness of dark blue crepe paper is arranged to be worn over a regulation business suit. A double fringe is sewn to a piece of tape and fastened to the sleeves. It is also used to edge the tunic. Narrow ribbons tie it together at the waist line. Silver stars, and red and gold crescents are pasted on haphazard. The dials are made of black cardboard and painted with white figures. A real head-phone or one made of wire wrapped with crepe paper may be used. Wires wrapped with sparkling tinsel and bent in zig-zag shape are attached to it.

PIERRETTE.—The skirt is very full. The best effect can be gained by using two or three ruffled skirts, one above the other. The bodice and the pompons are made of Decorated Crepe. The hat is made of two pieces of black cardboard fastened together at the sides to make the correct head size. It is left open at the top and is trimmed with a large pompon like those on the dress. Long streamers of white that hang from one point give a finishing touch.

THE GIRL OF 1850.—A wire hoop must be sewn round the bottom of the crepe paper underskirt. To it are sewn, one above the other, five narrow ruffles. Bow knots made of crepe paper cut with the grain of the paper trim the skirt. The bodice is made over a muslin foundation and is finished with a frill round the neck. The bonnet is made of cardboard covered with straw coloured crepe paper and is trimmed with a wreath of small flowers of various colours and a bow with very long ends. The pantalettes made of white crepe paper are tied in place with tape run through a narrow hem at the top.

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Our Picture Gallery.

MR. P. T. KNOWLES.



Born in Bishop Auckland, at a very early age his family moved to Birmingham, where Mr. Knowles was educated at the King Edward (Camp Hill) School, his first venture in life being in connection with County Council work.

He eventually put in some extraordinarily useful service with the Somerset County Council, and joined the old Charles and Thomas Harris Firm early in 1914.

Essentially modest and retiring in character, we welcome the opportunity of setting on record our appreciation of him.

At the conclusion of the Great War, in which he served, he returned from the East to take up a very important position in Calne, of which he has proved himself entirely worthy.

We are glad to pay our tribute to Mr. Knowles, for he is the friend and counsellor not only of the staff but of the Directors. He is a true and loyal friend, whose delight is not only to be of service in the progress of the firm but to all who come in contact with him.

Wedding Bells.

Miss Rose Sutton, after seven years in the service of the Firm, was married to Mr. A. Bridgman on November 12th. Accompanying the good wishes of her friends was a canteen of cutlery.

* * *

November 24th saw the wedding of Miss Ada Franklin to Mr. E. King. Miss Franklin, with service of 5½ years, was presented with a blue and gold dinner service and afternoon teapot. The good wishes of all her friends are with her in her new home at Swindon.

* * *

Miss Winnie Brewer is the third of three sisters who have left the Firm within the past three months to get married. Miss Brewer has been with us 4½ years and she has our good wishes for her future happiness in her new life at Corsham. A handsome oak frame overmantel and a copper fire screen accompanied the good wishes.

* * *

Calstone Parish Church was the venue of the wedding of Miss Nellie Slade and Mr. Leslie Dew. Miss Slade was presented with a canteen of stainless cutlery by her friends, who wish her every happiness. Over two years was the length of Miss Slade's service in the Firm.

* * *

Out best wishes are with Miss Ivy Isaac on the occasion of her marriage with Mr. Robinson. Her length of service was not long, but those competent to judge speak of it in terms of praise. The gift which accompanied the good wishes consisted of a set of cutlery.

* * *

FOOTBALL.

Our regular correspondent is unfortunately laid up, and in consequence the usual detailed report is not available.

We should, however, like to remind all readers of the Match of the Season on Boxing Day, which this year will take place in the Recreation Ground.

* * *

Never stand on your dignity; there's nothing in the world so slippery.

The Broad Highway.

WHEN we were last writing the Bradford Exhibition was in progress and we foreshadowed a success equal in proportion to the London Show. This hope was realised and we can look back upon the results with great satisfaction, both from the actual number of accounts opened and the general publicity achieved.

Since this Exhibition we have had Stockroom Displays as far apart as Belfast and Redhill, Surrey, and both have been very fruitful. Despite the long distance we have a very good delivery to Belfast and goods leaving Calne one day are delivered the next morning. Our Cooked Meat trade will benefit considerably by the display, which was the result of several customers launching out in a big way who had not previously handled these goods.

Our next Exhibition is at Birmingham in January, the first for a number of years.

Bacon prices have been maintained at a reasonable margin above Imported Bacon and now again the margin is practically negligible, which should secure an excellent Christmas trade.

Despite the mild weather our Sausage trade has reached a satisfactory level, and now we only want a cold spell during the week December 17th, to ensure another record output.

We take this opportunity of wishing all our friends on the road a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in 1929.

J.H.G.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Success is merely doing things better than we ever did them before. It is founded in business on the primary rules of arithmetic—addition, multiplication, and subtraction. So let us face the New Year with smiles on our faces, joy and gladness in our hearts, and be determined that it shall for each of us see progress—additions to our customers, multiplication to our business, and subtraction to our losses. Then, and then only, can we achieve John Bright's definition of happiness: "A congenial occupation with a sense of progress."

A. H. H.

Commercials.

Who are those with anxious faces
Seen in towns and busy places,
Journeying with weary paces,
Carrying attache cases?

Some are short, and some are tall;
Some have large bags, others small;
Some are dress'd in style—by gad!
Some are down at heel—too bad.

And they all have anxious faces,
And they walk with weary paces,
In the town and busy places,
Carrying their attache cases.

Watch them, and you'll see them stopping,
Into shops they keep on popping;
Then before your eyes can flicker
Popping out again much quicker.
In the towns and busy places,
Always wearing anxious faces,
Journeying with weary paces,
Carrying attache cases.

What, pray tell us, is their mission
That they go with such precision?
Who are these poor helpless guys?
Listen! and I'll put you wise.

These, let me inform you, sirs,
Are Commercial Travellers,
And their mission, it transpires,
Is pursuing men called buyers,
Who, although not blind at all,
Cannot see them when they call.
So they walk with anxious faces
In the town and busy places,
Journeying with weary paces,
Carrying attache cases.

Pity not their lot, my brothers,
Their reward is not as others;
When is ended their life's mission
They don't go down to perdition.
That's a fate reserved for liars,
Thieves, Sales-Managers, and buyers!
No; their path on earth was rough,
They were punished quite enough
When they walked with anxious faces
In the town and busy places,
Journeying with weary paces,
Carrying attache cases.

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Epilogue.

When these poor benighted mortals
Knock at the Celestial Portals,
Show their cards and tell their story,
Open fly the gates of Glory;
They have wiped out their transgressions,
And they have a grand procession,
Led by angels playing lyres . . . .
Last of all, ten thousand buyers,
All by forcible persuasion,
Brought from Hades for the occasion,
Walk behind them several paces,
Carrying their attache cases.

E. Pallier.

* * *

Pigs.

Pigs have not been as short as many people anticipated.

Prices realised for Porker pigs have not, on the whole, been so good as during the corresponding period last year and the margin between porker and bacon prices has been greatly reduced, so that we venture to express the opinion that at present market quotations it is a better proposition to make bacon pigs than to sell them as pork.

As we write, we are making preparations for Christmas and there is every indication that the number of sows we shall require this year will be considerably more than the number handled previously.

At all events, we hope that this will be the case, since it would mean that the increased trade would be to the advantage of all of us who have at heart the interests of Harris—Calne.

These notes, the last of this year, would be incomplete without the expression of our very best wishes for a Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year to all concerned on the Pig Buying Side of our business.

* * *

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Rain water is soft even when it rains hard.

Even a tall man may not be above criticism.

It's a wise man that has his afterthoughts first.

The secret of popularity is always to remember what to forget.

Harris Welfare Association.

DECEMBER 1st will go down in the annals of the Cricket World as a red letter day for a very large percentage of the population of the British Isles, rejoicing at the wonderful display given by our men in the first Test Match against Australia.

Up to the time the match started, no one was certain of what would happen. Australia put forward very good reasons why they should recover the Ashes, while England also had her reasons why she should still retain them, and the issue may be in doubt until the end of the third test, but if England should lose in the end, we cannot take away the credit which all lovers of Sport both in England and Australia have given them to-day.

Immediately after the war our Cricket standard was very much below that of Australia, and as results have shown, in several cases it was almost a farce, but the M.C.C. were not perturbed; they felt that with the number of first class County Cricket Clubs in England they would eventually get a team that would regain the prestige of the Mother Country, and two years ago this team was found, and with great credit recovered the Ashes, and we hope that the present team will bring them back on this occasion.

How are these Teams made up? Do the M.C.C. say such and such a county won the championship last season, therefore they must be the best team and we will send them to Australia. No, they realise that the best drawn from each county makes the finest All England Team, and it is at this point where the writer thinks the phrase "All England" or perhaps "Collective" team has a bearing on the H.W.A.

For years past our President has realised that small sections of the Welfare side of the firm have been doing well, but they were not representative. In their small spheres they were good, but there was no cohesion, every section working on its own as it were, with the result that the right hand did not know what the left hand was doing, and it was with this knowledge that Mr. Bodinnar formulated the scheme which we have been working on for the past twelve months to make it an "All Harris Team."

I believe that to a certain degree our President's wishes have been fulfilled, for we have one Association, made up of different sections, and as each section is represented on the General Committee, the activities of one section is passed through another section by this channel, and each representative has a voice in the administration of the Association as a whole.

By the foregoing Members of the Society will see that as far as Committees are concerned this collective spirit has prevailed, and without a doubt it has helped immensely with the many intricate problems which have arisen since the H.W.A. was formed.

Much of the time during the first year has been taken up in putting the Association on a sound footing, and credit is due to the Committee for the manner in which the many problems have been tackled, and the deep interest taken by all, for the attendances have been exceptionally good.

While the General Committee have been on what might be termed the "Dry Stuff," the Sectional Committees have done their part, and without going into details we all know the many treats they have given us, and our sincere thanks are due to them.

The General Committee wish also to thank all sections for their efforts in arranging their respective General Meetings in such good times as to allow the Association General Meeting arrangements to be got on with.

Now the team work seems to be going very well with the Committees, how about the Members? Quite two-thirds of the employees might say that they belong to the Carnival and Flower Show Section, and by this they virtually belong to the Association. So they do, but what is wanted is strong support to every section. A well supported Club invariably does well, the knowledge of the backing helps them, and this is the part which is left to our Members to play. The firm has been generous in the past from the financial side, and no doubt they will be in the future; but they cannot buy support, money cannot purchase any man's inclinations, it is the collective spirit which must prevail, and at the end of our first year let me appeal to every Member of the H.W.A. to keep in his mind always that the Ashes can only be won by a joint effort.

As this issue will be the last before Christmas, the President and Committee of the H.W.A. extend to all Members very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

There are Secretaries of Sections who wait until they receive reminders from us before making up their reports. It would help us considerably if Secretaries would send in their reports at the earliest possible date, instead of waiting until they hear from us. We cannot guarantee the inclusion of any reports that are late in arriving. It is up to each Section to see that their reports arrive early. The publicity is in their own interest.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

A Dance was given in the Town Hall on Saturday, 10th November, when the Criterion Dance Band from Bristol was engaged. The number of Harris people present was disappointingly few and the Committee earnestly hope that more members will come to the New Year's Eve Dance. These dances are got up entirely for the benefit of members and their friends, and whilst we welcome the friends we should also like to see more members.

Members of the "Arristocrats" together with others, under the direction of Mr. McLean, provided a few musical numbers at the Annual Supper of the Pig Club on the 28th of November.

The "Arristocrats" will again have appeared by the time these notes are published, at the Annual General Meeting in the Picture Palace on the 7th December, and by the 5th December a Whist Drive will have been held in the Company's Hall, so the Committee feel that their members have not lacked opportunities of entertainment in the past few weeks.

The Annual General Meeting of the Section was held on the 22nd of November, but space does not permit of a report of the proceedings appearing in this issue. We hope, however, to publish our report in next month's Magazine.

In conclusion may we wish all our members, fellow Sections, and those whom we hope to welcome as members next year, a very happy Christmas? We hope we shall have the pleasure of wishing *all* our mem-

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bers a very happy New Year personally in the Town Hall at 12—1 a.m. on the 1st of January, 1929.

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW.

Several interesting new features will be included in the Annual Christmas Carnival to be held on Saturday, January 5th. In the Fancy Dress Competition special consideration will be given by the Judges for costumes that can be worn all the evening. Prizes are to be given to girls under 14 years for the best dressed doll, and to boys for the best cardboard model of a house. Mr. Fred Vallance, the well-known Bristol ventriloquist, is giving a sketch and a display of conjuring to the children in the afternoon. The Entertainment Section will give a concert in the evening. For the Dance which follows, the Berkeley Vale Dance Orchestra has been specially engaged. Each Section of the H.W.A. will be responsible for a side show, so look out for new ideas. A lucky number programme, obtainable from any member of the Committee, will be issued, giving full particulars. All children under 14 receive tea, a toy, a slice of Christmas cake, and a packet of sweets. Each single member can bring a friend free to the Carnival.

CRICKET.

As space is very precious this month we have decided to hold over the report of our Annual Meeting and our notes until next month.

To all our members and friends—A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

TENNIS.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Section was held in the Company's Hall on November 15th, a good company attending. The chair was taken by Mr. L. A. Trow.

The Hon. Treasurer and Joint Hon. Secretaries presented their reports, which were unanimously adopted. The Section had been very well supported and expenditure was kept to a minimum.

All the retiring members of the Committee were re-elected, together with the Hon. Auditors. Mr. P. T. Knowles was again elected Hon. Treasurer and Messrs. A. Flay and D. J. Sheppard Joint Hon. Secretaries.

Last season was a very successful one, and it is confidentaly anticipated that 1929 will prove even more successful. There is plenty of room for new members and it is up to every member of the Firm to give a helping hand and join us.

PASTIMES AND LECTURES.

The first Annual General Meeting of the Pastimes and Lectures Section was held in the Company's Hall on Thursday, November 22nd, under the presidency of Mr. G. C. Brown.

The Hon. Treasurer's statement of account showed total receipts as £9 5s. 0d.; payments for equipment of Putting Green £6 9s. 5d., Expenses £1 9s. 4d., Prizes for first competition 18s. 6d., leaving a balance in hand of 7s. 9d. This statement was considered highly satisfactory and was unanimously adopted.

Mr. J. Carpenter was re-elected Hon. Secretary and Mr. A. McLean Hon. Treasurer. Messrs. F. J. Blackford and A. H. Haines were re-elected to serve on the Committee. Miss M. Fennell and Miss L. Holley were also placed on the Committee. Messrs. R. Dare and E. Stevens were elected Hon. Auditors.

HOCKEY.

During November we played four matches, three 1st XI. and one 2nd XI. Although the results were not in our favour, both teams put up a good fight and were not easily beaten.

Our Fixtures for January are :—

5.—Swindon (Wills') 2nd XI.	...	Home
12.—Rodbourne Cheney	...	Away
19.—Melksham	...	Home
26.—Old Euclid 2nd XI.	...	Away
26.—Tytherton	...	Home

SWEDISH DRILL.

The first Swedish Drill Class was held, this winter, on Monday, November 26th, in the Company's Hall, and was well attended. These classes are open to all members (playing and non-playing) of the Hockey Section.

We hope that all the girls who read the Magazine will take special notice of this paragraph.

JOIN THE DRILL CLASS—AND KEEP FIT.

OUR MONEY BOX.

Within a week or two of these lines appearing in print, the Annual Meeting of the Savings Scheme will have been held and its steady progress and much appreciated usefulness will again have been demonstrated.

We see that Sir Charles Addis in a recent speech in London spoke of thrift as one of the most urgent needs of the present day.

One of the evil results of the Great War has been a largely prevailing state of indifference as to both personal and public economy, and whilst the sale of Savings Certificates continues to advance, the weekly sales being now over 1,000,000, some calculations made under the direction of Sir Robert Kindersley show that the nett new savings both for home and foreign purposes last year amount to less than £2 per head of the population, which is considerably under the pre-war figure.

The very prevalent idea that money spent is good for trade, whereas money saved hinders it, is entirely fallacious. Every pound saved and judiciously invested increases the available Capital of the Country by means of which business is conducted, production is encouraged and wages are paid.

The employees of "Harris" are offered inducements to thus benefit themselves and contribute to the prosperity of the country, which are enjoyed by few industrial workers, and it is exceedingly gratifying to note the extensive use they make of these facilities.

* * *

A POTATO CONTEST.

Here is a game which will cause a great deal of fun. Divide your party into two sides of equal numbers. Each player must arm himself with two teaspoons and a potato. On one spoon he balances the potato. This he takes in his right hand; the empty spoon is carried in the left hand. The two sides line up on opposite sides of the room, and advance towards each other. When they meet, each player must try to knock his opponent's potato on to the ground with his empty spoon, at the same time endeavouring to keep his own potato balanced.

* * *

The difference between a Scotsman and an electric battery is that you can overcharge an electric battery.

Friends Elsewhere.

CHIPPENHAM.

For the first time for seventeen years a Window Dressing Competition amongst the traders of Chippenham was organised by the Chamber of Commerce in conjunction with the Chippenham Agricultural Society for the week ending November 17th.

Nearly every firm in the town entered the competition, and about eighty windows (which were divided into seven groups) awaited the judges' decision.

We are pleased to be able to congratulate the manager of our Retail Depot, 71, Market Place, Mr. P. B. Coward, on his success in gaining the First Prize in his group. We heard many favourable comments on the excellence of his window, which was splendidly dressed.

It is worthy of note that in the three previous competitions Mr. Coward was also successful, being awarded 2nd prize in 1909, 1st in 1910, and 1st and speciality in 1911.

We are again into the month of December and anticipate a busy three weeks before closing down for our annual break in the usual business routine for the Christmas festivities.

We would like to take the opportunity of conveying our very best wishes for Christmas to our many friends in the other companies and branches with which we are so pleased to be associated, and to express the hope that the coming New Year will prove a Happy and Prosperous one for us all.

W.V.L.

* * *

BRISTOL.

"Private" Bristol "presents arms," having been released from "a-rest."

We are reminded, not by the weather but by the gay decorations in the shops of this ancient city, that Christmas is very near, and take this opportunity of extending to our Friends Elsewhere our best wishes at this festive season. The theatres are advertising their pantomimes, and we are pleased to see that some of our friends at Calne may probably pay a visit to one of them. "Hop-o'-my-thumb" is to be presented at

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" Prince's " Theatre, and we are wondering if we shall have the pleasure of meeting some of the visitors.

A.J.C.

* * *

DUNMOW.

To all our Friends a Happy Christmas and a Profitable New Year.—W.C.

The festive season is only a few weeks off as these notes are being written, and once again one cannot help saying " how time flies." It seems a very short while ago that the writer was collecting " copy " for Xmas Number, 1927, and now here's 1928, with another New Year almost upon us.

Truly time does fly, and its wings seem stronger and capable of swifter movement every year that passes, but after all, does it matter such a lot how fast time may seem to go? We still have our 365 days to live each year, and it's what we do with these days that matters. Let's hope that all of us have done our level best during the year just about to close, and that to our store of knowledge a little has been added, so that we may go into 1929 better equipped than when we entered 1928.

The objective of us all should be to increase in our usefulness year by year, and to render still greater service, not only to the organisation of which we are all proud and happy to be members, but in every walk of our life.

May the New Year then be a truly profitable one for us all in its very widest sense; if we can do our share rather better and with greater understanding than before, the year undoubtedly will be a distinct advance on the one we are leaving behind—the only " carry forward " we want is the one of " lessons learnt."

" Skill to do comes of doing; knowledge comes by eyes always open and working hands, and there is no knowledge that is not Power."

The Editorial Notes of last issue have been read with much interest. Personally, I think the Editor and his helpers at Calne do " splendidly," and would like this tribute recorded. That his task is by no means an easy one will be appreciated by all, but I am sure he would give it up if there were no difficulties to overcome. Take away the obstacles and difficulties of any task and you immediately rob it of its seasoning, no satisfaction of a job well done can be enjoyed, and really nothing has been achieved. Please then, Mr. Editor, be assured that we appreciate your efforts, and we are very gratified to note that a definite date for publishing has been established.

Our readers will not have received their November Magazines in time to follow up my suggestion re contributions under the title " Things which take our minds off Business," but it is hoped that before the time arrives for January copy to be put together many will have written up something for inclusion. Please be assured that **your** effort will be most gratefully received.

E.W.W.

We insert with pleasure a genuine copy of a letter received at Dunmow from one of their travellers :—

MY REPORT.

" From all my friends old and new is that ' PRIORY ' is cream of English cured Bacon."

Editor, H.M.

THE CLERIC'S BATH.

The Funny Side of Life in the Rectory.

(By a local Parson).

" Have you got an old pair of trousers, your reverence?" The request was the last of a succession at the clergy-house door, and the speaker the least satisfactory of the day's suppliants.

" I have," replied my long-suffering vicar," and I've got them on."

* * *

Less gentle was a retort of a zealous but particularly peppery sidesman of my acquaintance. It was in vain that he held the alms bag, during a collection for missions, before a visitor to the church. His persistency finally drew the rebuke, " I don't believe in foreign missions."

" Then take some out," spluttered the outraged sidesman, " it's meant for the heathen."

* * *

A dangerous anti-climax was invited by a special preacher we once had who took as his subject the evils of gambling. Amongst the alternatives, which he suggested to take the place of the customary Sunday afternoon foregatherings for a surreptitious game, was a country walk.

" Go out," he urged, " into your lovely lanes and fields: see the beauties of nature, the hedgerows, the pastures, and the little lambs—gambolling!"

* * *

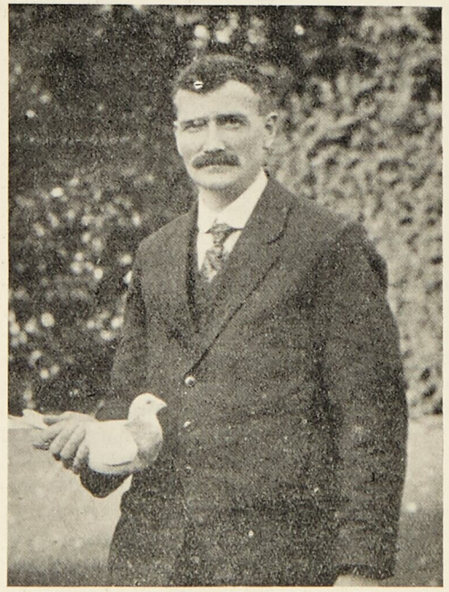
A highly-placed and somewhat faddy cleric in our neighbourhood used to reserve one of the bathrooms in his large official residence for his exclusive use. In the event of any domestic misdemeanour he always interviewed the offending member of the household staff himself.

One day his housekeeper led into the study a small maid who had been discovered using the forbidden bath. " It is not your use of the bath that displeases me," he ended his rebuke, " so much as the fact that you did behind my back what you would not dream of doing——"

At this point an opportune and well-feigned sneeze robbed him of the power of completing the sentence, and his tactful housekeeper withdrew with her charge.

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.



We congratulate Mr. W. J. Young on his remarkable success during the pigeon flying season. Ten firsts, five seconds, two thirds and many other placings is indeed a record of which to be proud. Mr. Young is a member of the Huntspill Club, and in the photograph sent to us is shown a bird which has flown over 7,000 miles in competitions.

We sincerely condole with our Mrs. Ridler on the loss of her aged mother.

* * *

IPSWICH.

We are quite sure that not only all at Ipswich, but everyone in all parts of the country, will be heartily glad to say good-bye to the present month of November.

The last week or two has been marked by heavy recurring gales, which, fortunately, have not inflicted serious damage in the neighbourhood of Ipswich—in fact, we hear of nothing of any serious consequence in East Anglia, but from the newspapers, also reports received from some of our representatives in more distant parts, the damage has been most extensive.

Our Leeds representative, Mr. Campbell, who is known to most of us, in one of his letters informs us that he had himself seen five plate glass windows blown in. These conditions, as a whole, have certainly not been helpful to the bacon trade, so that, taking all things into consideration, we do not feel that from a business point of view we have fared too badly in the month which is notoriously a bad one.

All the shops at Ipswich are very busy preparing Christmas attractions, and the streets are now crowded with sight-seers.

Seager's shops, as usual, have a very attractive and extensive display of Suffolk Hams, as well as many other good things, and appear to be receiving a good share of attention.

There is of course a very heavy demand from the wholesale trade for Seager's genuine Suffolk Hams, which year by year, we are pleased to say, shows a steady and maintained increase.

The writer had the pleasure of visiting the Bradford Grocers' Exhibition, where a very attractive stand made an effective display of the Harris productions, and it was most encouraging to hear the good things

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that so many of our customers had to say to us at the stand.

We all felt that we were amongst real friends, and it was most stimulating to visit the business establishments of several Bradford clients, and to find such an elaborate display of Harris' goods.

It was a very happy inspiration on the part of Mr. Bodinnar to make a point of attending during the second week of the Exhibition, and we understand he was highly pleased with the enthusiastic reception on the part of so many of our friends in the trade.

There was no question as to the Harris Stand being the most attractive in the Exhibition.

We were rather amused at one little incident. Our largest customer, with his wife, was leaving the stand one evening and cast his eye over the attractive range of cooked goods. Upon being invited to make his selection to take away with him, he promptly chose—not a side of bacon—but a black pudding, saying this would give him more satisfaction at the moment than anything else available.

In our notes last month we stated that the Mayor-elect of Ipswich, Dr. Hossack, was a West Countryman, but we find we are mistaken, as he prides himself on being a Scot. This reminds us that he is not the only important member of our municipal world who comes from over the border, our Medical Officer of Health being an Aberdonian.

Speaking of Scots, there is a little story we heard the other day which may be new to some readers.

Sandy, on his way home from a party, at which he had been imbibing rather freely of the national beverage, took a short cut through the churchyard, and inadvertently stumbled into an open grave. Feeling in need of a rest, he made himself comfortable, but was awakened by the noise of the horn of a stage coach passing along the highway. Finding himself in the grave, he assumed he must be dead, and that the horn was the sound of the last trump. He clambered up the sides of the grave and looked around to see what sort of company he was in, but finding himself all alone he exclaimed, "Weel, weel, to think I am the only mon out of all Scotland."

As these notes are the last appearing before Christmas, we take the opportunity of wishing our friends everywhere a jolly Christmas, with every happiness, and a prosperous New Year.

Miss Newman, who for three years has been cashier at one of the Seager retail establishments, is leaving us to be married at Christmas. We all wish her every happiness and all the good things in life, and if she is as capable a housewife as a cashier her husband will indeed be a lucky man.

Our sympathy has gone out to Mr. and Mrs. Fuller in their anxiety during the serious illness of their little girl, and now that she is on the mend we hope she will have a speedy and complete recovery.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. Bunston on the death of his father, which took place at Bath.

LONDON.

This month there is no special Cowcross Street news.

The Lord Mayor's Show of this year was a most exceptionally fine effort and in many ways instructive and unique. To me J. E. K. Studd has always been a personality. When I was a small boy he, and his two brothers, were heroes to me. The three of them were famous athletes and used to play cricket for Cambridge and Middlesex, and later in life J. E. K. used to turn out for the Poly. XI. It was not surprising then to find this year's Show gave a turn to open-air sports, especially cricket. Also from the Lord Mayor's long interest in welfare, it was not surprising that the successful effort of the procession was to display the great advance made in welfare in many branches of industry. Certainly viewing this show one could see how vastly conditions have improved almost in our own time. I wish that the dismal people and the soap-box orators, who spend so much time telling us either that England has gone, or is going, to the dogs, could have seen this procession. One of the striking features of the Show was the number of women and young girls who took part in it. And here, again, this reflects the difference that has been apparent in the city in our own time. When I came to business in the City some 40 years ago, the City was for men.

At that time, and for long after, no one expected that it would be worth while making any provision for the fair sex. One had a choice at lunch time of feeding at the chop houses, or at the public houses' bars, and the regulation food was chop or steak, potatoes and beer. Apart from a few confectioners' shops there was nothing else and nothing else was wanted. There was neither A.B.C. nor Lyons—in fact no tea shops at all. But now every important street has its Lyons or A.B.C. and crowds of women and girls flock daily to these places. They are firmly fixed in the City. The demand, as usual, has called out the supply.

R. E. H.

* * *

REDRUTH.

The use of a Magazine such as ours as a link between the various factories is obvious at such a season as this, and through its medium "One and All" from the far west take the opportunity of wishing their friends in all Branches a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. We trust that the New Year will record further milestones of progress in the history of the Firm.

Cornwall, together with the rest of the Country, was swept during the month of November by terrific gales. Our Factory, which stands on high ground, and from which the sea can be seen, had to stand the full force of the wind, and the terrific din from the rattling of windows, doors, and loose fixtures, together with the howling of the wind, will be long remembered by all here.

The ship Eltham was driven ashore at Chapel Porth, about three miles from Redruth, and soon broke in halves. Large crowds visited the scene to view the wreck, which is only about 150 yards from the shore. Unfortunately as far as can be ascertained all hands must have perished, as no trace of life has been discovered on the ship.

Our crop of Sugar Beet has now been gathered in, topped, and despatched to the factory. The sugar content according to our experts turned out to be satisfactory, and we, together with a number of our farmer friends who are growing this crop, are doing our bit towards establishing another Home Industry on a firm basis.

It is always nice at this time of year to record the activities associated with the celebration of Yuletide.

In Cornwall big parties are the order of the day and one usually finds a large number at these functions all vieing with one another to produce an atmosphere of hearty good fellowship.

The main streets are thronged with people listening to the bands, and various groups of carollers making the air resound with festive music.

On Christmas Day it is the custom in a large number of churches to hold an early morning Carol Service. After the service the carollers proceed to the houses of their sick friends and render selections in order that they may hear the message of good cheer.

On Boxing Day the local Hunt meet at Carn Brea, just outside the town, and large throngs of people assemble to watch the proceedings. Special football matches are also played during the holiday, this year the visiting teams beings Camborne and Teignmouth.

You will therefore see that the Christmas Season at Redruth is quite an enjoyable one from various points of view.

We are glad to say that our killings have been well up to standard for the year. We have had good killings right up to the time of writing, but are afraid that with the fancy prices being paid for small porkers and the large numbers going out of the country, there will be a big falling off in numbers in the first two months of the New Year. We are still supplying large numbers of boars and sows from our farm to the farmers throughout the county, and we are hoping in the New Year to see a further improvement in the type of pig coming to us, as a result of our efforts in this direction.

We are glad to read that the Magazine is to be published on the 24th of each month in future. We realise the difficulties our worthy Editor and Printer are up against, and would say "More power to your arm, sirs." Good luck and best wishes for the coming year's issue.

CORNUBIAN.

* * *

TIVERTON.

We regret to state that during the past month we lost the oldest member of our staff

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at this Branch, in the person of Mr. P. Brooks, who passed away on November 1st, after a comparatively short illness. The funeral took place on November 6th, and the Company was represented by Messrs. C. Smith, H. Clemo, J. Lantell, and the writer. Wreaths were sent by the Directors and the Staff at Tiverton.

Through the medium of the Magazine, we at Tiverton would like to wish the Directors and Staff at Calne and all Branches a right merry time this Christmas and a bright prosperous New Year.

"DUMPLING."

* *

TOTNES.

To all our friends—A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Anent the inauguration of our worthy manager as Mayor of Totnes, one feature which pleased everyone here was that in spite of the arduous day which the annual ceremony entails, Mr. Powney found time in the late afternoon to meet the whole of our staff in the tea-room, to introduce to them his niece who will assist him in the Mayoral duties during his term of office. On this occasion he was the unexpected recipient of a small token of the esteem in which he is held by all of us; at the same time a bouquet of flowers was handed to the new Mayoress, and that the secret had been well kept was shown by the fact that for a few moments neither were able to respond.

Apart from mentioning the above, we are this time in somewhat the same predicament as that so well described by our Dunmow friends in the last issue. This may be due to our having for the past few weeks been wading through such a forest of figures that perhaps our intellects could only grasp the pros and cons of balances. Now that the Editor's S.O.S. has arrived we are rudely awakened to find that something of a different nature is expected, but our vision has been dimmed, and we can only hope that with the festivities which are now drawing close, our sense of humour will become more normal and enable us to do better next time. Should anything sensational happen we shall jump at it like a dog after a bone, and so tear it to pieces to suit the digestion of our friends elsewhere.

W. J. T.

THE HERMIT OF CULLEN.

ONE often reads of the legendary tales of hermits who existed in bygone days, and of their solitary lives, but it is seldom one has the opportunity of coming in actual contact with one of them, so that when recently spending a holiday on the Moray Firth in the North of Scotland, and hearing from the local residents of the quaint character and mode of existence of this modern hermit, who has excavated a home for himself out of a commanding rock on the seashore, the opportunity was too good to miss of paying a visit to the sanctuary of this hermit and becoming acquainted with his history and unconventional mode of existence.

Making our way leisurely along the rugged path that hugs the shore, climbing over precipitous rocks and boulders that seem at times to bar our way, then descending until at last we reach the level ground, we saunter along, giving rein to imaginative thought on the exchange from our energetic lives to the placid and halycon days of this hermit's, until we finally find ourselves in the vicinity of the cave or "hut," which is his home.

A breezy salute and an exchange of greetings soon put us at ease, and we gratefully accept the anchorite's invitation to make ourselves comfortable on one of the rude forms obviously fashioned from timber washed up by the sea.

Handing him the tobacco pouch—the insignia of universal friendship—with the invitation to "fill up," our Host, laird of this little domain—evidently in anticipation, waits for us to ply him with various questions, to which we immediately give full rein. Local opinion regarded his origin as Welsh, but a few simple questions to him in this language immediately dispelled that idea, and by his gutteral accent and quaintly expressive English that he speaks, we suspect his origin to be German, although later he admitted being a French Canadian.

He is a seafaring type of man, short in stature, with a breadth of chest, and strong muscular arms, that denotes the activity of his life, and we learn from him that, after the war, surfeited with the hardships of a sailor's life, he made his way on foot by easy stages to Scotland, where, finding a small

Just Between Ourselves.

LAST month we gave our attention to the more solid side of Christmas fare in the shape of Christmas Puddings; this month we will busy ourselves with the dainty side in the form of Sweets. These are usually required in a greater degree during Christmas and the after-Christmas Parties than at any other time of the year, and making them at home is quite an easy matter, and materially reduces the expense usually connected with Parties. Let us take the following: Cream Fondants, Peppermint Creams, Almond and Walnut Candies, and Surprise Dates.

The only ingredients required for making the fondant, which is the foundation of each of the sweets described, are the white of an egg, a pound of sifted icing sugar, and a tablespoonful of water.

Peppermint essence, vanilla flavouring, cochineal, a few dates and a couple of ounces of walnuts and shelled almonds will give the sweets all the variety one could possibly desire.

The utensils required for sweet-making are a few sheets of white kitchen paper, a couple of strong forks, a knife and two big soup plates.

Break the white of the egg only into a cup; the yolk is not required. Pour the white into a soup plate, and add the spoonful of water before putting in the icing sugar, a little at a time and stirring it well before adding more. Work in the sugar until the fondant is soft and pliable without being sticky. If it is sticky, add more sugar.

Next knead the fondant well and divide it into three parts. Flavour one part with vanilla and colour it pale pink; flavour a second part with vanilla, but do not colour it, and add peppermint essence to the third.

If you want your sweets to be very exact as to shape and size form each piece with the help of the knife into a long roll. Cut the roll into even-sized slices, and having dusted the hands with sugar, roll each piece of fondant up into a ball. Make up the vanilla flavoured pink and white fondant into balls first, and leave the peppermint until afterwards.

To make Coloured Cream Fondants, press each ball gently on to a sheet of sugar-dusted paper, and give it a tiny pinch between the thumb and forefinger to make it the correct shape.

To make Almond Candies, blanch the almonds in boiling water to remove the skins and press an almond along the top of each ball of fondant until the almond is half embedded in the sweet.

For the Walnut Candies press a half walnut into each side of a ball of white fondant until the fondant is squeezed out just beyond the edges of the half-nuts.

For the Surprise Dates, open each fruit and take out the stone, and insert a tiny ball of pink or white vanilla flavoured fondant in place of it, and fold the edges over again so that just a glimpse of fondant is visible.

To make Peppermint Creams, press each ball of the peppermint fondant flat with the bottom of a wineglass which has been dipped in sugar to prevent its sticking, or they may be satisfactorily flattened with the thumb.

If you want to keep these sweets for a time wrap each carefully in a little piece of greaseproof paper, giving the ends a sharp twist, but the sweets must be allowed to get quite hard before being packed up, or they will stick to the paper.

WELDON'S BOOKS FOR DECEMBER.

Ladies' Journal.
Smart Outsizes.
Children's Fashions.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Novelties in Knitting and Crochet.
Knitted Jumpers.
New Crochet Series No. 4.

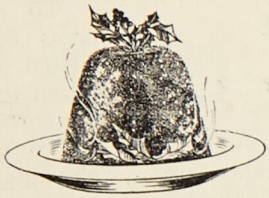
For the second time since we commenced this page the Christmas Season has come round, and so I wish all my readers everywhere a very Happy Christmas and the best of luck in 1929.

"MARIAN."

NEEDLECRAFT.

The lack of support has led to the remark that "sewing is out of date." Surely this is not so, and perhaps due reflection on the part of our many friends will restore the above to its former flourishing state. In passing we may say that it is not advisable to start a class for men, as "What a man sews also rips."

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"God Bless Us, Every One."

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows.

But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take the pudding up and bring it in.. . . . Hullo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top. . . .

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put on the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed—



"A Merry Christmas to us, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us, every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.—

A Christmas Carol.



End of Volume 2.

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